

JAMES DEAN: The Early Years That Led To Tragedy

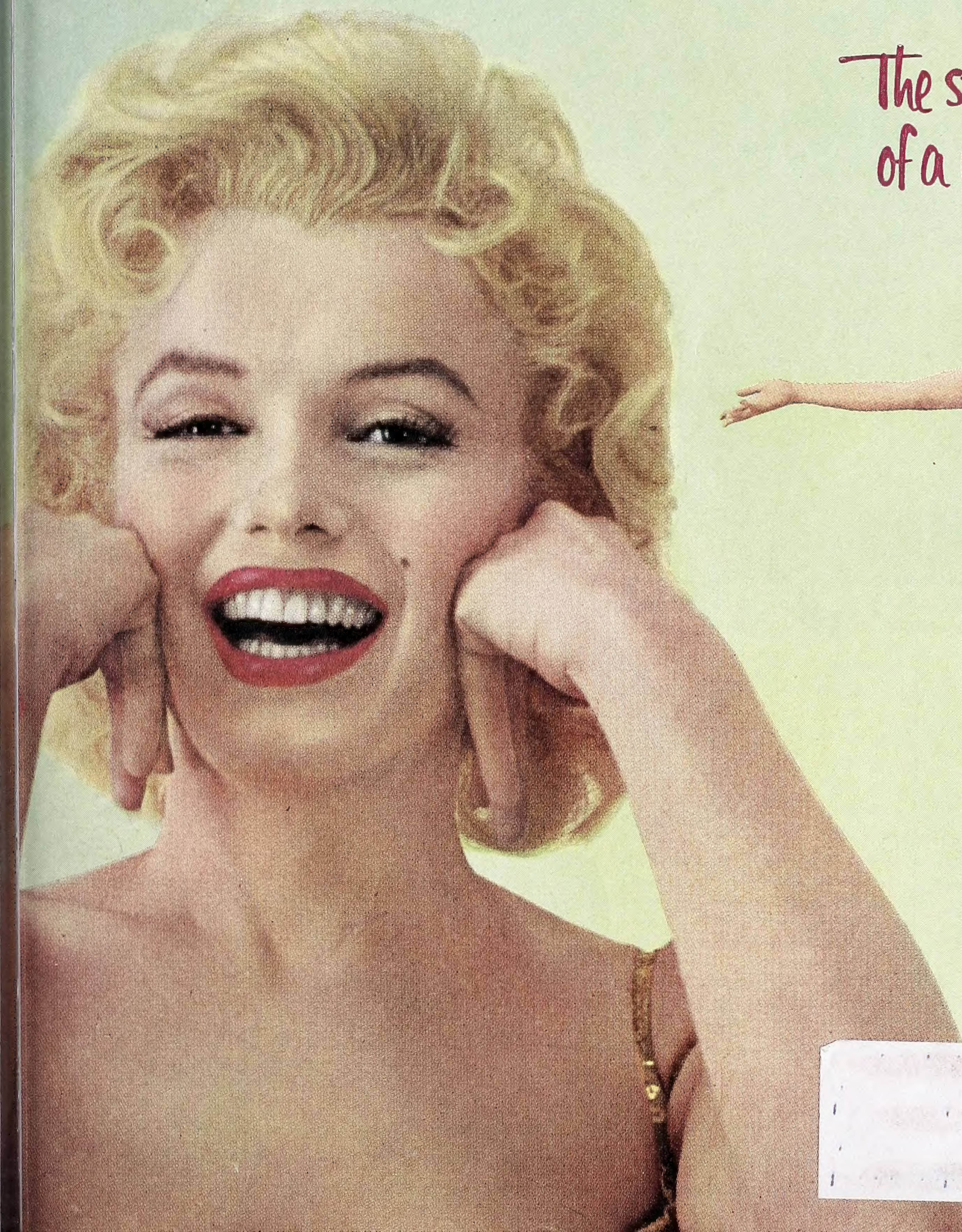
PHOTOPLAY

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PHOTOPLAY

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October 1956

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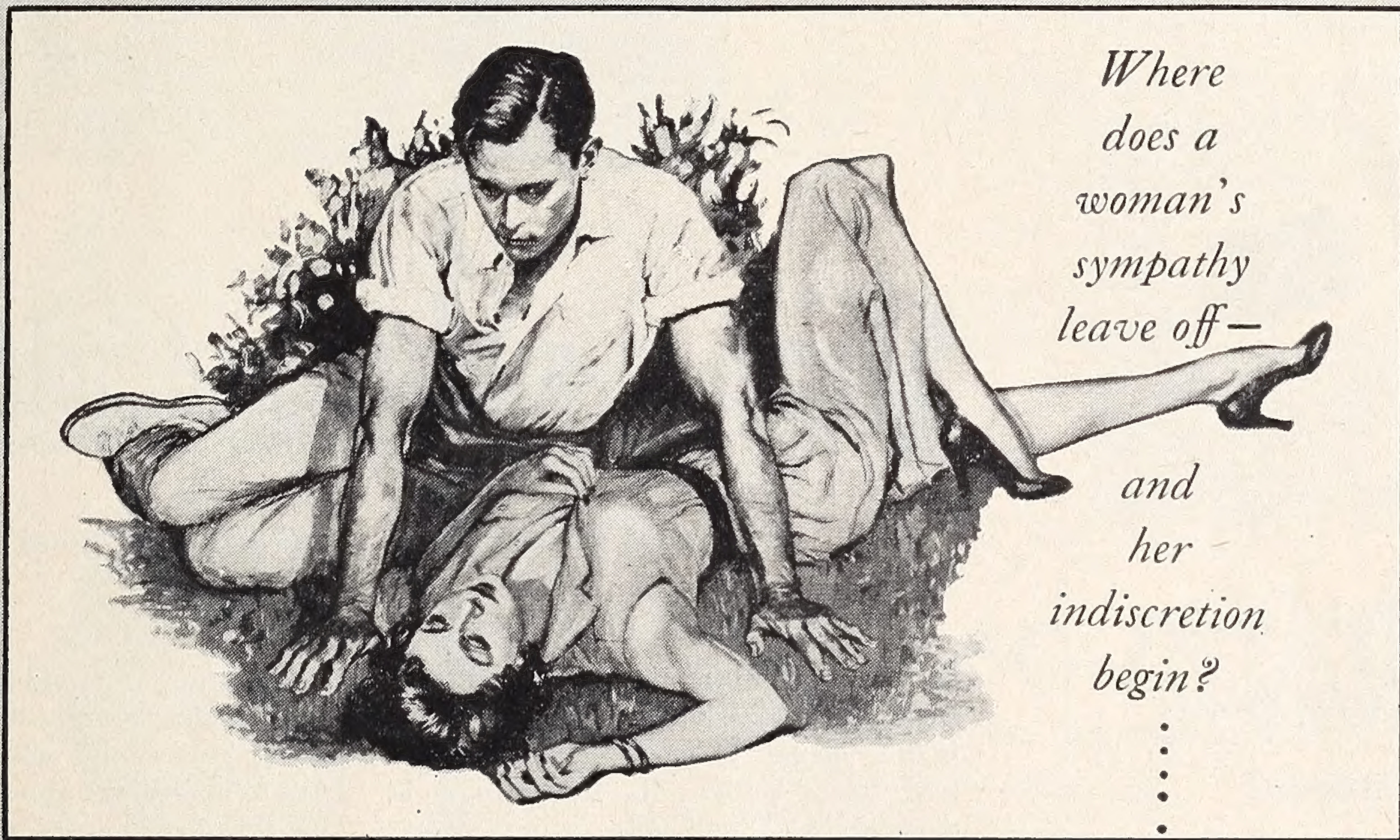
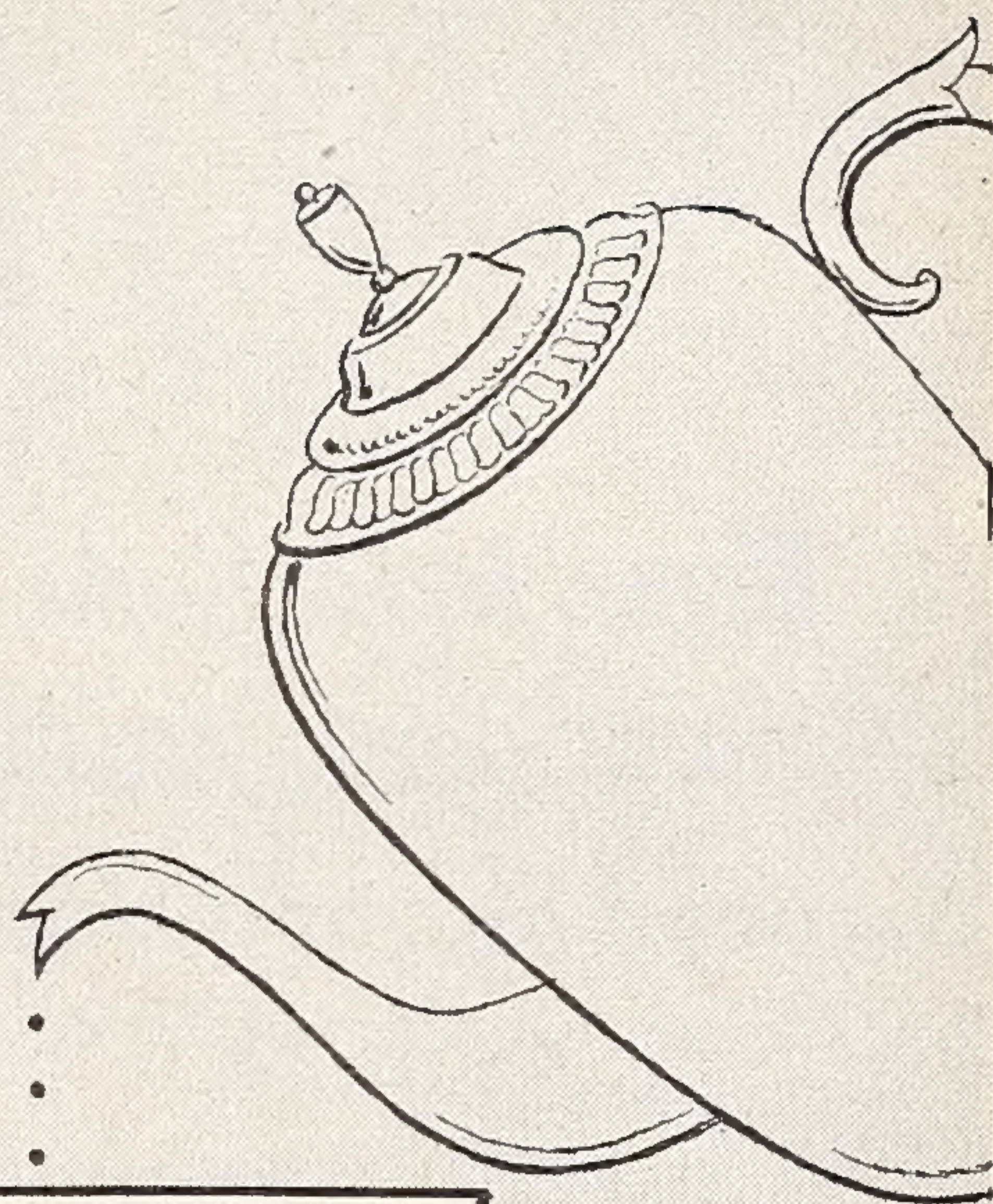
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Vamp in a black and gold room

Nice girl Margia Dean wants to make good as a bad g

● "I want to be a vamp!" Margia Dean says eagerly. "Like Theda Bara in the silents. I smoke cigarettes in a long black holder. My living room is done in black and gold, with a coffee table that I decorated with junk jewelry and desert rocks. I love Oriental food and music. On the sound-track, my voice sounds like Ava Gardner's. I bought some blouses at a little shop in Paris, and in Rome I bought black, lace-trimmed shoes—and each time they told me Ava had made the same selections. My great-grandfather on my father's side was a Turkish pasha."

All right, Margia, it's a good pitch. You just might get away with it—except that there's too much honesty in your eyes, too much solid experience in your acting background (countless TV shows and a couple of dozen movies, including last year's "Shock!" and 20th's upcoming "Stagecoach to Fury"). And you're too much your mother's daughter.

Mrs. Skliris (the real family name) was widowed young, in San Francisco, with three little girls to bring up. "She was always busy making ends meet," Margia says fondly. "I don't remember her worrying, but she always managed to have food on the table and to have pretty party dresses for us, even if she had to sit up all night sewing."

When they were old enough, the girls worked, too. Margia began her stage career as a child actress—and then "vamp" ambitions appeared very early. One evening when she was fourteen, she stealthily borrowed older sister Sophie's best dress and a pair of Mother's high-heeled shoes. She swept her long hair back into a chignon, put on what was considered appropriate make-up and sneaked off with a girlfriend to a public dance. But a policewoman on duty there wasn't fooled a bit by youngsters' glamour garb.

"She kicked us out," Margia calls, frankly laughing at herself. And that, she learned to confine her play acting to the job. But roles weren't easy to find. Between theatrical stints, Margia turned cosmetics model or clerk. More rewarding now, her talents are still varied. In "Frontier Gamble" she was both singer and lyric-writer, tossing off words for a number titled "Your Heart Belongs to Her," cleverly fashioning it to fit the plot and character she played.

Maybe, Margia, you'd make the grade in the same league with Theda Bara and Ava. But, with your looks and good sense, with the warm, natural personality that comes bubbling up out of you as you talk, we have a hunch you can make it anyway—just as yourself.



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There's more to Diana Dors than meets the eye, says Sidney. She's got brains, too!



Marlon Brando, Japan's Siro Kido, and Glenn Ford, back from "Teahouse" location shooting



So happy: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh celebrate the birth of Kelly, their first child

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I prefer to see Marlon Brando as Marlon Brando instead of a great make-up job, as witness "Teahouse of the August Moon." . . . By the way, Paul Newman looks and acts like Marlon when he's shopping for groceries in the Thriftmart—and you know a guy isn't trying then. . . . Eddie Fisher bubbles like carbonated water. . . . Doris Day told me that she seldom goes to her own movies and hadn't seen herself in "Love Me or Leave Me" yet. I told Doris to hurry and see herself in this movie; she'd like it and herself. . . . Elvis Presley looks like the type of fellow you'd find "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Girls Go By." . . . With me it's all right if Martin and Lewis go their separate ways. . . . British Diana Dors is more like an American girl who got herself an English accent. Diana is a smart chick who knows the score, and how to keep it. . . . Asked about a certain actor who is difficult and likes to have his own way, Jane Wyman replied: "I can describe him best as the kind of a fellow who writes his diary a week in advance."

Zsa Zsa Gabor considers herself naked if she isn't wearing jewelry. . . . I think Kim Novak improves as an actress in every picture. She's getting so good she could use her real name, Marilyn. . . . Because of the song "On the Street Where You Live," the show "My Fair Lady" has done more for Vic Damone than it has for members of the cast. . . . Tony Curtis, married to Janet Leigh, has become a philosopher. Says Tony: "My marriage is fine. I've discovered the only way to get along with a woman is to let her think she has her own way. And the only way to do this is to let her have it."

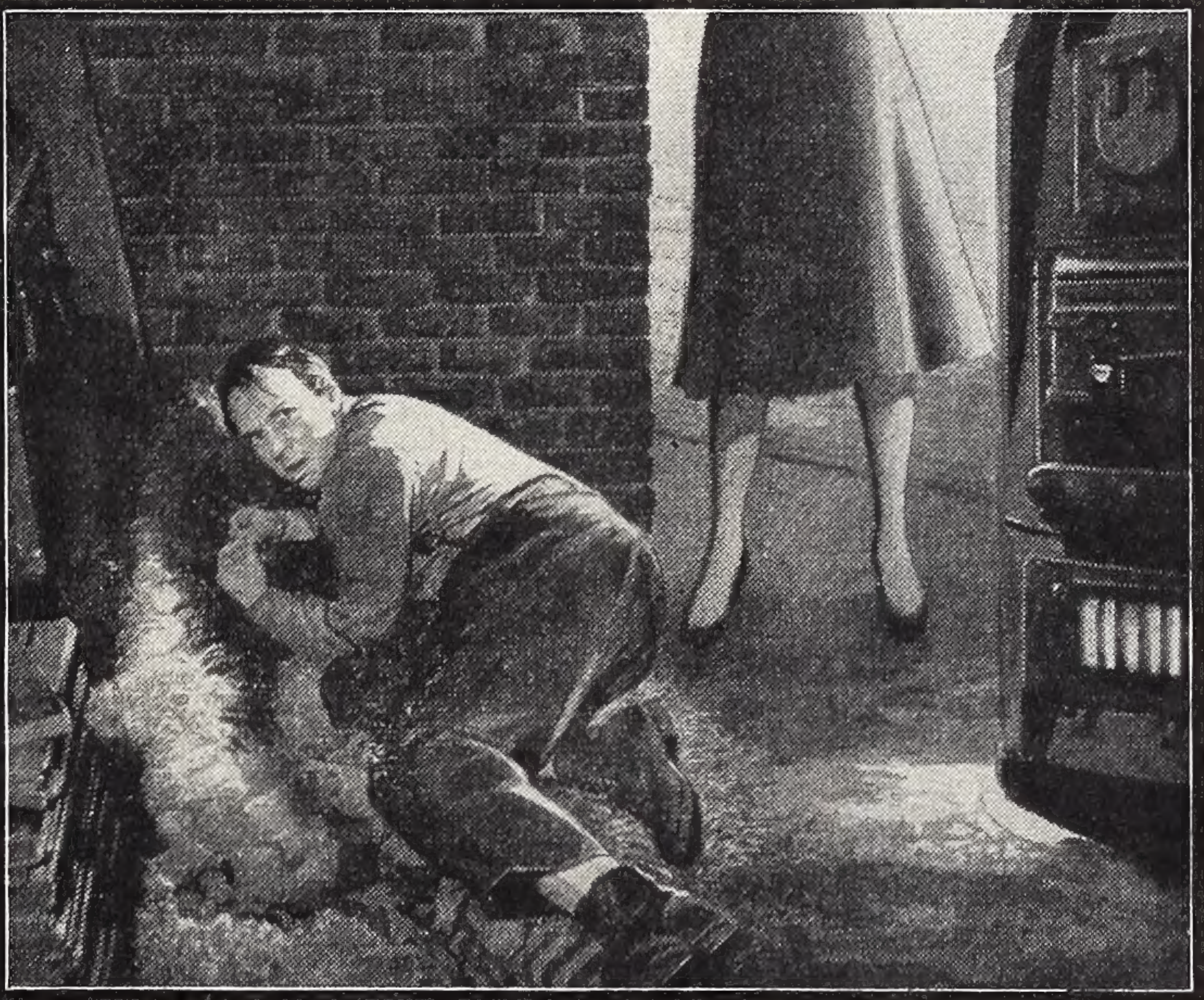
I've been told Gina Lollobrigida knows what she's got as well as any man does. . . . If you'd like to see what Yul Brynner looks like with hair, tune in your TV set when an oldie, "Port of New York," is playing the channels. . . . Shelley Winters is a ballet fan and explains it, saying: "I guess I just like to see people on their toes." . . . I know Grace Kelly is supposed to be ice. But there's dry ice, you know, which looks cool but burns if you touch it. . . . Phil Silvers' real name was Phil Silver-smith. He changed it to Silver, but everyone kept calling him Silvers. (Keep reading. You'll never know what the next line will tell you. Sometimes I'm surprised.) . . . I liked it when the trademarks of the major movie companies meant something. Leo the Lion roared and the preview audience would applaud. But this was a few years ago when movie studios had a stable of exclusive stars and there wasn't a horde of independent producers. . . . Tony Perkins often walks barefooted from the Chateau Marmont to Schwabs, a good six blocks along Sunset Blvd.

Michael Rennie has more dates than any actor in town, and he isn't a bachelor yet. . . . Rita Moreno's career is coming on strong. "When I go out on an interview," says Rita, "I usually wear my pointy sweater." . . . I continue to be amazed by the fact that movies continue to break records of movies which broke records, yet in another press release a movie company will announce they aren't making money. . . . Mamie Van Doren, dressed as if she were on her way to a premiere, was seen browsing in Marian Hunter's bookshop. . . . I forgot who said it, I only know I read it: Hollywood, the most regularly bitten of hands that feed.

I'll say for Anita Ekberg that she doesn't believe in keeping secrets or hiding anything. . . . Great example of the Hollywood Cinderella story: John Wayne started his film career as a grip at Fox studios. Recently Wayne signed a contract with that studio to make six pictures for them at \$250,000 a picture. . . . Well, I found out what was new about "The New Marilyn Monroe." A husband. . . . My good friend Tom Jenk, observing a famous dog and a famous mule on a movie set, remarked: "This is a town where only the animals get along like human beings." That's Hollywood for you.

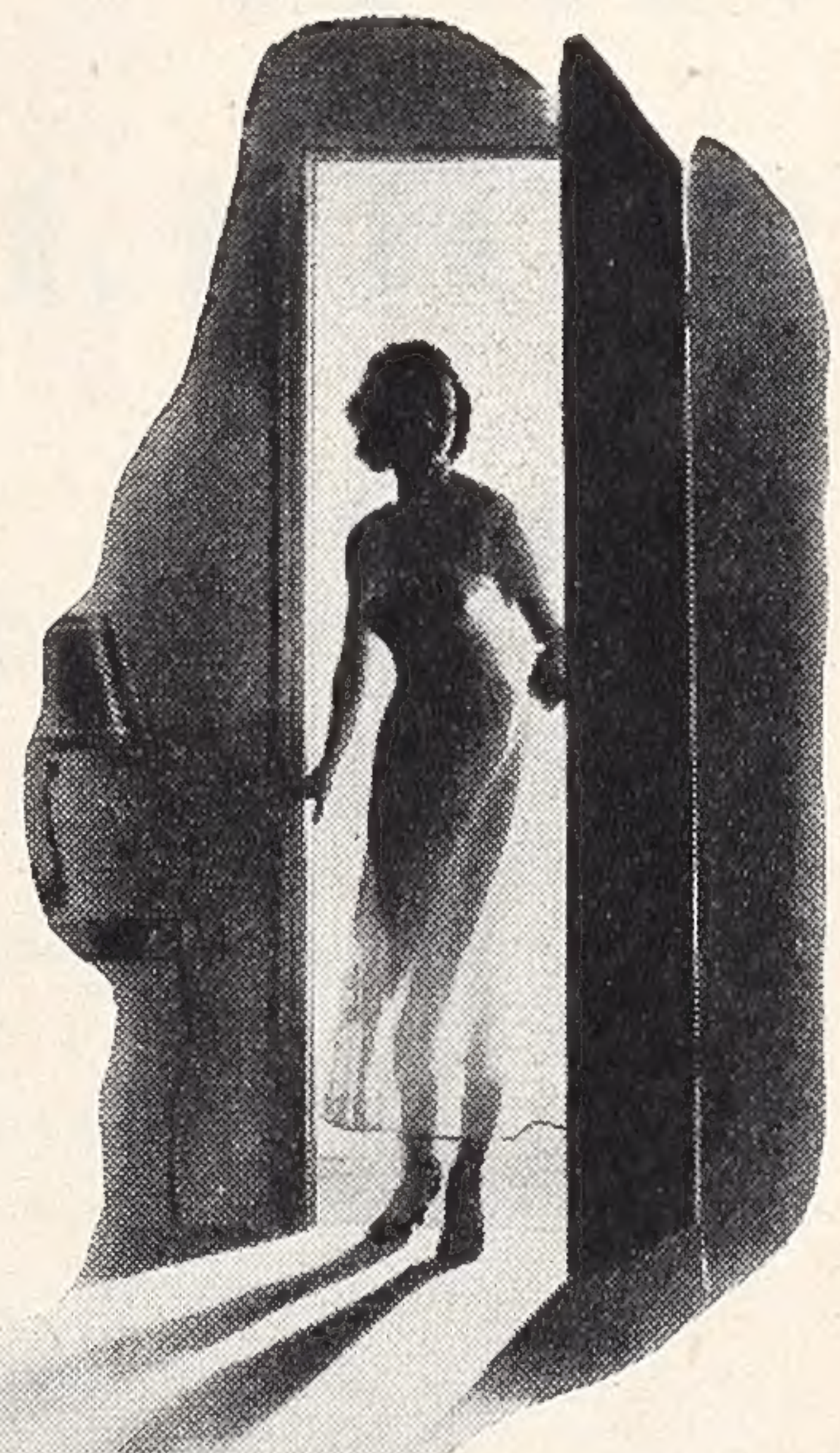
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THE GIRL!*



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Your letters answered by
Spring Byington

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q My trouble is that I'm shy—too shy for my own good. My parents have spent good money on me for dancing and other lessons so that, as my grandmother says, "You will have many strings on your bow." But it doesn't do any good. I am always the wallflower of the group. It is pure torture to go to dancing class, and I loathe the monthly parties because I feel so shy.

The kids think I don't want to make friends and that I am a snob because I don't join in their fun. I want to join in, but I simply can't bring myself around to doing so.

I am a freshman in high school and I certainly don't want to go through the rest of school like this. The teens are supposed to be the most important time of a person's life, and I feel that I'm not getting much out of my teens.

I hope you can help me shed this shyness.

CONNIE R.

A I have all the sympathy in the world for you, Connie, because I suffered from this same difficulty when I was a youngster. However, I had been taught that there is a cure for everything, so I set about finding one to end my intense shyness. Here is what I soon learned: everyone is far more interested in himself than in anyone else on the earth. Just when the shy person is convinced that everyone in a room is wondering why he or she is so silent, the exact opposite is true. All the others are worrying about themselves, thinking about themselves and the impression they are creating. As Ben Franklin once said, "We put ourselves out to interest in the market of affection, hoping to receive a dividend." In brief, you must invest yourself.

Here is the way to do it. Start by listening to others instead of thinking about yourself. Find out what people talk about, what your friends' interests are. Then study those topics so that you, too, have a wide knowledge of, say, hi-fi, sports, TV programs, movies, science-fiction (a particularly good conversational topic).

Also, work at doing something really well, whether it is dancing, skating, playing a musical instrument, or whatever. Excel in a hobby. This takes a great deal of self-discipline, but if you are sincere in wanting to rid yourself of shyness, the work will pay off now and in the future. Many of the most popular people in school are liked because of youthful liveliness, but in a few years these people have learned little and have nothing to say. On the contrary, if you work at it, you can become a fascinating personality because of your study and your consequent conversational scope.

Q I am nineteen and considered not too bad-looking. However, when I was twelve, I suffered an accident that rendered my left arm useless and made it necessary to wear a heavy and awkward device on my left leg.

Naturally, I can't dance and walking is difficult and tiresome. In themselves, I don't mind my handicaps too much. I have a rather good job which requires intellectual ability rather than physical prowess. I like my job and am treated like an equal at the office.

However, I am lonely. I can't do any of the things that girls enjoy. Perhaps that isn't expressed very well because there are many activities in which I can participate

(I am an excellent swimmer even though my handicap is obvious when I wear swim trunks). What I mean is that I'm not what girls imagine a dream man should be.

Do you have any suggestions for me to follow that will make girls think of me as a good companion in all respects not requiring great physical skill? I shall appreciate any advice you can give me on getting along well with the opposite sex.

DAVE M.

A First of all, Dave, let's discuss your statement that you are not what girls imagine a "dream man" to be. For some strange reason, most human beings are always trying to imitate each other, yet it is usually the people who are individual and slightly different whom we regard as "outstanding" and in whom we become deeply interested. The ideal of "beauty" varies with individual taste and is very susceptible to changing fashion and racial attitude. Go to the beach some day and watch the passing parade. It is likely that the individual furthest from your own particular concept of "beauty" may be the most worthwhile person to be seen.

Obviously, then, you must change your own standards and attitudes. You must be able to say to yourself, "I accept myself exactly as I am, knowing that my physical condition is not the crux of my situation, but that the living spirit within me is what is seen by those to whom I wish to appeal."

Finally, when you say that you wish to get along "well with the opposite sex," what you really mean is that you hope to find a mate whom you will love and who will return that love completely. In motion pictures, romance is done up in every lovely detail. The hero is what some people regard as "handsome," the heroine is "beautiful." But this particular show of beauty is only the camera's way of explaining an inner fact of delight felt by two people in love. The truth is that most successful marriages are made up of two people who are beautiful only in the eyes of one another.

If you will believe and practice what has been said here, you may confidently expect the fulfillment of yourself as a successful human being.

Q I am an airline hostess and have been flying slightly more than four years. My life is a very happy one, inasmuch as my position and my social activities are concerned.

It is my home life that is unhappy and has been as long as I can remember. As a result, I have been living away from home, although I visit my mother regularly. Each time I have to brace myself, because I know what is coming. Her first question is, "Have you found a nice man so you are going to get married?"

Mother feels that I am too particular about men and much too independent. She says that love isn't essential, that a girl falls in love *after* she is married, but the important thing is to find security when one is young. If Mother's marriage had been a successful or a happy one on that basis, I could understand her attitude, but she has lived without love, and even without understanding affection or sympathetic interest of any kind from my father.

It's true that she has sacrificed to see that I was well-educated, and I try to provide certain luxuries for her, but she doesn't really appreciate what I do. "The way to please me is to get married," she says.

Continued

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WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

I have been wondering if there is something I can say to her that will explain my attitude—which is that I don't want to duplicate her life but find love first, then marry—and which will eliminate the strife between us.

MARIE E.

A Although the following anecdote concerns a situation somewhat different from that troubling you, Miss E., I believe there is some advantage to be gained from telling it. Some time ago, I found one of my daughters clinging to a point of view that I felt was not going to contribute to her eventual happiness, and I mentioned it to her. A few weeks later I mentioned it again. A few weeks later, again. I had no idea I was nagging; I felt only that I must show a mother's normal concern.

Then one afternoon she said to me in a sweet tone, "Now, Mother, you have already discussed that subject with me and I have taken your comment seriously. But I have to work this out in my own way, so I don't want to discuss it again. If you do bring it up, I'm going to have to walk out of the room." And she smiled at me affectionately.

I think that the same gentle reminder might work in your mother's case. You are an adult, you are self-supporting. You impress me as being level-headed and competent. I agree with you that your mother's attitude is incorrect.

Her belief that one must find "security when one is young" is highly debatable. What, exactly, is security? What are the values that contribute to it, and how does one hold on to them for life? Does anyone really have security?

The entire question of security is too involved for discussion, and too tricky for solution, so your best interests will be served by simply refusing—in a sweet, courteous, but firm tone—to permit any discussion of marriage to occur between you and your mother.

Q I am twenty and have a fourteen-month-old son and am expecting another child in about a month. My husband divorced me six months ago. At present I am living with my parents, but after I have the new baby and return to work, I want to live with my girlfriend. We have been the best of companions for five years. She has three children and is divorced also.

Would I be doing the right thing to move in with my girlfriend? Here is the situation at home: My folks are crazy about my son and they have been wonderful during my trouble. However, we're crowded at home, and we have frequent disagreements. When I want to go out, they take the attitude that I shouldn't because of the boy. I have no real privacy. I want to get out and be my own boss, have my own responsibilities.

Plenty of people say that my girlfriend and I will hate each other within six weeks because of a division of housework and care of the children. But she and I are determined to make a go of it.

I certainly would appreciate your opinion on this situation.

QUINELLA D.

A I think it would be a good idea, Mrs. D., to clarify your thinking on this housing problem by writing down your honest concept of this situation. By filling out two lists—one labeled Advantages of Living with My Family, and the other

Continued

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continued

headed Disadvantages of Living with My Family, you might be surprised at the result.

Under Advantages, I think you might note: Happiness of grandparents with son; happiness of the boy; security for the new baby; essential security for myself; family surroundings to give me an attractive and conventional atmosphere in which to meet a possible second husband.

Under Disadvantages, I imagine you might list: Lack of privacy; lack of uninhibited social life; interference of grandparents in rearing of children.

I might complicate the quandary by adding that neither housing plan which you suggested would appear to be entirely satisfactory. Certainly your parents have reared their family, are entitled to some of the leisure fruits of maturity. Certainly you are entitled to bring up your children according to your highest hopes.

I am inclined to agree with "lots of people" who think you and your friend might soon find yourselves involved in disagreement. Of course, I am eager to concede that individuals alter cases, but the fact remains that five small children in one household will fray even the most resilient nerves, and that those who suffer most from the stresses and strains of their elders are the children.

If you were my daughter, I should feel that, since you had not been able to accept the responsibilities of your first marriage, you should remain at home until you had matured. Please don't interpret this as criticism. It's just that some girls grow up faster than others, and age has nothing whatsoever to do with one's abilities to manage life's difficulties with wisdom.

Q I've always been big for my age, and older in thought and feeling than most boys in high school. I'm eighteen, six-feet-two, have played football, have gone out for track, and I'm doing okay with the books.

I know what I'm going to do with my life, but I'm not discussing it right now. Better to fool around about some things instead of giving the impression that Squaresville is my next stop.

Now, I'll get to the point: I like a girl who is, I should estimate, about twenty-one or twenty-two, which would make her three or four years older than I am. She's no Ava Gardner, but she is nice-looking, she has a cute way about her, and I admire her for the work she is doing.

I want to date this girl but I don't know how to go about asking her. Do you think she would consider me a fresh kid? That's what I don't want.

I never have any trouble getting dates around school (I'm not bragging), but you know how it is—everybody knows everybody. How could I ask this girl for a date without making her smile and think somebody would call her a baby-sitter?

GARY I.

A It is obvious, from your letter, Gary, that you are very mature for your years. For that reason, it is likely that the girls in your class at school fail to provide you with the intellectual challenge that is so much a part of a friendship. It seems to me that becoming pals with a slightly older girl might prove to be highly rewarding.

Your method of approach might be this: Since you undoubtedly know something about this girl's interests (you mentioned your admiration of the work she is doing),

Continued on page 16

Stop "Make-Up Damage"

See your skin look cleaner, finer, clearer, smoother in just 10 days!

- Ordinary skin cleansers were never made for modern make-ups!

New-formula Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is the modern cream especially blended to clean, soften, refine, and protect your complexion from the clogging, drying, aging effects of make-up!

Try it tonight—cream or liquid.
Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

Lady Esther®

4 purpose
face cream

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SAVE 51¢
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Regular 10 oz. size \$1.49
Special price 98¢ + TAX



accept no substitute for "postage stamp"

"postage stamp" is no bigger than a glove, acts like a glove on your body, doing an all-over smoothing job besides treating your waist right all day long... is knitted by a patented technique in nylon and Lastex®, weighs practically nothing... only Jantzen can make it... whitest white and lovely pastels... girdle (B-5) or panty-girdle (B-6) 3.95. Jantzen "forever uplift" bras 2.50 to 7.50. (prices in U. S. A.)

Jantzen®
shaper with
a gloving touch



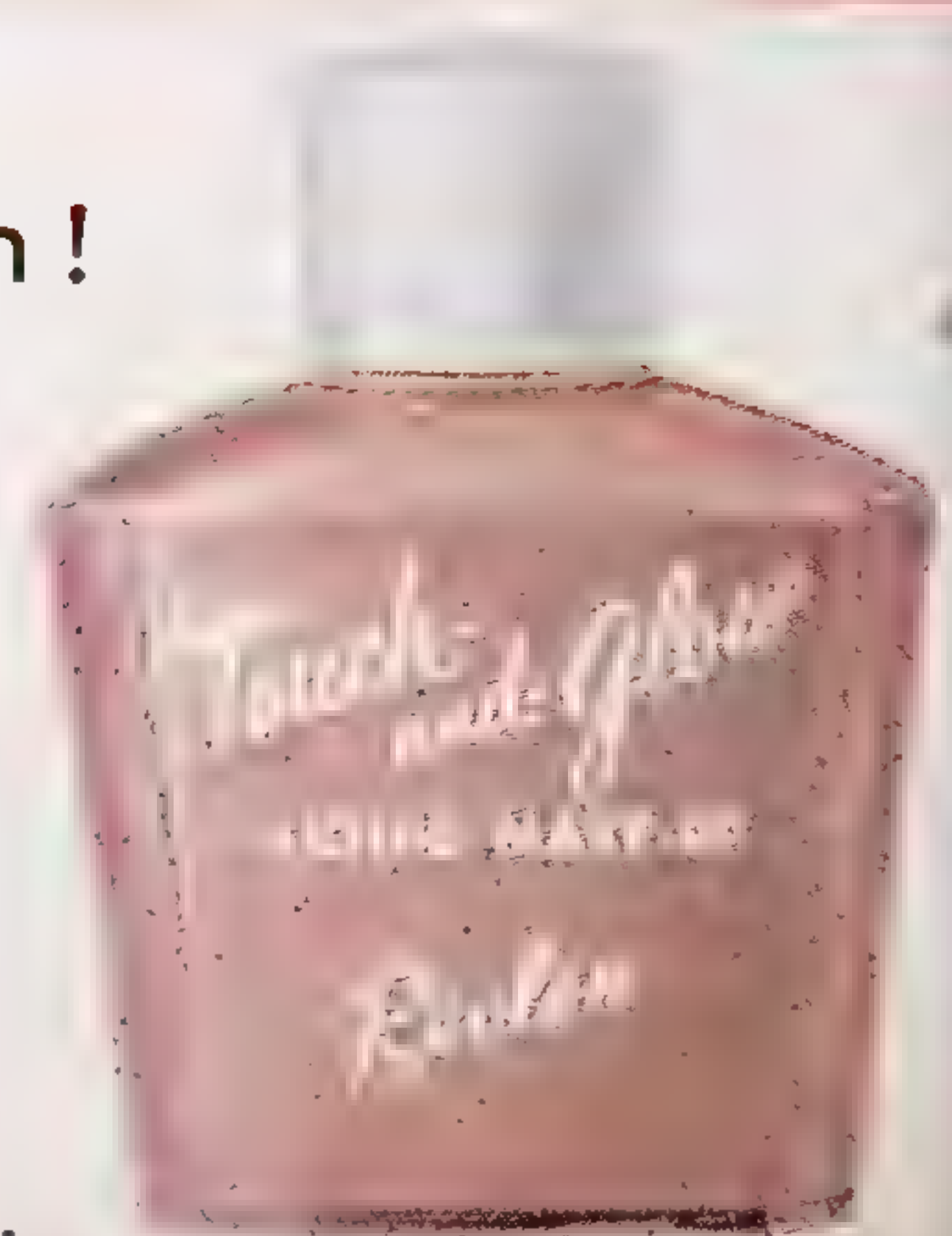
from a distance like this...

or as close

Here is the glow of a naturally flawless young complexion!

One touch of Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' and heavenly things happen! Dry skin looks dewy; dull skin glows with young color. Look closely . . . your complexion never bloomed like *this!* And how artfully this liquid make-up hides lines and shadows—without maskiness! *Nobody knows you wear it . . . but you!* Never caky or drying, 'Touch-and-Glow' with Lanolite softens and moisturizes . . . to help your skin keep its young, flawless look.

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8 true complexion shades: Natural, Light, Creamy Ivory, Misty Rose, Cream Beige, Rachel, Suntan, Dark Dark.



as a kiss...

your complexion comes alive... you're lovely with

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

The Liquid Make-Up...nobody knows you wear...but you!

Hair with the fresh young HALO look *is softer, brighter*

Whistle Clean

—for clear, liquid Halo
... unlike most shampoos ... contains no
greasy oils or soap. Nothing to
interfere with cleaning action or dull your
hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.
Mild, gentle Halo leaves
hair softer, brighter ... whistle clean!



WHAT SHOULD I DO?

(Continued from page 12)

you might ask her advice and guidance in planning for your own (equally mysterious) plans for the future.

Afterward, out of gratitude, it would be entirely proper for you to invite her to have luncheon with you. If, after two or three meetings, you still feel that the friendship would be mutually rewarding, I see no reason why you shouldn't ask her for an evening date.

From the girl's standpoint, this would be a particularly graceful way in which to start the friendship because, if she were asked about her dates with you, she would be able to say, "We're both interested in hi-fi and I helped him start his record collection," or something similar.

I'd like to know how this turns out.

Q I am almost nineteen years old and the eldest of six children. Now that I have graduated from high school I feel that I should get out on my own as soon as possible.

For some time I have been thinking seriously of becoming a WAC. My father is opposed to the idea and says it is no place for a young girl who has been properly brought up. His feeling is undoubtedly influenced by the fact that everyone hears rumors about how much the WAC changes girls.

However, I have been brought up to know right from wrong and I feel certain that at my age I am not going to be turned from my ideals. I think that the WAC would help me in at least two ways: by giving me further training in business, and by giving me the opportunity to meet new people.

Also, I broke my engagement several months ago, and I am very much at loose ends. Would you suggest that I join up, or that I try to find some sort of work in our home town?

HARRIET A.

A I know that there are many times, Harriet, when the concern of parents is a burden. However, it is wonderful to have parents who care, deeply and sincerely, what happens to you.

I note that your father is opposed only to your choice of a career, not to the fact that you want to become self-supporting. That being the case, I should think he might be inclined to accept reliable information about the WAC with an open mind. Surely there must be WAC recruiting officers visiting in your city occasionally. If you could prevail upon your father to meet such representatives of the group he might change his mind.

Also, I should think it would be a good idea for you to write to WAC headquarters in Washington, D. C., asking for copies of all published material about the WAC. In writing for information, it might also be a good idea for you to mention your father's objections to your joining the Corps, and ask frankly, for statistics to refute the mean gossip.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3095, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF

Plans Are Flying: Elizabeth Taylor, 34, and 44-year-old Michael Wilding are furious when magazine writers questioned their "happy" marriage, and subsequently tabooed all interviews. Now they must eat their words! Their separation came as no surprise to Hollywood, which revived that old and ridiculous rumor about Liz being secretly in love with the Wildings' good friend, Montgomery Clift. Once upon a time, she was also supposed to have been in love with Rock Hudson, but he fooled the press and married Phyllis Gates. Then, the Wildings and the Hudsons have become the best of friends. Announcing her separation, Liz said: "The reason for our decision is much too personal to discuss."

Expectations: Recently, in Hollywood news from the Stork Department broke all previous records. Within one week Lana Turner and Lex Barker announced they were expecting their

Continued

Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding make what may be their last public appearance together. Four hours after attending this gay party, they announced their separation.





There's one risk
you never should take...

It's the risk of "embarrassing odor"—the risk that is controlled by the proper method of douching. Millions of confident women have discovered this, and douche regularly with "Lysol".

"Lysol" guards you from any possibility of offending—because it's more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant—it's an active germ-killer. Spreading into folds and crevices, it kills on contact, the very bacteria that (if unchecked) would cause "embarrassing odor". Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" brand disinfectant, added to your douche, gives you assurance of complete cleanliness.

Trust to "Lysol" and relax! Discover the marvelous freedom that comes when you're sure of yourself! Be happier, more confident—ready for the new people and pleasant, gay happenings that you want in your life!

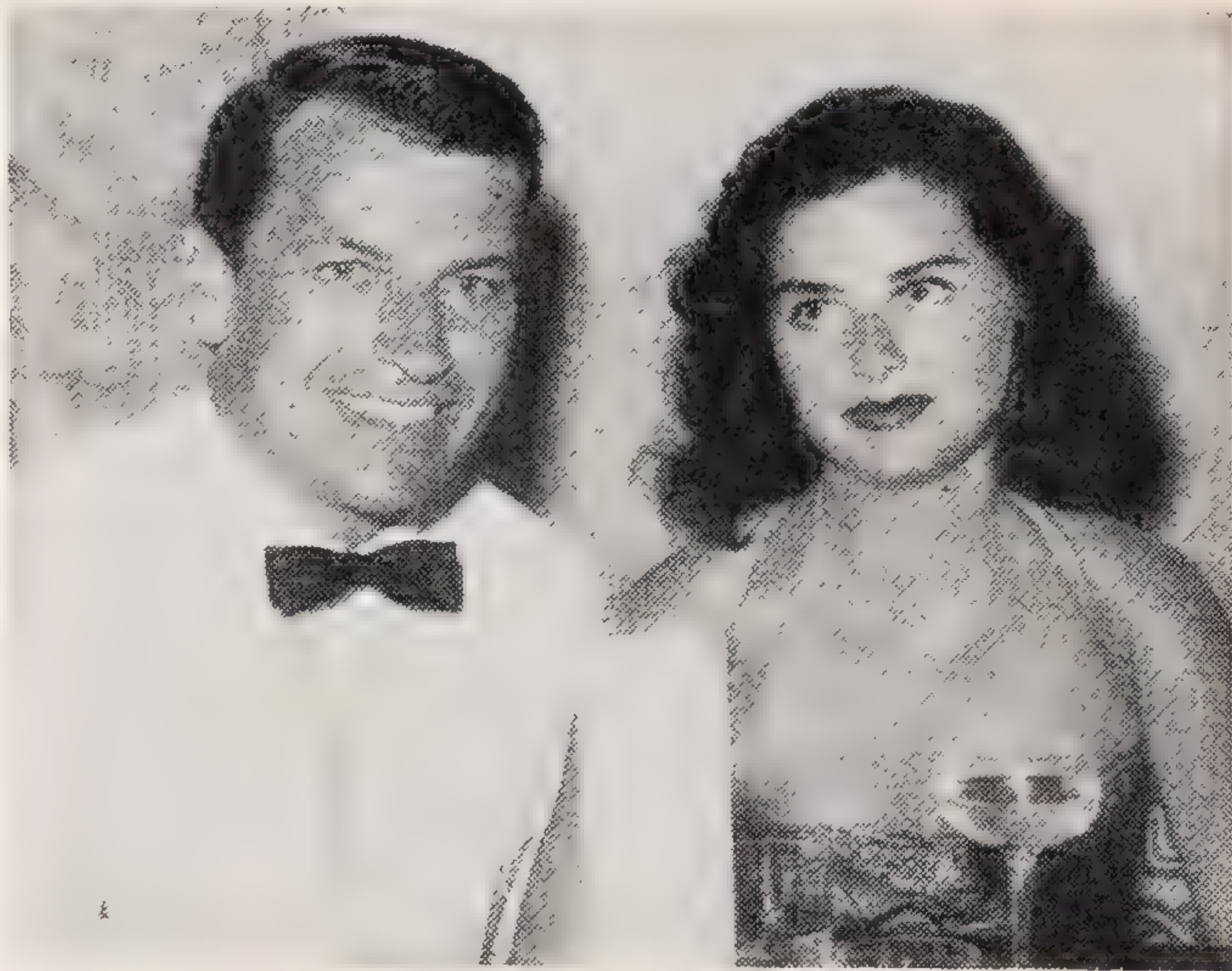
Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching with new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-5610.



"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

Sheila and Guy Madison have plenty to smile about—in general, Guy's big career; in particular, a new daughter



Bye-bye bachelorhood? Look as if Richard Egan, a longtime holdout, has found 'kind of girl' in Pat Hardy

INSIDE STUFF *Continued*

first, as did the Rory Calhouns; the Guy Madisons became proud parents for a second time; in Paris, Olivia de Havilland gave birth to a baby girl; and, in England, Sir Stork left a "message" for the Laurence Oliviers. . . . Lana and Lex (everyone said this marriage wouldn't last!) hope it's a boy. So did Guy and Sheila Madison—who got their second girl! They named her Erin Patricia. Olivia, so happy with French journalist Pierre Galante, named her wee one Giselle. After waiting eight hopeful years, Rory and Lita Calhoun started adoption proceedings—then, as it often happens, the stork cooperated! And Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence, after sixteen years of marriage (some of them quite tempestuous!), are finally free from rumors that ran the gamut of exaggeration.

Date With Fate: Ironical, isn't it, that two major studios would like to film "The Life of James Dean"! The fabulous young actor was just *beginning* to live when he came to a tragic end. Story rights would have to be cleared by his estate. Those concerned have already had an overdose of publicity.

Love And Marriage: Years ago, when Cal first knew the then unknown Richard Egan, he said, "If I ever marry, the girl will have to 'love' my brother too." Knowing the exemplary Father Willis Egan, it's easy to understand Richard's brotherly reverence, and it looks as if Pat Hardy is the girl who fills the bill. During Father Egan's recent visit to Hollywood, the three some were inseparable. Pat, who formerly shared an apartment with Mary Wynn, played opposite Jimmy Dean on TV. But being married to Dick is a good reason for ending her career.

Wedding Belles: Leslie Caron's announced intention of marrying British theatrical producer, Peter Hall, has the studio wondering and worrying. (An unhappy marriage, plus a lonely life in Hollywood, may easily influence an enchanting mademoiselle to forsake town. . . . On the other hand, Shirley Jones' long-expected marriage to Jack Cassidy is good news. Both love Hollywood and hope to make movies together.)

For Men Only: Tony Perkins, the fastest-rising young star in Hollywood,

Continued

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\$40,000

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IN CASH!**

CASH

PRIZES

**HOURS
OF FUN!**

"NAME OF FAME" CONTEST!

Do you enjoy the fun, excitement and thrills of solving picture puzzles? Sure you do . . . everybody does . . . especially when your skill can bring you as much as \$25,000 in cold cash. And *right now* is your chance to share in the action, the challenge, and . . . yes . . . cash awards, too . . . of one of the greatest puzzle contests ever run in the United States! It's the sensational new National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest, just getting under way . . . with 200 great cash prizes totaling \$40,000! Just think what you could do with prize money like

that . . . all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home . . . free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be a prize winner of any of 200 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$2,500.00 promptness bonus along with first prize of \$22,500—a grand total of \$25,000.00.



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PLUS 200 BIG CASH AWARDS, SUCH AS:

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3rd Prize 2,500.00
4th Prize 1,500.00
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Plus 190 additional Cash Prizes

Grand Total \$40,000.00

**THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU
SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!**

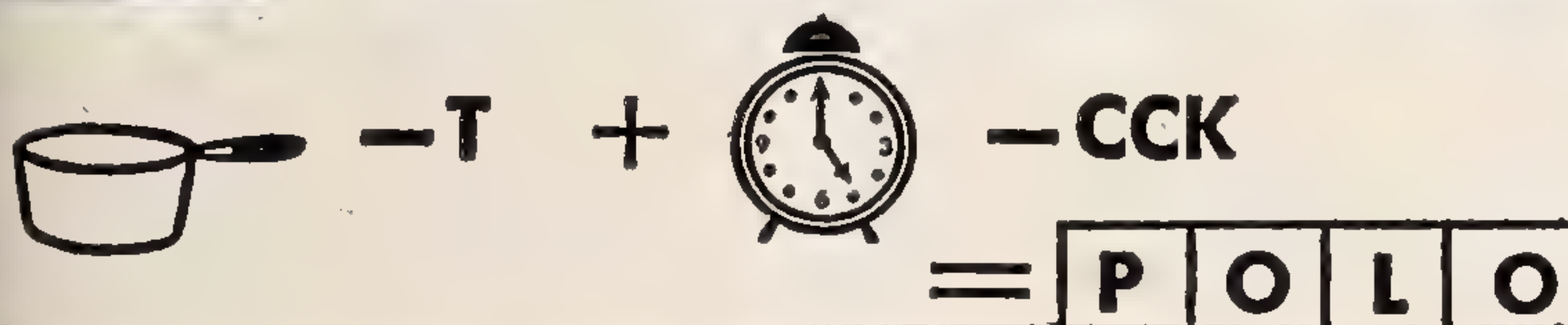


This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

**SAMPLE
PUZZLE**

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck



HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

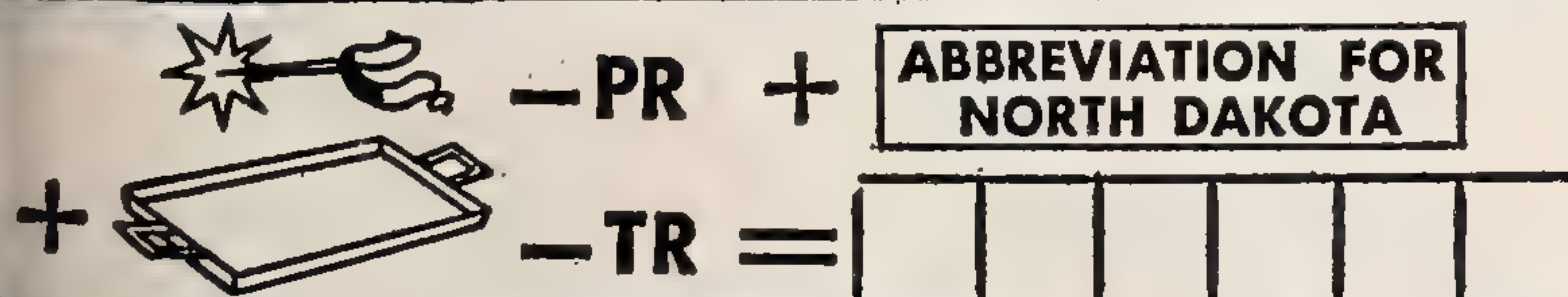
Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!



**PUZZLE
NO. ONE**

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remsen



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Name

Address

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Professionally, Tab Hunter hasn't been getting some of the roles he'd like, but socially he's been doing fine, stepping out with Jan Chaney



Expectant parents Debbie and Eddie Fisher worked too hard on their first film together, "End of Joy." Doctors ordered Debbie to bed for re



In Europe, honeymooning Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel prompted numerous headlines, but on arrival back in the States, they went unnoticed

cording to Gary Cooper, gave us a private showing of his original wardrobe. It features corduroy suits in all colors with four high-waisted bottoms, narrow lapels, and uncreased trousers which make his long legs look like stove pipes. Unmarried, twenty-three-year-old Tony "lifted" the idea from the costumes he wears in "The Friendly Persuasion."

Song Of Life: For Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, the first year of marriage hasn't been the hardest—but it has been filled with adjustments. Following a hospital check-up, doctors told Eddie he must eat carefully, slowly and regularly if he wants to live a long life. Since her mother stopped making her clothes, Debbie's dressing less like a teenager and looks smarter—which Eddie loves. Their one bone of contention, if any, is the lack of time and opportunity to be alone. Popular singers are invariably surrounded by a group of hangers-on. Pier Angeli and Cyd Charisse discovered this about their husbands, but gradually remedied the situation. Debbie's bright and capable, too. She'll work it out and no one will be hurt.

Pouting Pigeon: Tab Hunter's personal

life is as bright as a brass button thanks to cute Jan Chaney. But professionally speaking, Tab is deeply discouraged. He starred in "The J. Piersall" story on TV and received sensational notices. He begged his agent to buy it for him and make a movie. While Warners deliberated, Paramount quietly nabbed the story for John Perkins.

Reformed Redhead: Susan Hayward has taken a new lease on life, and her it's most becoming. Gone is the chip-on-the-shoulder she wore in her corsage. "It sounds corny," confided Susan, "but I used to be shy around people. The reception I received at the Cannes Film Festival changed my perspective." Mostly out-of-town friends attended Susie's recent birthday party. Handsome disc jockey, Bill Balaban, was Susie's date again, but "We're just friends," they insisted. Now where did we hear that one before?

Talent vs. Beauty: Anita Ekberg has long blond hair hanging loosely over her back, prettied herself on the plane before landing at the Los Angeles airport. Also on the plane was the incomparable Shirley Booth. When the plane landed, swarms of camera men

Cont

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with
no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

"My hair always looks its best
 —thanks to Lustre-Net!" says

Natalie Wood

co-starring in "A CRY IN THE NIGHT"
 A Jaguar Production presented
 by Warner Bros.



New SUPER-SOFT *Lustre-Net* **the spray-set with lanolin esters:**

keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or
 stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way
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 contains not one single drop of lacquer!

helps prevent dryness! Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET
 contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness,
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quick-sets hair-do's . . . ends sleeping on pins!
 Set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray
 with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and
 waves dry in a jiffy, brush out
 soft and shining.



Makes any pin-curl
 style set faster, manage
 easier, last longer!



THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control
 for loose, casual hair-do's.
 Contains no lacquer at all.
 Spray it on regularly when
 you comb your hair.

REGULAR—extra control for
 hard-to-manage hair, or curly
 hair-do's. No lacquered look,
 no lacquer odor. Sets pin-
 curls in hair when dry.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax
 By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars



England's Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors, and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, are enjoying Hollywood so much they might even buy a home there



To everyone's relief, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman plan a "quiet" divorce. Meanwhile, Jeanne steps out—with business acquaintances

INSIDE STUFF *Continued*

converged—and all but engulfed the great Miss Booth! Anita and her husband, Anthony Steel, were completely ignored by the lens lads and received their biggest greeting from a white miniature poodle waiting with a friend. It *can* happen here!

Hollywood Merry-Go-Round: Nothing could make Doris Day any happier, she says, than having another baby. Unfortunately, however, the rumor isn't true. Marriage to Marty Melcher has given Dodo confidence and emotional security she never had before. She and Marty both agree that a baby is all they need to complete their bond of happiness. . . A little thing like criticism won't dampen Ernest Borgnine's enthusiasm or lessen his gratitude. Some folks say he's been overdoing the humility bit since winning the Oscar. Anyone knowing Ernie is well aware that there isn't a phony bone in his body. . . Obviously, Jeanne Crain believes there's safety in numbers. She never appears in public with less than two or three escorts. Incidentally, Hollywood was relieved when she softened some of her pre-divorce charges against Paul Brinkman. Such things not only affect individuals—in this case her children—but they also reflect inadvertently on the whole motion-picture industry.

Bosom Friends: The welcome party RKO and George Gobel threw for British bombshell Diana Dors brought out necklines that plunged all the way to Hollywood and Vine! Now, no one could ever hate Georgie-Porgie, but some well-stacked Hollywood blonds are pouting at him. They can't understand why he should carry coals to Newcastle. In this case, import England's Marilyn Monroe to play opposite him in "I Married a Woman." Maybe George goes for British accents!

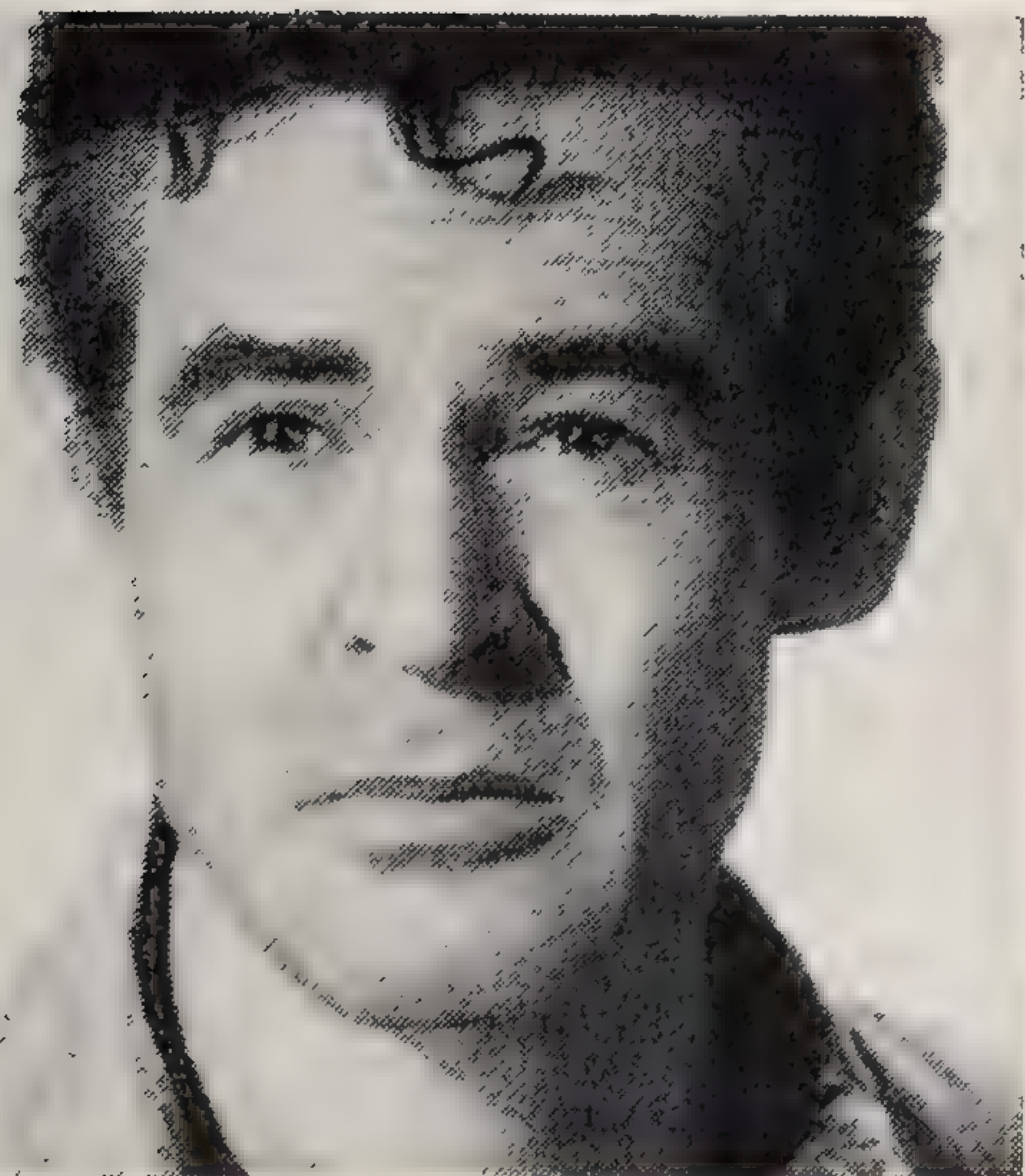
Today's Target: All of Hollywood, including Paramount, which holds his contract, was glued to TV sets when Steve Allen promised to de-gyrate Elvis "The Pelvis" Presley. Allen kept his promise, and the torso-tossing singing sensation certainly was subdued! Minus the suggestive exhibitionism, Hollywood feels, Presley has little to offer. Only time—and his forthcoming first movie which is scheduled to start production late this year—will tell the story.



Oh, that Elvis! On stage or visiting patients in a Memphis hospital, Elvis Presley holds his audiences, young and old, spellbound



**ONLY 5 COULD COME BACK
HE'D DECIDE BECAUSE
HE HELD THE GUN—
...who would you pick?**



BILL—even the threat of the Jivaro headhunters couldn't touch him . . . was it too late for him to care?

RENA—a drifter, with many men in her past . . . but since the plane crashed she wanted something more.

LOUISE—a money-hungry girl who found that everyone was equal in 2 million square miles of jungle.



JOE—on the surface he had high ideals and big ideas . . . would he crack as the drums grew louder?

MARTHA and HENRY—all the good years they'd had together gave them strength to face the worst.

ELLIS—he had more money than morals but it did him no good when only courage counted.

RKO Radio Pictures presents

ROBERT RYAN · ANITA EKBERG · ROD STEIGER
BACK FROM ETERNITY

Co-starring **PHYLLIS KIRK · KEITH ANDES · GENE BARRY** with **FRED CLARK · BEULAH BONDI · JESSE WHITE**

Produced and Directed by **JOHN FARROW** · Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** · Music by **FRANZ WAXMAN**



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



Faced with sullen rebellion, Dick tells Stephanie Griffin and Nick Adams that they must both work if they want to survive.



BEST ACTING: KIRK DOUGLAS

Kirk's courtship of Jeanette Sterke ends with this abrupt, humiliating refusal

Lust for Life

M-G-M; CINEMA-
SCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The turbulent life of the Dutch painter Vincent Van Gogh becomes the theme of a beautiful movie. Kirk Douglas' impassioned performance is equal to all demands, whether his Van Gogh is seen as a mining-town preacher, as a man desperately hungry for affection, or as a painter whose unappreciated talent brings him fulfillment and anguish. Anthony Quinn gives balance to the story with his portrayal of the swashbuckling Gauguin, whose friendship with Van Gogh finishes in tragedy. James Donald is the ever loyal brother, Theo Van Gogh, and Pamela Brown does a realistic job as a street drab. In rich tones, the France of the late 19th Century Impressionists is re-created, from Paris to the countryside burningly alive in Van Gogh's pictures.

ADULT

The Last Wagon

20TH; CINEMA-
SCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ In a cracking good Western, Richard Widmark sets a brisk pace for a youthful, attractive supporting cast. Most newcomers, they meet the challenge admirably. The plot finds a fresh angle on the plight of a wagon train's survivors after an Apache massacre. Except for Richard Widmark, a captive murderer, they're very young: courageous Felicia Farr; Tommy Rettig, her little brother; lovely and mean-tempered Stephanie Griffin; hated, half-Indian half-sister, Susan Kohner; sulky Nick Adams; stalwart Robert Stricklyn. Because Widmark has lived with Comanches, Stephanie and Nick distrust him. But his experience and leadership are the youngsters' only hope in the Apache-haunted wilderness (Arizona's magnificent red-rock country).

FAM

Continued

One *S-S-S-S-S-t*
 does more for your hair
 than brushing
 100 strokes a day!



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No jars
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**Spray on this greaseless hairdressing
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You know what brushing does. Now give your hair the same beautiful results a quicker, easier way. Spray on **LANOLIN DISCOVERY**—a few quick brush strokes, and this new kind of hairdressing conditions every hair right down to the scalp. Instantly your hair looks youthfully alive with bright sparkling highlights.

Makes your hair naturally soft

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—naturally shiny... **TODAY**

Available wherever cosmetics are sold

large size \$1.25

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Used and recommended by
 professional beauticians everywhere



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



BEST ACTING: JUDY HOLLIDAY
Judy, Arthur O'Connell, Neva Patterson and Paul taste victory

The Solid Gold Cadillac

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Big business and Judy Holliday are an absurd combination, and the mixture explodes into a delightful comedy, full of crackling lines and hilarious situations. Holding a very small block of shares in a very large corporation, Judy takes it into her head to attend a stockholders' meeting. After boss Paul Douglas' resignation to accept a government job, the board of directors—a quartet of crooks led by John Williams and Fred Clark—is set to loot the company. But Judy's shrewd questions embarrass the four so that they try to shut her up by hiring her—a decision they come to regret bitterly. Judy's romantic pursuit of Paul is handled lightly, while Neva Patterson and Arthur O'Connell share a secondary love interest, playing a pair of shy fellow employees. FAMILY



Thanks to Ray, Claude Rains and Maureen will get a jolt

Lisbon

REPUBLIC; NATURAMA, TRUCOLOR

✓✓✓ Ray Milland has himself a royal good time as both star and director of this gay melodrama, and moviegoers are likely to share his amusement. The popular tune "Lisbon Antigua" threads through a story as colorful as the scenes of the Portuguese capital, where the picture was shot. As an American who uses his power yacht for a little mild smuggling, Ray is hired by big-shot smuggler Claude Rains, a wealthy man of mystery, for a strange and dangerous chore. Involved in it is Maureen O'Hara, handsome and spirited as the wife of an elderly multi-millionaire who's held captive by Reds. She seems like a nice girl, and luscious Yvonne Furneaux, one of Rains' houseful of beauties, seems like a wench. But surprises turn up as both gals make a pitch for Ray. ADULT

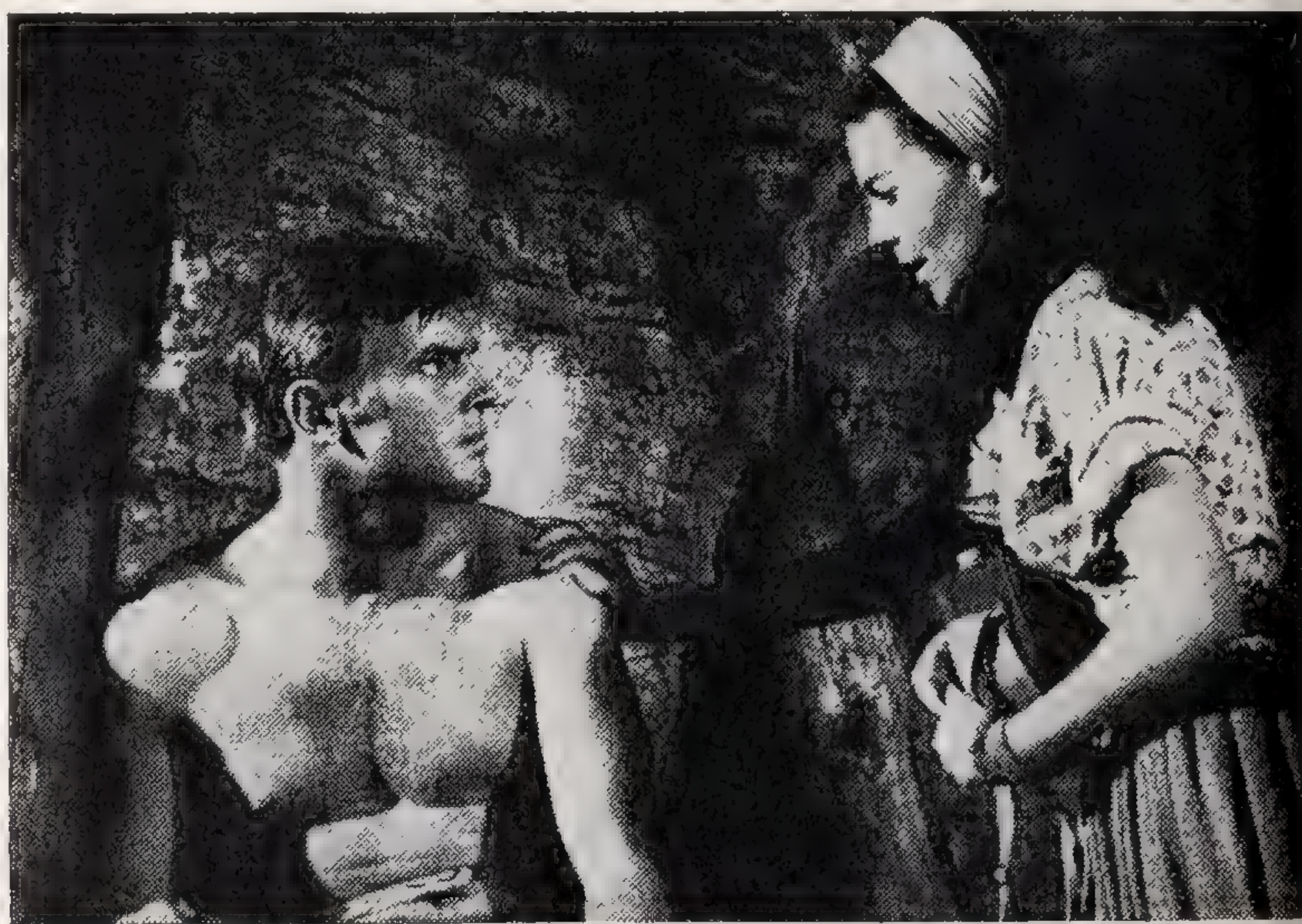


Forewarned about soldiers' wives, Olivia eyes John guardedly

The Ambassador's Daughter

U.A.; CINEMA
SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Here's the sort of delicious romantic comedy that Hollywood's apparently forgotten how to make in recent years. Bright, easygoing, it puts a group of charming people—including Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, Myrna Loy, Adolph Menjou and the late Edward Arnold—through lively paces in the lovely city of Paris. Senator Adolphe, with wife Myrna, has gone there to investigate the conduct of GI's, criticize in some reports. Though John's normally a well-behaved young soldier, he proceeds to get into a series of scrapes, all because he's fallen in love with Olivia. She's the daughter of U.S. Ambassador Arnold, but John believes she's a French fashion model. Slyly, she goes along with the gag, suspecting him of dishonorable intentions. FAMILY



Hiding out in an abandoned mine, Tab has Natalie as his alibi

The Burning Hills

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood team appealingly in this suspenseful horse opera. Tab's brother is murdered when the two start ranching in an area ruled by the overbearing Raquel Teal. Stalking the killers (among them, Skip Homeier, as the big rancher's swaggering son), Tab approaches Teal directly and wounds him, in self-defense, before escaping. Then it's our hero who's the object of a search. Also wounded, he finds a refuge near the home of Natalie, cast as a half-Mexican girl whose family has been among Teal's victims. Eduardo Franz has a cryptic role as a part-Indian guide hired to hunt Tab down. This he does with professional zeal, though he has no sympathy with Teal's aims. In riding scenes, Tab shows his skill, with his own horse, Swizzlestick. FAMILY

Continued



I dreamed I went whistle-stopping^{}
in my maidenform^{*} bra[®]*

I'm a sure winner because I'm on the right track! My platform: a vote for me is a vote for Maidenform. No wonder I'm the people's choice for the figure of the year! The dream of a bra: new Maidenform Pre-Lude*—the bra with the contour-band that gives you an entirely new kind of under-and-up up-lift to make the most of every curve you own. In white embroidered broadcloth. A, B and C cups, 2.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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MOVIES

continued

Secrets of the Reef

MARI
TRI-ART COI

✓✓✓✓ Dazzling to the eye, planned with nice regard for drama and humor, as well as information, this excellent documentary takes you into the fantastic and violent world under the sea. The creatures that live and forage for food (each other) around a Florida coral reef come to the screen almost as individual personalities, though the narration is sensible and short on whimsy. For once, the octopus emerges as a sympathetic character, waving tentacles gracefully in its courtship, battling the giant moray eel. Even more remarkable are the close-ups of tiny creatures: seahorses (you actually see the *male* giving birth to its young), little crabs that decorate themselves with coral for camouflage. A fine musical score accents the excitement, beauty and amusing moments that give the film distinction.

FAMI

Private's Progress

✓✓✓ The chuckles ripple along steadily as the British give their own wartime army an all-out ribbing. Open-faced, mild-mannered, well-intentioned, Ian Carmichael is snatched from college to become a hopelessly incompetent soldier. He gets instructions in the art of goofing off from Richard Attenborough, who clowns deftly as a cheerful and utterly dishonest Cockey. And Ian's uncle (Dennis Price), a high-ranking officer, maneuvers the innocent lad into a really tricky situation. Price leads a group of Nazi-uniformed British soldiers, including Ian, on a raid just behind German lines. They're to rescue a castleful of art treasures that a German general has stolen from all over Europe. Dennis and Dick plan to liberate one truckload for themselves, to be sold at a nice profit. The story bounces along in slap-happy, slightly disorganized style, drawing lots of laughs.

FAMI

Storm Center

COLUMB

✓✓✓ Good acting, with Bette Davis in the lead, and a serious purpose give this topical drama a degree of interest. As a librarian in a New England town, Bette is deeply devoted to her work. Though she's a strong-minded, outspoken, stubborn woman, she is generally loved and respected—until she suddenly finds herself on the town's leading citizens' array against her. She has refused to take a book favoring communism off the library shelves, though she has only contempt for its outlook and quality. The brawl that set off affects the romance between Ki Hunter, Bette's assistant, and politician Brian Keith. Paul Kelly's sympathetic old friend of Bette's, and Joe Mantel (*Marty's* pal) is an average guy who distrusts book-learning. But the players have not too much chance, for the writers' zeal to get an idea across makes the story more of a tract than a study of real people.

Continued



Pond's
deep cleansings make a
lovely difference...

...when you're close enough to kiss!

New ultraviolet
photographs prove
Pond's Cold Cream
removes dirt that other cleansers
only "skim over"



1. A "patch" of make-up and dirt is applied.
In ultraviolet light, it looks *white*.



2. Then the test "patch" is
vigorously washed. Skin
feels tingling clean...



3. But, even after brisk washing,
ultraviolet light shows deep-
down dirt *still there!*



4. Proof—Pond's cleanses *deep*.
Right through stubborn dirt,
Pond's cleanses a clear path!



For a "young" powder base
—Pond's Vanishing Cream

No other cleanser
cleanses more deeply,
removes make-up
more completely—
POND'S Cold Cream

Which is your hair problem?



Hair dull...no shine?

Even the dulllest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," *not* oily shine . . . because it's greaseless.



Hair too dry?

The instant you apply SUAVE Hair-dressing with its amazing *greaseless* lanolin, dryness is gone! SUAVE puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave . . . and so manageable, so *exciting to feel!*



Unruly after shampoo?

Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use SUAVE every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky . . . manageable, eager to wave. *Keeps* hair in place without oily film.



Hair abused...brittle?

After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, *how caressable* your hair can look!



Teen Tangles?

Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. *Keeps* it perfect! Gives hair that sparkly sophisticated look. You'll love what it does for your hair.



HELENE CURTIS
Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

Choose
Liquid or
new Creme
59¢
and \$1
(plus tax)



*Trademark



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



**Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.**

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

MOVIES

continued

ple, and the solution is pat and unconvincing. At least, the picture is sure to rouse plenty of hot arguments with its blunt approach.

FAMILY



Though both their lives are endangered, Bob and Ursula have time to fall in love

Bandido

U.A.; CINEMASCOPE,
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ A vigorous adventure yarn plunges Robert Mitchum and Ursula Thiess into the midst of Mexico's 1916 revolution. Bob's role is a familiar one—the soldier of fortune more absorbed in excitement and money than in any cause. So he's allied only by chance with Gilbert Roland, dashing and decisive as a revolutionary leader and true patriot. Ursula's the disillusioned wife of Zachary Scott, a gun-runner trying to deliver his wares to the rebels' enemy. Though a strong attraction quickly springs up between Ursula and Bob, the emphasis is less on romance than on roaring action, fights with guns, grenades, explosives.

FAMILY

The First Traveling Saleslady RKO TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Featuring a group of amiable types, this featherweight farce romps toward the turn of the century with gags of that moment. Blithe and pretty, Ginger Rogers plays a businesswoman on the road to sell barbed wire—an unpopular item on the unfenced ranges. Carol Channing (star of the stage's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") uses a likable personality and a neat flair for comedy in the role of Ginger's romance minded assistant. Trying to take Ginger's mind off her career are three suitors: Eastern tycoon David Brian; Texas cattle baron James Arness; Barry Nelson, who keeps meeting the ladies while trying to drive his horseless carriage across the country. It's a disarmingly good-humored story, but it looks rather like a musical without music (except for the title tune played during the credits, and one ditty from Carol).

FAMILY

Continued

Which one of these quotes from "Women in the News" WINS YOUR VOTE?



1. MRS. DALE CARNEGIE, author of "Don't Grow Old—Grow Up": "Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flatters her figure—as I do. A Playtex Girdle has the same amazing 'hold-in' power six months later as on the day you bought it."



2. HANNAH TROY, leading American fashion designer: "Playtex is the only girdle I know that's completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that 'corseted' look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!"



3. CAROLYN HUGHES, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: "To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic criss-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines."



4. KATHRYN MURRAY, star of TV's Arthur Murray Party: "Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That's why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful 'hold-in' power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort."



5. FRAN WARREN, popular RKO-Unique recording star: "The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won't annoy you by creeping up ever!"



6. MOLLIE PARNIS, brilliant fashion designer: "The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-cotton cups lift and lure, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!"



7. JUNE EARING, Champion swimmer and Aquashow star: "No other girdle with such wonderful 'hold-in' power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon. It's the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing."



8. BETTY KEAN, of the (riotous) Kean Sisters comedy team: "Playtex Lightweight has more 'hold-in' power with less weight than any other girdle I've ever worn—and it costs only \$4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much."



9. JUSTINE PARKER, lovely star of many TV dramas: "The Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic 'magic-midriff' that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today's fashions."



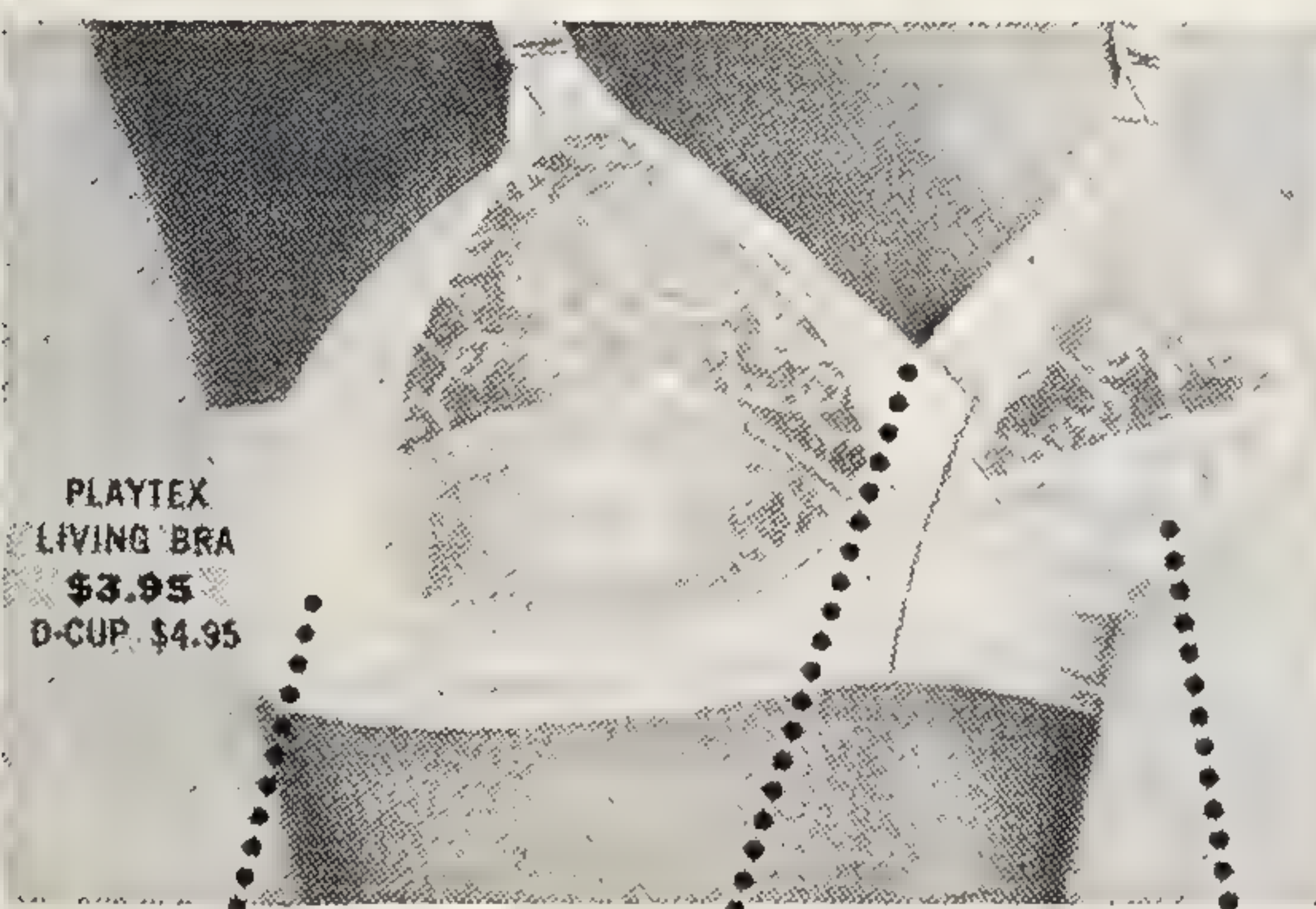
10. GRACE DOWNS, Dean of Grace Downs Air Career School: "No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do."

Nothing to Buy! Enter This Exciting PLAYTEX Contest Now! You May Win

\$10,000.00 CASH

Just Tell Us Which One of the Above Statements Interests You Most!

THESE PLAYTEX FACTS WILL HELP YOU WIN!



PLAYTEX
LIVING BRA
\$3.95
D-CUP \$4.95

- *Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back... doesn't shift, slide or ride.
- *Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.
- *Sculptured cups give high, rounded uplift... a perfect "sweater" silhouette



PLAYTEX
MAGIC-
CONTROLLER
\$7.95

PLAYTEX
LIGHTWEIGHT
\$4.95

MADE OF FABRICON, a wonderful new girdle material of downy soft cotton and latex that gives more "hold-in" power with greater comfort. Air conditioned with tiny air dots—and Magic-Controller also has a non-roll top that stays up without a stay.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. Simply fill out an Official Entry Blank, or write on one side of a plain piece of paper. Send as many entries as you wish, to Playtex, P. O. Box 480, New York 46, New York.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 5, 1956.
3. Any woman in the United States or its territories is eligible to enter, except officers and employees (and members of their families) of the corporation, any of its divisions, or its advertising agencies. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.
4. All entries become the property of International Latex Corp., Playtex Park, Dover, Del., the sponsors of this contest; none will be returned. All entries must be original work of contestants submitted in own names. The contest will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of sincerity, originality of thought, and appropriateness to the product. Decisions of the judges will be final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Winners notified personally or by mail. List of winners available by requesting same and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

1,016 PRIZES WORTH \$40,000!

1st PRIZE: \$10,000 CASH

2nd-3rd-4th:

MINK COATS worth \$5,000 each

5th thru 16th:

MINK STOLES worth \$1,000 each

plus 1,000 Playtex Living Bras worth \$3.95 each

(Values stated include 10% federal excise tax.)

Just read what these "Women in the News" say about the features of Playtex® Girdles and Bras. Vote for *one* statement that interests you most about either the Playtex Girdle or Playtex Bra. Simply complete the following phrase in 25 words or less—"I vote for Statement No. —because " Enter as often as you wish. Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store. What you write can earn you \$10,000.

Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store.

To: PLAYTEX, P. O. BOX 480, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

"I vote for statement # _____ because _____
(complete in 25 words or less)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Remember: You may get a Playtex Living® Bra† as a prize. Your bra size _____



Style 124, high-waisted Sarong of light nylon power net and embroidered nylon marquisette. White, black or pink. Sizes 25 to 34. \$13.50. Other styles from \$7.95.

she's wearing a **sarong**[®]
the criss-cross girdle that walks and won't ride up

Sarong is completely different from any other girdle—and you'll feel the difference immediately! There is nothing like a Sarong to fashion your figure with new shapeliness, to make comfort your personal and permanent possession. Sarong is so wonderfully different! Its patented, hidden construction lifts and flattens your tummy youthfully. Its exclusive patented criss-cross feature lets you walk, stand and sit with day-long comfort. From the moment you slip it on—you'll see and feel your figure improve. Why not plan to have a Sarong fitted to your figure.



sarong
the patented girdle

with the criss-cross front

"SARONG is the registered trademark of Sarong, Inc. for its girdles."

Free! Sarong's new booklet "Facts About Figures".

Write Sarong, Inc., Department P-1, 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

MOVIES

continued



Barbara's touched to see how concerned Jimmy is over Betty Lou Keim's trouble

These Wilder Years

M-G-M

✓✓✓ Though he's bucking an essentially unsympathetic assignment, James Cagney gives another of his solid performance in this emotional drama. He's a wealthy man trying to find the illegitimate son he refused to acknowledge twenty years earlier. But Barbara Stanwyck, dedicated manager of the institution where the child was born and given out for adoption, refuses to break her covenant of secrecy. Newcomer Betty Lou Keim affectingly portrays a teenager at the home, dreading the prospect of giving up the baby she is to bear. And Walter Pidgeon has some good, wry lines as the lawyer Cagney hires to force Barbara's hand.

ADULT

Simon and Laura

RANK, U-
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A breezy British comedy centers its fire on the chatty husband-and-wife type of TV program. Trouble is, the married players chosen—pompous Peter Finch and gorgeous Kay Kendall—have been feuding for years and are on the verge of breakup. But they've also been unemployed for some time, so they agree to be lovebirds—before the cameras only. When TV invades their handsome modern home, butler Maurice Denham and maid Thor Hird turn into a pair of hams as temperamental as their employers.

FAMILY

Walk the Proud Land

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In this pleasant Western, Audie Murphy plays a real-life character, Jol P. Clum, gentle Easterner who takes over as agent on an Apache reservation. His struggle to substitute fairness for force dealing with the Indians has become a popular theme in recent horse operas, but Audie goes about the job earnestly. Ann Bancroft is the Indian girl who serves as his housekeeper and falls in love with him.

Continued

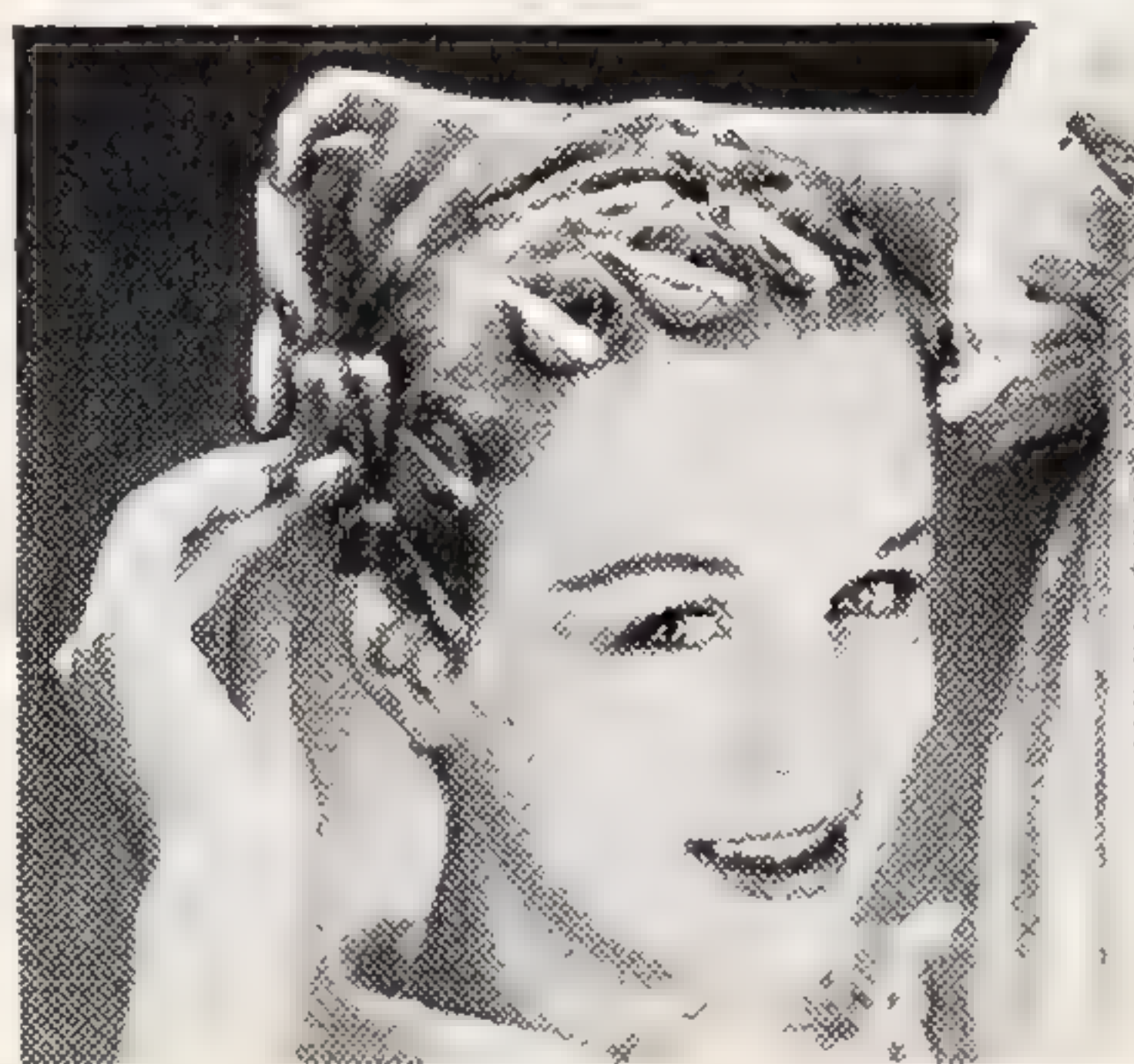
New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles



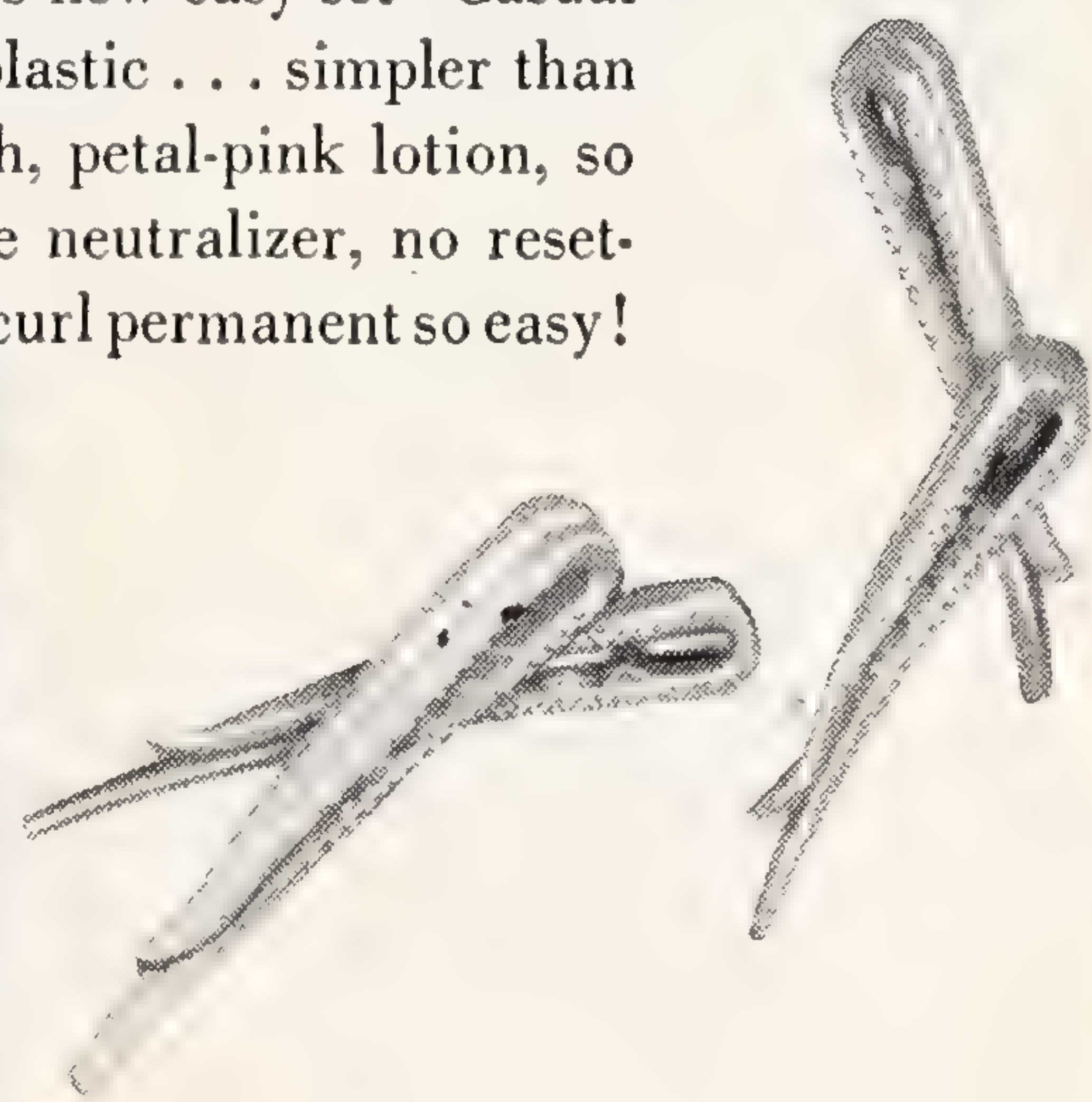
Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets” . . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets” . . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.



All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.

See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.



Actual photo of Mollie Ann Bourn, Claymont, Delaware. Right side washed with New Woodbury, left side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory* proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

New Woodbury Shampoo's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

See what happened—when the right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo—the left with her regular brand. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable!

Leading shampoos were tested on hundreds of women, and results checked by ★Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. Tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer*—without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses!



It can't dry out your hair because New Woodbury Shampoo contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils.

Costs less, too! You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost more money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as other leading shampoos.

Use New Woodbury today! A generous bottle costs only 39¢. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had—the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise!

MOVIES

continued



After a set-to, Audie's assured that he has faithful friends in Charles and Anne

him; Pat Crowley, the home-town girl who arrives to become his bride; Charles Drake, a bluff ex-soldier who is Audie's loyal assistant.

FAMILY

Bigger than Life

20TH; CINEMA
SCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Also suggested by a true story, this James Mason starrer strays pretty far from plausibility. As a teacher who has to take a spare-time job to support wife Barbara Rush and son Christopher Olsen, Mason suddenly falls ill. Cortisone is required to save his life, but the drug has strange effects on his personality. First he becomes cheerful and unreasonably extravagant; then his mood turns to violent whims and a sense of great mental power; finally, as he manages to get more of the drug than his doctor had prescribed, he veers toward homicidal mania. This development naturally creates a situation loaded with suspense, but Mason as a madman doesn't seem related in any degree to his character as established at the beginning of the film.

FAMILY

Raw Edge

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ What are Westerns coming to when bad guys spend more time chasing dame than shooting at good guys? That's the situation Rory Calhoun rides into. Herbert Rudley, who rules the local range has decreed that any unattached female belongs to the first man who claims her. Mara Corday, Indian widow of Rory's murdered brother, has been so claimed. And Rudley's own wife, comely Yvonne DeCarlo, would make a fine, accessible widow, according to two of his own henchmen, Neville Brand and Emile Meyer, and gambler Rex Reason. For a while, it looks as if Rex is on the side of virtue, secretly allied with Rory in opposing Rudley's brutal domination. But the gambler has unscrupulous reasons for wishing the tyrant's death.

FAMILY

No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains **GARDOL**
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION
AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER — CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK
FOR SODIUM N-LAURYL SARCOSINATE.



Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth



Never Again . . . need pimples ruin romance!

Only an active teen-ager knows the heartache and misery pimples can cause . . . the agonies of self-consciousness and embarrassment . . . the broken dates, the parties missed, which mean so much.

What wonderful news, then, that there is now a really effective, scientific medication, *especially for pimples*. CLEARASIL has been proved effective beyond question in clinical tests by doctors, in nation-wide usage tests by nurses and in actual daily use by millions. Whether you have just occasional pimples or a serious condition take action against them the modern

Clearasil way: *In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.*

'Starves' Pimples

CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples by helping to remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. CLEARASIL's antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. And, CLEARASIL's keratolytic action softens and dissolves infected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate to *lower* pimple infection. Encourages new, smooth, healthy skin growth.

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL ends embarrassment immediately. It is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back.



Special Offer: Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Box 12 MP, Eastco, Inc., White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires Nov. 30, 1956.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMIL

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 2

✓✓ AUTUMN LEAVES—Columbia: Psychiatry drama with some punch. Spinster Joan Crawford marries young Cliff Robertson, only to find he on the verge of mental breakdown. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ AWAY ALL BOATS—U-I; VistaVision Technicolor: Imposing action movie of World War II. Jeff Chandler's the lonely skipper of a Pacific attack transport, with George Nader and Keith Andes as officers. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ BHOWANI JUNCTION—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Emotion-charged story of strife in India, Ava Gardner's embroiled in a hesitating between Bill Travers—like herself, half English, half Indian—and British officer Stewart Granger. Fine photography. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ CATERED AFFAIR, THE—M-G-M: Visit with an endearingly everyday family, excellently portrayed. Housewife Bette Davis insists on a big wedding for daughter Debbie Reynolds, though pop Ernest Borgnine, a cab driver, can't afford it. (F) July

✓✓✓ CONFIDENTIAL REPORT—T & V: Willy mixed-up but delightfully grotesque melodrama filmed by Orson Welles in Europe. Adventure. Robert Arden and girlfriend Pat Medina learn of tycoon Welles' mysterious past. (A) September

✓✓ CONGO CROSSING—U-I, Technicolor: Flying to a miserable African town to escape a murder involvement, Virginia Mayo finds jungle adventure with surveyor George Nader. (F) September

✓✓✓ DAKOTA INCIDENT—Republic, Technicolor: Tightly constructed Western. Among an isolated group besieged by Indians are bandit Dan Robertson, singer Linda Darnell. (F) August

✓✓✓ EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS—Columbia: Neat science-fiction thriller. The unmanned satellites that newlyweds Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor work at launching are blasted by space ships—with unknown purpose. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ EDDY DUCHIN STORY, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Affecting and graceful musical biography casts Ty Power as the pianist and bandleader; Kim Novak, his first wife Victoria Shaw, his second. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ FASTEST GUN ALIVE, THE—M-G-M: Fascinating frontier drama. When Glenn Ford, a mild storekeeper, reveals his skill with a gun (against wife Jeanne Crain's wishes), danger descends, with a surprise finale. (F) September

✓✓ FRANCIS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE—U-I: Taking over as the talking mule's dopey partner, Mickey Rooney gets into a murder mystery and winningly old-style slapstick. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE, THE—Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Picturesque, fact-based adventure sends Union spy Frank Parker on a daring raid into Dixie, with Jeff Hunter as a gallant enemy. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ HIGH SOCIETY—M-G-M; VistaVision Technicolor: Sparkling musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly as the perfection-demanding society babe, Bing Crosby as the ex, Frank Sinatra as a reporter. (F) September

✓✓✓ HUK!—U.A., Eastman Color: Real Philippine backgrounds add interest to the excitement of the fight against guerrillas. George Montgomery. (F) September

Continued on page

NEW! Only Helene Curtis has the exclusive new "control" ingredient.
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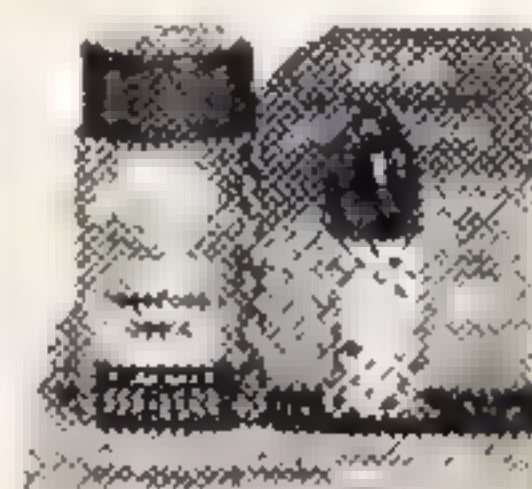


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BRIEF REVIEWS

Continued

persuaded to join former sweetheart Mona Freeman in the battle. (F) September

✓✓✓ INVITATION TO THE DANCE—M-G-M Technicolor: Wordless, charming, all-dance film. Gene Kelly leads a gifted troupe in three tale wistful, comic, and whimsical. (F) August

✓✓✓ KILLING, THE—U.A.: Compact, to crime vignette. Sterling Hayden's intricate scheme for a race-track robbery is upset by accompli personal problems, such as a cheating wife. (M. Windsor). (F) August

✓✓✓✓ KING AND I, THE—20th; CinemaScope De Luxe Color: Solid story, exquisite music, splendid acting by Yul Brynner as the Siamese king and Deborah Kerr as the English instructor of his kids and wives. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ MOBY DICK—Warners, Technicolor: Impressive version of Melville's classic. Gregory Peck is the whaling-ship captain on a crazy sea for the whale that crippled him. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn are also fine. (F) August

✓✓✓ PARDNERS—Paramount; VistaVision Technicolor: Martin and Lewis give horse opera a ribbing as they battle outlaws together. L. B. Nichols is a cowboy; Jerry, a rich boy; Lori Nelson, Jackie Loughery are their gals. (F) September

✓✓✓ PROUD AND PROFANE, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Troubled time romance of a hardened Marine Corps officer (William Holden) and a Red Cross girl (Deborah Kerr), in the Pacific. Thelma Ritter, Dewey Martin make a subplot more touching. (A) August

✓✓✓ RAWHIDE YEARS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rambling, amiable Western. Wanted murder, Tony Curtis seeks the real killer; Col. Miller waits impatiently. (F) August

✓✓✓ REBEL IN TOWN—U.A.: Strong drama of the post-Civil War frontier. Ben Cooper, Southerner in danger; John Payne, a Rebel; Ruth Roman, Payne's gentle wife. (F) August

✓✓✓ SANTIAGO—Warners, Warnercolor: Luring adventure yarn of Cuba's war for independence. Alan Ladd and Lloyd Nolan are gun-runners supplying arms for rebels led by vicious Rossana Podesta. (F) September

✓✓✓ SEVEN MEN FROM NOW—Warners, Warnercolor: Crisp Randolph Scott Western. Tra outlaws who killed his wife, he meets tough Marvin, pioneer Gail Russell. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME—M-G-M: In a rowdy, sympathetic, humorous biography, Paul Newman's first-rate as a grace fighter Rocky Graziano, helped to reform Pier Angeli. Sal Mineo's a slum pal. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ STRADA, LA ("The Road")—T-Lux: Beautiful Italian film (titles in English) with Anthony Quinn as a traveling strong man, Giulietta Masina, his gentle partner; Richard Basehart, a wise clown. (A) September

✓✓✓ THAT CERTAIN FEELING—Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Bob Hope's funny likable as a timid artist urged by Eva Marie Saint to tell off boss George Sanders. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ TRAPEZE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brilliant, absorbing circus drama. has-been "flyer," Burt Lancaster returns to Tony Curtis' catcher. Gina Lollobrigida uses wiles to get into their act. (F) August

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regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.
For list of studio addresses, see page 90.—Ed.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Since the days of Mary Pickford, Henry B. Walthall and Charles Ray, I have been one of the motion picture industry's best customers. Last night I went to see "The Last Hunt" and came away furious. I received my August PHOTOPLAY today and have just glanced through it and read the letter of Lina Farley. I heartily agree with what she writes but she doesn't go far enough. If I had a son in high school who couldn't write better dialogue or direct a better show than was done for "The Last Hunt," I'd be mighty discouraged as to his intelligence. If I ever saw a more senseless, boring movie I cannot remember it. I have never walked out on a picture in my life (I always hope the poor ones will get better) but I came close to doing so last night. A few nights ago I went to see "The Yearling," re-released. This is a truly wonderful picture and I enjoyed it even more than the first time I saw it. It is hard to believe that both pictures could come from the same industry.

For a long time I have been wondering why nine out of ten Western movies are apparently written and directed by morons. They use rifles, revolvers and dynamite which were not invented until years after the time of the picture. In "Winchester 73," the riflemen could hit a dime pitched in the air, yet at the end of the film fired at least thirty shots at each other with half their bodies exposed and not a shot reached its mark. In another Western, a pioneer cabin was shown in full blaze, yet next morning the framework of the house still stood straight and complete. I wondered what city fire company arrived to put out the fire.

If it does not do better, the industry is going to lose one of its best customers—me.
ALFRED S. BRAND
Culpeper, Virginia

That letter from Lina Farley in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY made me boiling mad! So Hollywood puts out some bad movies. (I don't particularly agree with the movies she named.) How many bad novels are written each year, how many bad plays are produced? Nothing is perfect in this world—why should Hollywood be singled out and condemned for its failures?

And so what if a few "damns" creep into the movies from time to time? People use that word all the time in real life, and children certainly hear it.

If Lina Farley expects Hollywood to produce Pollyanna-type movies, she had better find some other form of entertainment until she can face the realities and imperfections of life.

JO DERRICOTT
Berkeley, California

This is to authorize Miss Judy Ellis, 8966 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, as the president of my only official fan club.

ROBERT STACK
Hollywood, California

When is someone going to sit up and notice Jacques Sernas, who did such an excellent job of acting in "Jump into Hell" and "Helen of Troy"? I understand he recently returned to Europe. Wake up, Hollywood! You sure must have been asleep to let so good a catch get past you. Please bring Jacques Sernas back . . . soon!

A. GAE
Miami, Florida

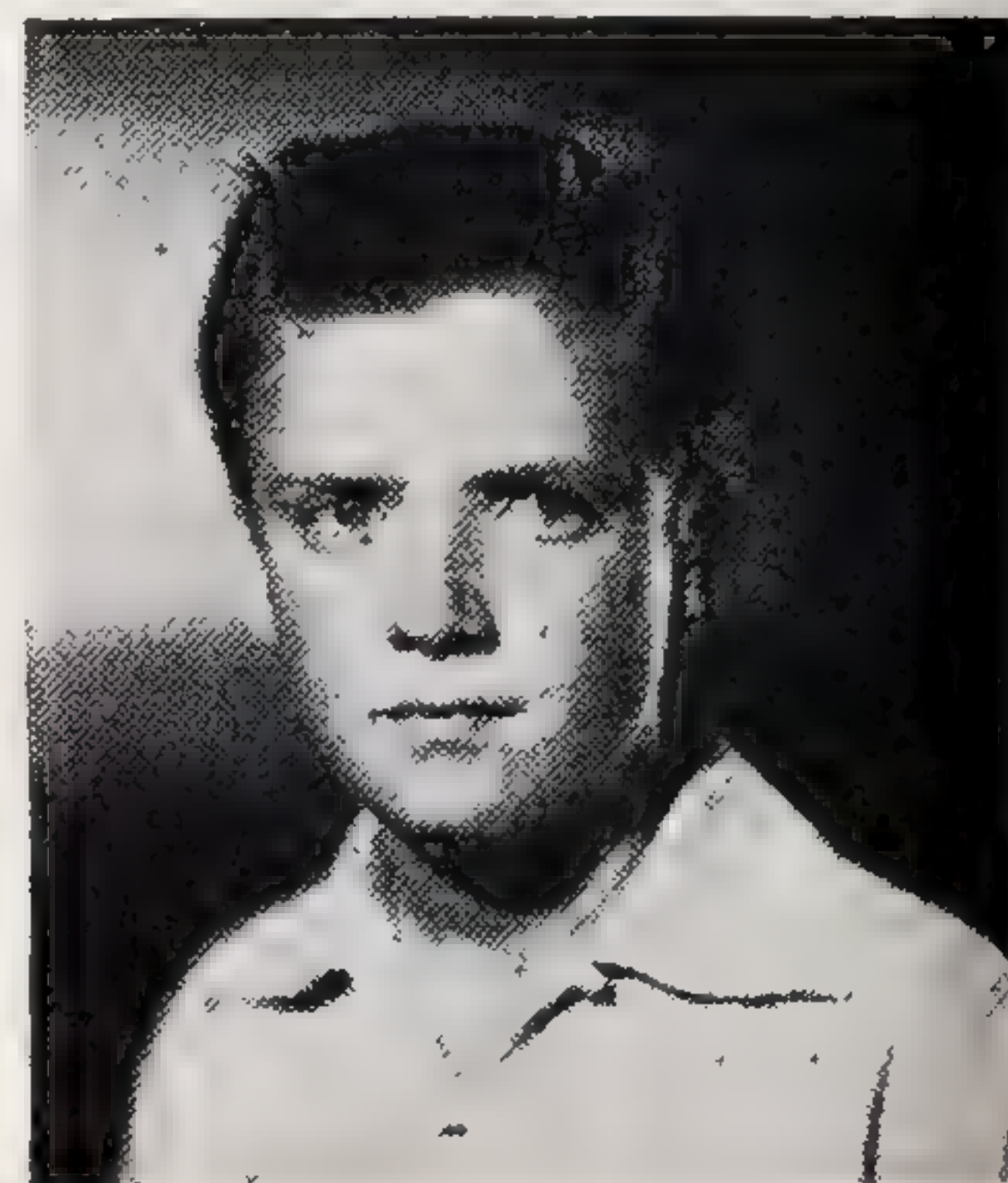
I can't help laughing at the English when they say that Diana Dors is their reply to your Marilyn Monroe. The more pictures I see of Miss Dors, the more I realize how beautiful Miss Monroe is.

How can any of Marilyn Monroe's imitators compare with her own unique self? Impossible!

I am neither American nor English, so I think my opinion is quite fair.

ETIENNE MONTSOU
London, England

I am an ardent Corey Allen fan. I admit that I've seen him in only one movie and on television just a few times, but what I've seen really looks promising. Corey is quite versatile and seems to possess that natural type of acting ability that just reaches out to you. With this and his good looks, I am



Corey has a natural talent; Lori's winning lots of fans; Tim is one cute fellow

sure that, given one right break, he would go straight to the top.

B. J. ROBERTS
Decatur, Illinois

QUESTION BOX:

I have recently seen Lori Nelson in several movies and thought her acting was superb. Could you tell me something about her?

CAROL WILLIAMS
Parkersburg, West Virginia
Blond and blue-eyed Lori won PHOTOPLAY's Choose Your Stars' poll in 1952. Born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 15, 1933, she is 5'3½", weighs 108 lbs. Lori's latest picture is "Pardners."—Ed.

Can you please give me some information on Sarita Monteil? I saw her recently in

"Vera Cruz" and "Serenade," and she was excellent in both pictures. She is also as pretty as she is talented.

JACK HUNTER
West Palm Beach, Florida

Sarita was born in Granada, Spain, March 10, 1932. Brown-haired, with green-brown eyes, she is 5'6", weighs 117 lbs. Before making her American film debut in "Vera Cruz," Sarita appeared in a number of Spanish and Mexican movies. Her next picture is RKO's "Run of the Arrow."—Ed.

A number of years back I saw a movie called "Anna and the King of Siam." Now there is a new motion picture, "The King and I." Would you kindly tell me if this is the same picture with new stars, or an entirely different picture?

I believe Ingrid Bergman starred in the old picture. I am very anxious to know the answer to this.

MRS. JUDITH OURSO
Donaldville, Louisiana

Irene Dunne played Anna in the 1946 movie, "Anna and the King of Siam," based on Margaret Landon's biography of the same name. Ingrid Bergman was not in the picture. Deborah Kerr is the current Anna in "The King and I," which is a musical version of the same story.—Ed.

Would you please print a picture of Tim Considine who played in "The Private War of Major Benson"? He is so-o-o cute!

CAROLYN GIESLER
Omaha, Nebraska

We have been having some arguments at school as to whether there were two movies made called "Gone with the Wind," or three—and who played in them. I say there were two movies. My girlfriend says there were three, because she remembers Susan Hayward playing the part of Scarlett. I don't think she did. Am I right?

SANDRA RICHARDSON
St. Louis, Missouri

You are right about Susan not playing Scarlett, although she was tested for the part. Vivien Leigh has been the only Scarlett O'Hara. "Gone with the Wind" was made once, by M-G-M in 1941.—Ed.

Could you please give me some information on that wonderful Steve Cochran. I think he's the most!

JUDI STINER
Russiaville, Indiana

Steve is 6'1", weighs 175 pounds, and hails from Eureka, California, where he was born May 25. He has brown hair, green eyes, and is still a bachelor. ED.

I have just read *Jubilee Trail*, by Gwen Bristow, and recognized it as a picture I have seen within the last two years. Can you please tell me the name of the picture and who played in it?

ANITA JASCOR
Hillside, New Jersey

The picture bears the same title as the book. The cast includes: Joan Leslie as Garnet; Vera Ralston, Florinda Grove; John Russell, Oliver Hale; Forrest Tucker, John Ives; Ray Middleton, Charles Hale; Pat O'Brien, Texas.—ED.

I have just seen James Dean in "Rebel Without a Cause" for the eighth time. The theme music was very pretty, and I'm hoping you can tell me what it was. Has it ever been recorded?

CAROL ANN SUTTON
Morristown, New Jersey

There were several popular and classical selections throughout the picture, but the main theme, which has been recorded by M-G-M, is "Secret Doorway," a vocal.—ED.

Some say he is fifty-five years old, others say he is sixty. I guess a really good actor never shows his age, because for fifteen years he has been my favorite actor. He is Humphrey Bogart.

ROY C. BALDWIN
New York, New York

He is actually 56.—ED.

I am wondering if you can give me the title of a movie that was shown over ten years ago. It was the story of the Bronte sisters. I think John Garfield played the part of the brother. I can't remember who played the sisters. Can you brief me on this?

MARY CHAPMAN
Rockville, Indiana

Going back—ten years to be exact. Warner Brothers made it. "Devotion" is the title. The stars: Olivia De Havilland, Ida Lupino, Nancy Coleman, Paul Henreid, Arthur Kennedy.—ED.

Would you please settle an argument. My brother says Elizabeth Taylor was married to Glenn Davis, and I say she wasn't.

JANET WIRGARD
Gridley, Illinois

She wasn't. She married Conrad Nicholas Hilton, Jr. on May 6, 1950. They were divorced in 1952. In February, 1952, she married Michael Wilding.—ED.

Will you please tell me if the picture, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," was taken from a book? If so, what was the name of it?

DOROTHY HARTMAN
Indianapolis, Indiana

The name of the novel that the picture was based on is *A Many-Splendored Thing*, by authoress Han Suyin. It was published in 1952.—ED.

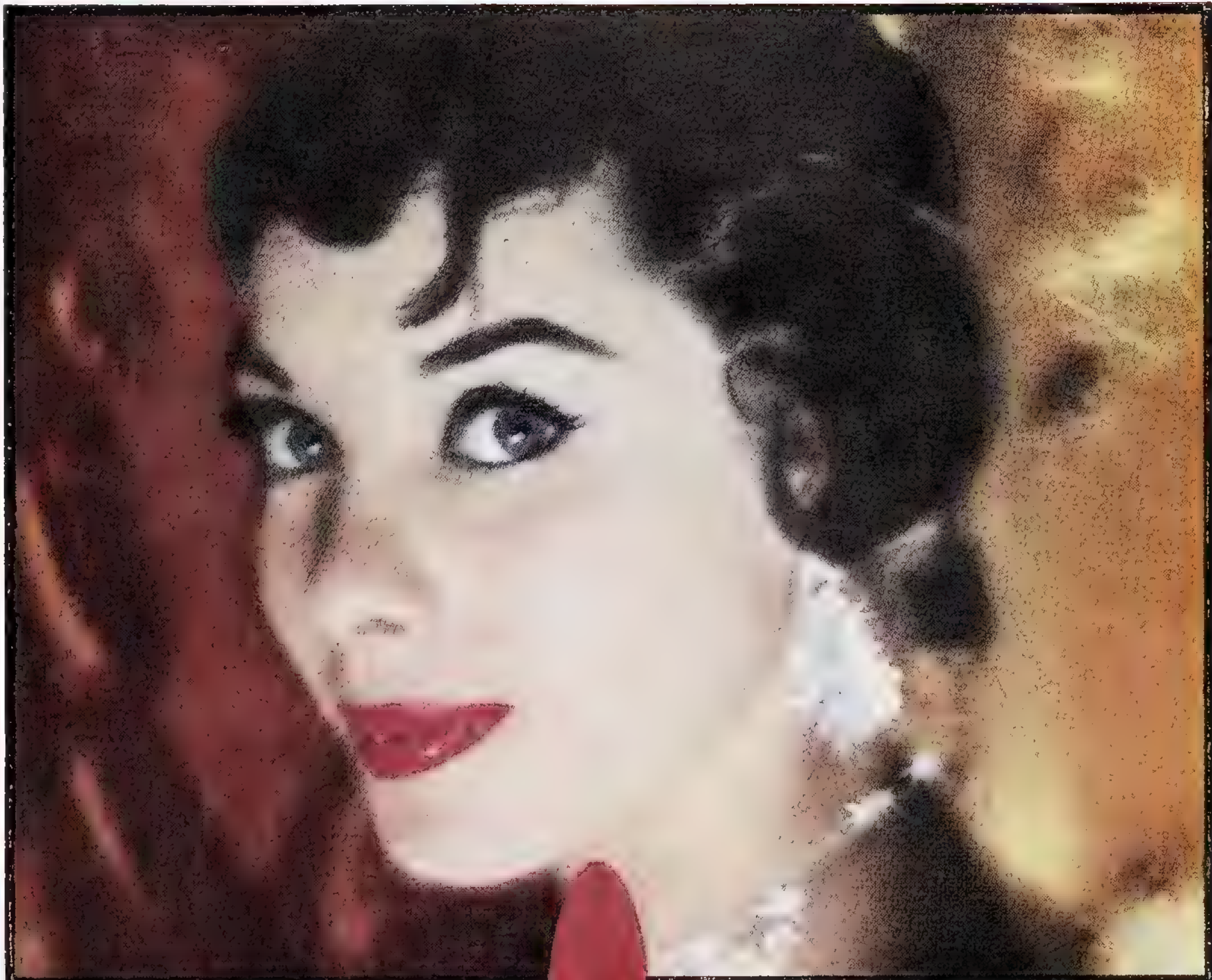
I would like to know Debra Paget's height, weight and age, also where she was born and her address, if you please.

DANA WINTERS
Medina, New York

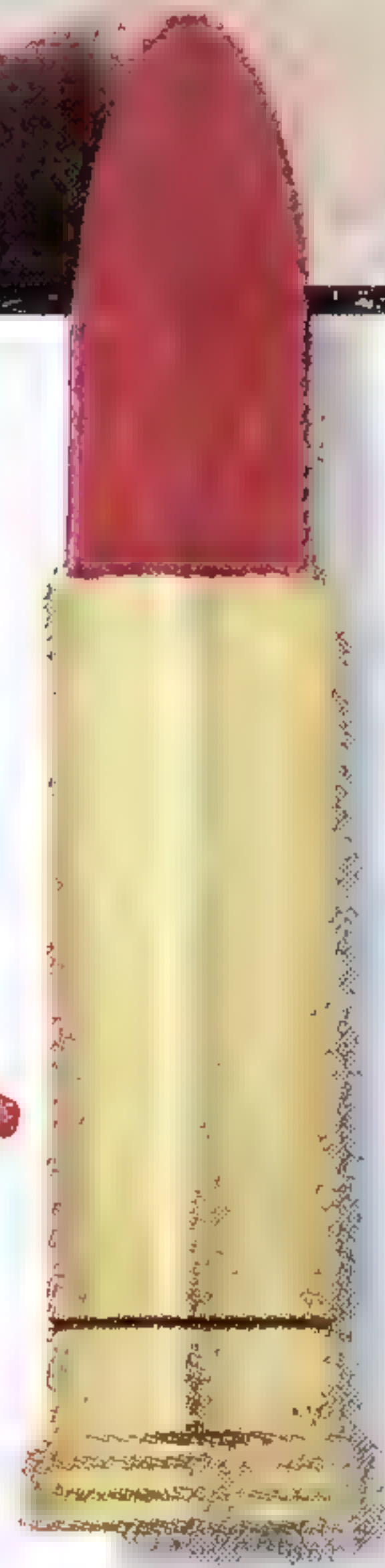
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Debra Paget was born in Denver, Colorado, on August 19, 1933. She has red-gold hair, blue-green eyes, is 5'2", and weighs 104 pounds. She is single and can be reached through her studio, 20th Century-Fox, in Beverly Hills, California.—Ed.

I just read an article on British actress Ann Todd, and I was wondering if she is any relation to Richard Todd?

KATE GRANT
Erie, Pennsylvania

No.—Ed.

I just saw the picture, "It's a Dog's Life," and I wonder if you can tell me who spoke for the dog, *Wildfire*?

MERYL RATNER
Far Rockaway, New York

Vic Morrow.—Ed.

I would like to know if the citizens of Hollywood attend or are permitted to attend Hollywood premieres.

KATHY SHEPARD
Gloversville, New York

Yes, if they have an invitation.—Ed.

Have just seen "Diane" and would like to know some vital statistics on Roger Moore, who played Prince and later King Henri II. Besides being outstandingly handsome, he is a fine actor.

SCOTT NELSON
Seattle, Washington

Roger Moore was born in London, England, on October 14. He is 6'2", weighs 175 pounds, has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He made his Broadway debut in "A Pin to See the Peepshow" and his movie debut in "The Last Time I Saw Paris." He is married to Dorothy Squires, one of England's favorite singers. His hobbies include song-writing, painting, horseback riding and swimming.—Ed.

CASTING:

I have just finished reading *A Thing of Beauty*, by A. J. Cronin. It is a wonderful story about an English artist.

Here is my idea of a good cast: Gary Cooper as *Stephen Desmondes*; Joan Collins as *Emmy*; and Marisa Pavan as *Jenny*.

J. DAVIS
Palmdale, California

I believe that several movies have been made from Jack London's novel, *The Sea Wolf*, but never one in color.

I would like to see it made in color with John Wayne as *Wolf Larson*; Jean Peters as *Maud Brewster*; Lex Barker as *Johnson*; and Danny Kaye as *Humphrey Van Weyden*.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colorado

As a point of interest, *The Sea Wolf* has been made into a picture four times: In 1920, by Paramount, as a silent film; in 1925, by Ince-Triangle, as a silent; in 1930, by 20th Century-Fox; and in 1941, by Warners.—Ed.

I have just read a wonderful book by Margaret M. Craig called *Marsha*.

I think it would make a wonderful movie with this cast: *Marsha Whitney*, Natalie Wood; *Diane Whitney*, Kim Novak; *Steve Holliday*, Robert Wagner; *Mrs. Whitney*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Mr. Whitney*, Fred Clark; *Katherine Holliday*, Jo Van Fleet.

RENATE FIEDLER
New York, New York



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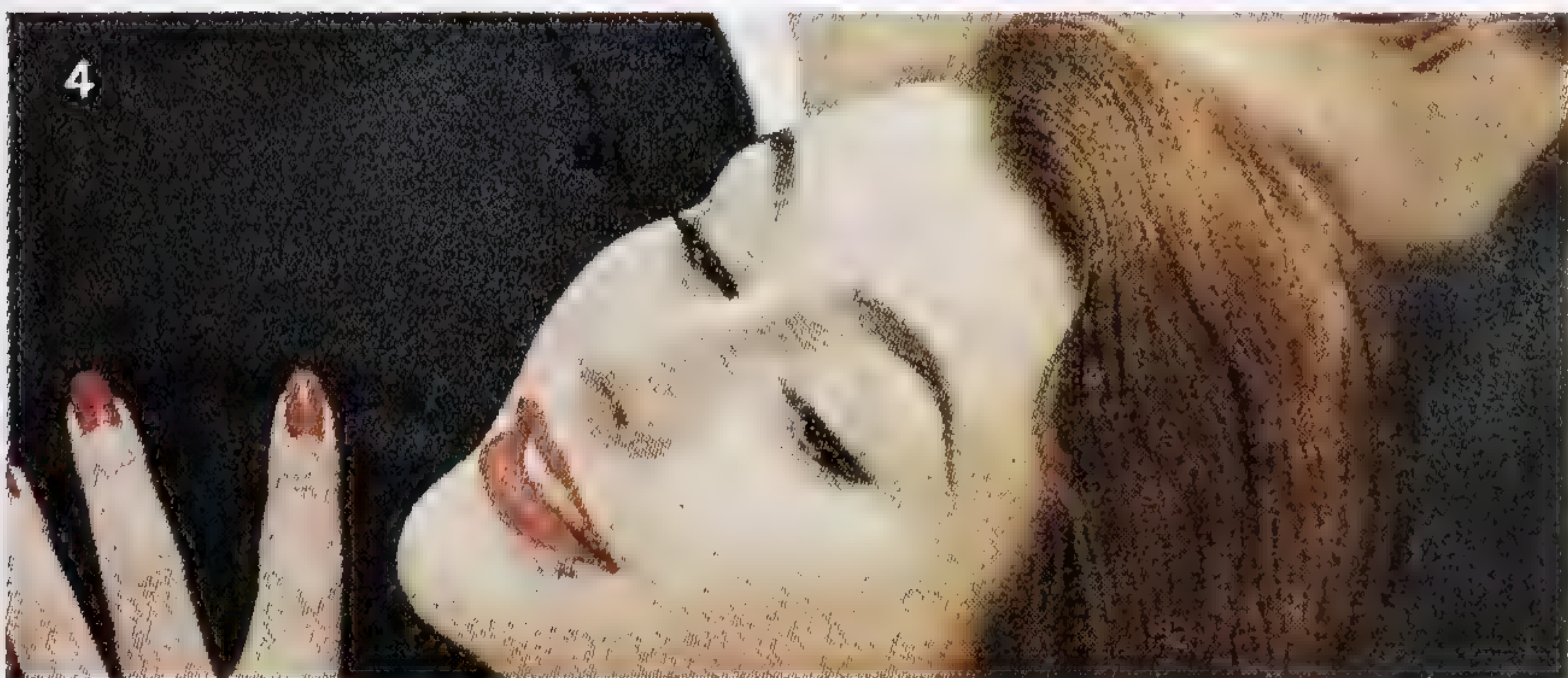
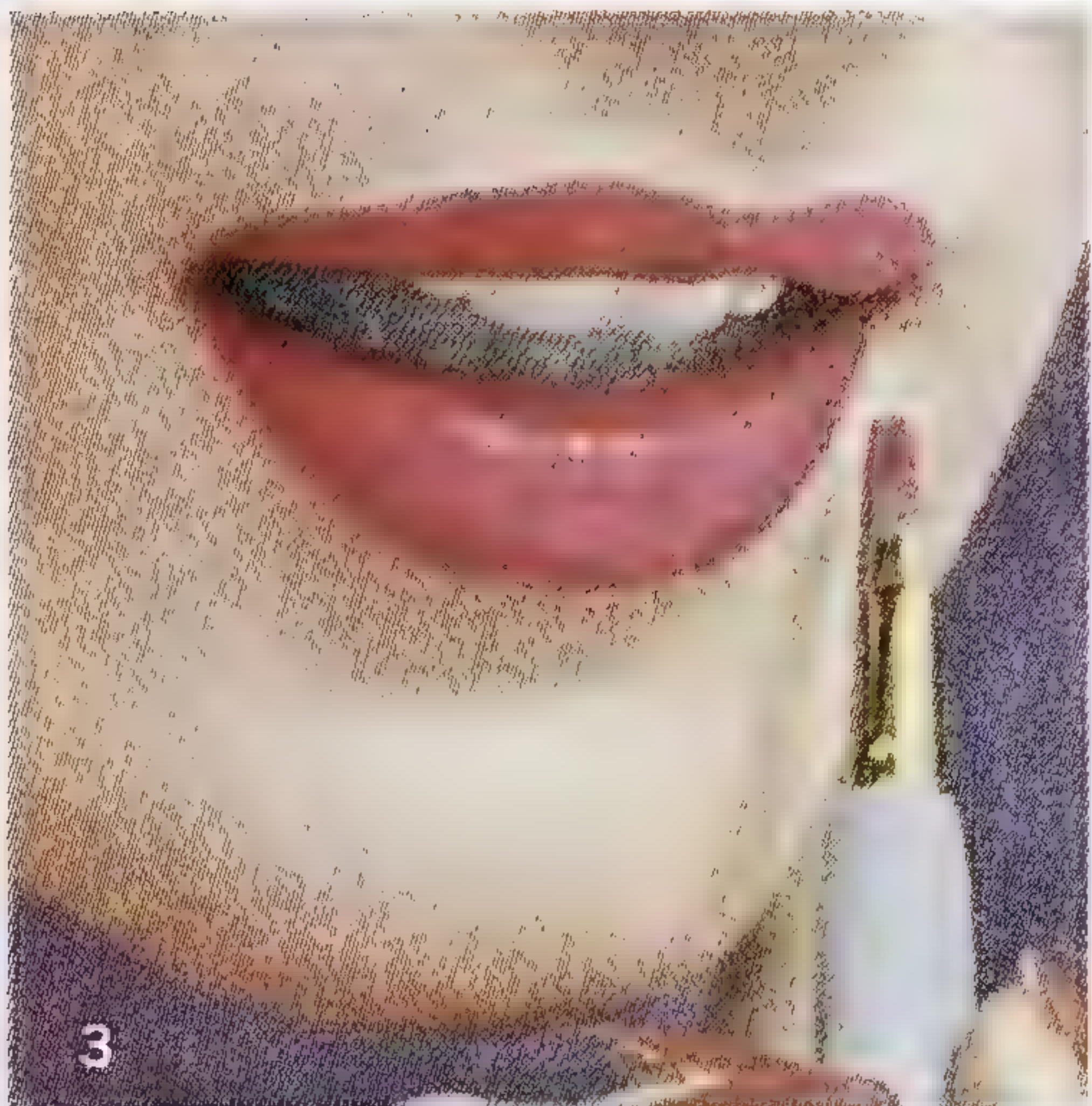
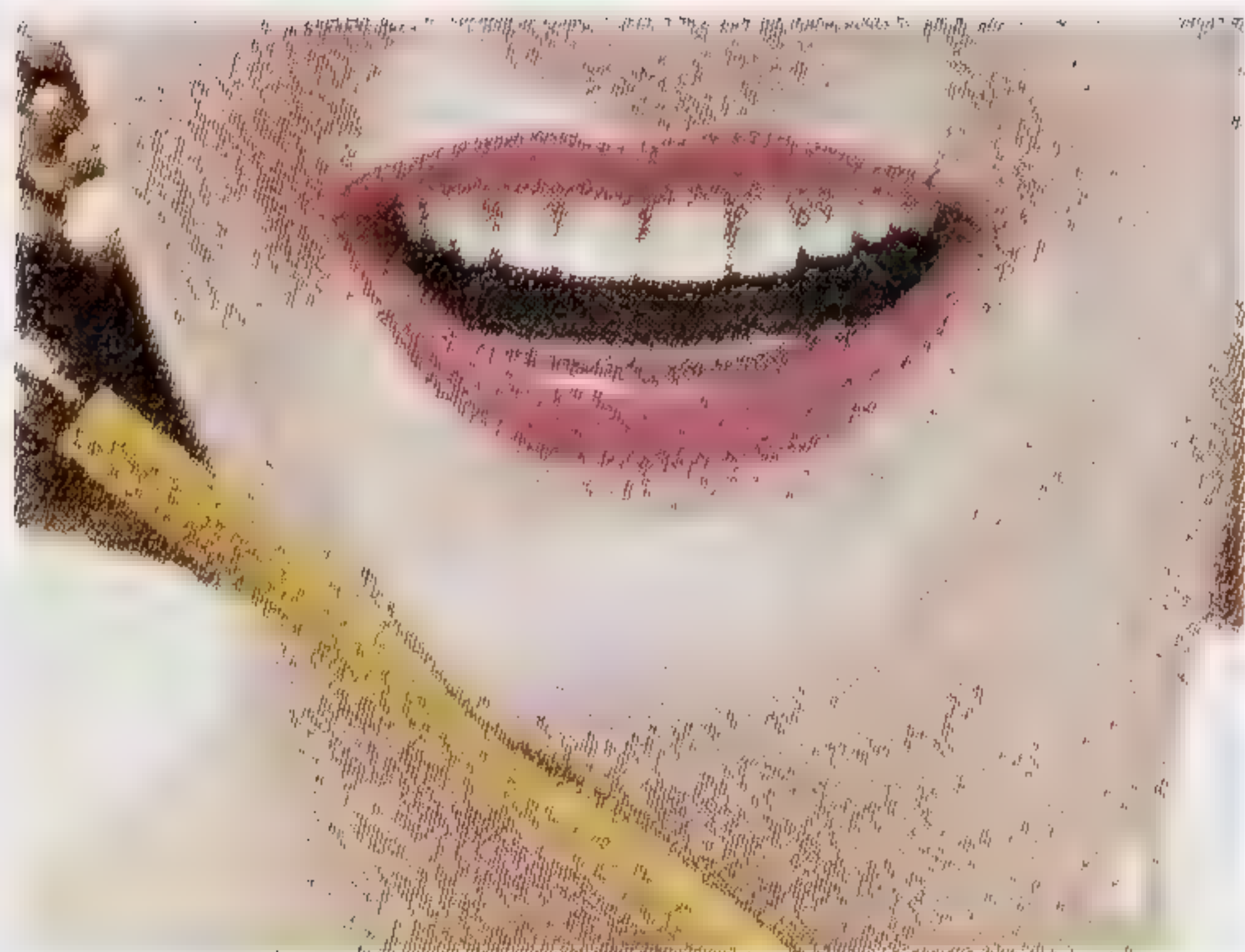


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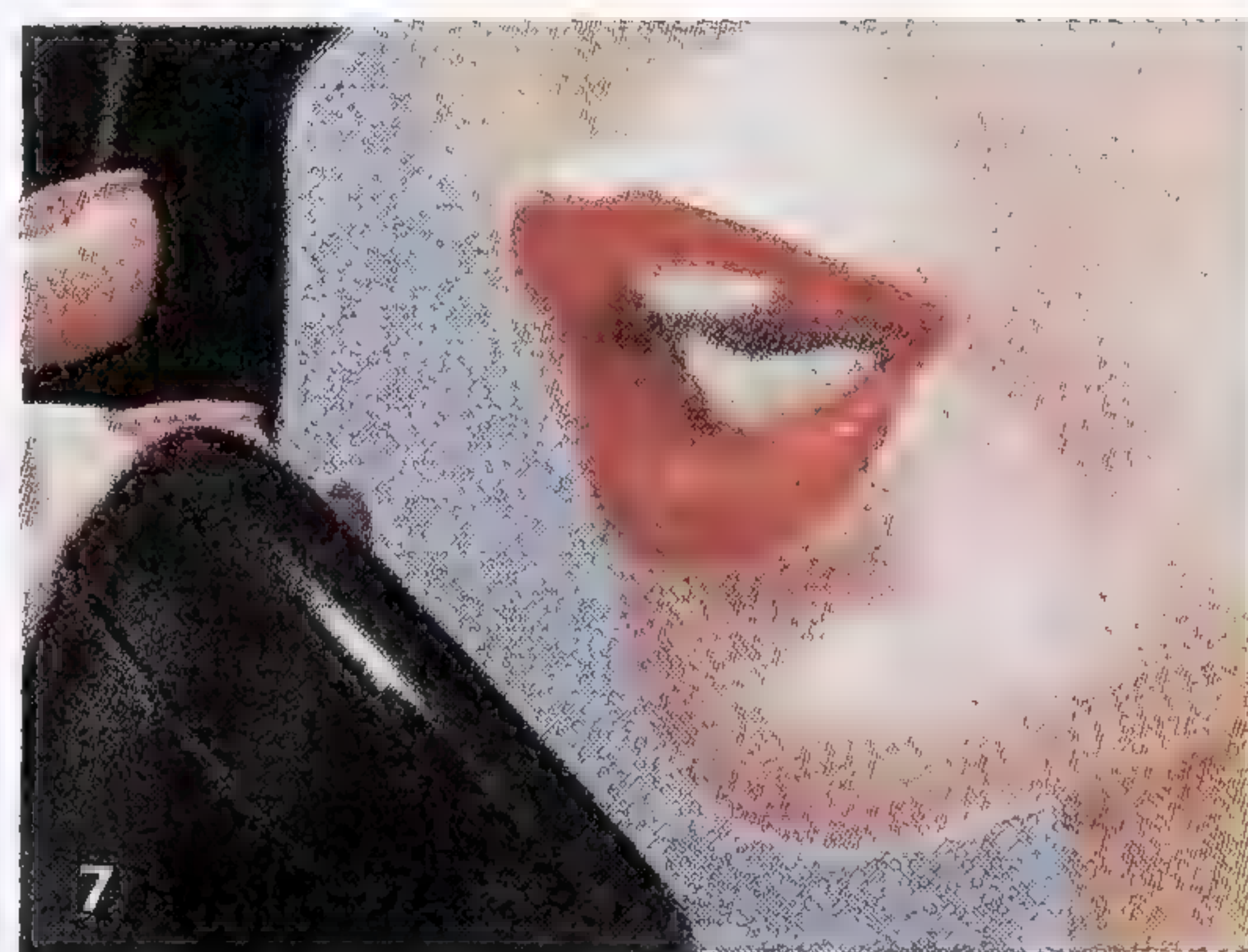
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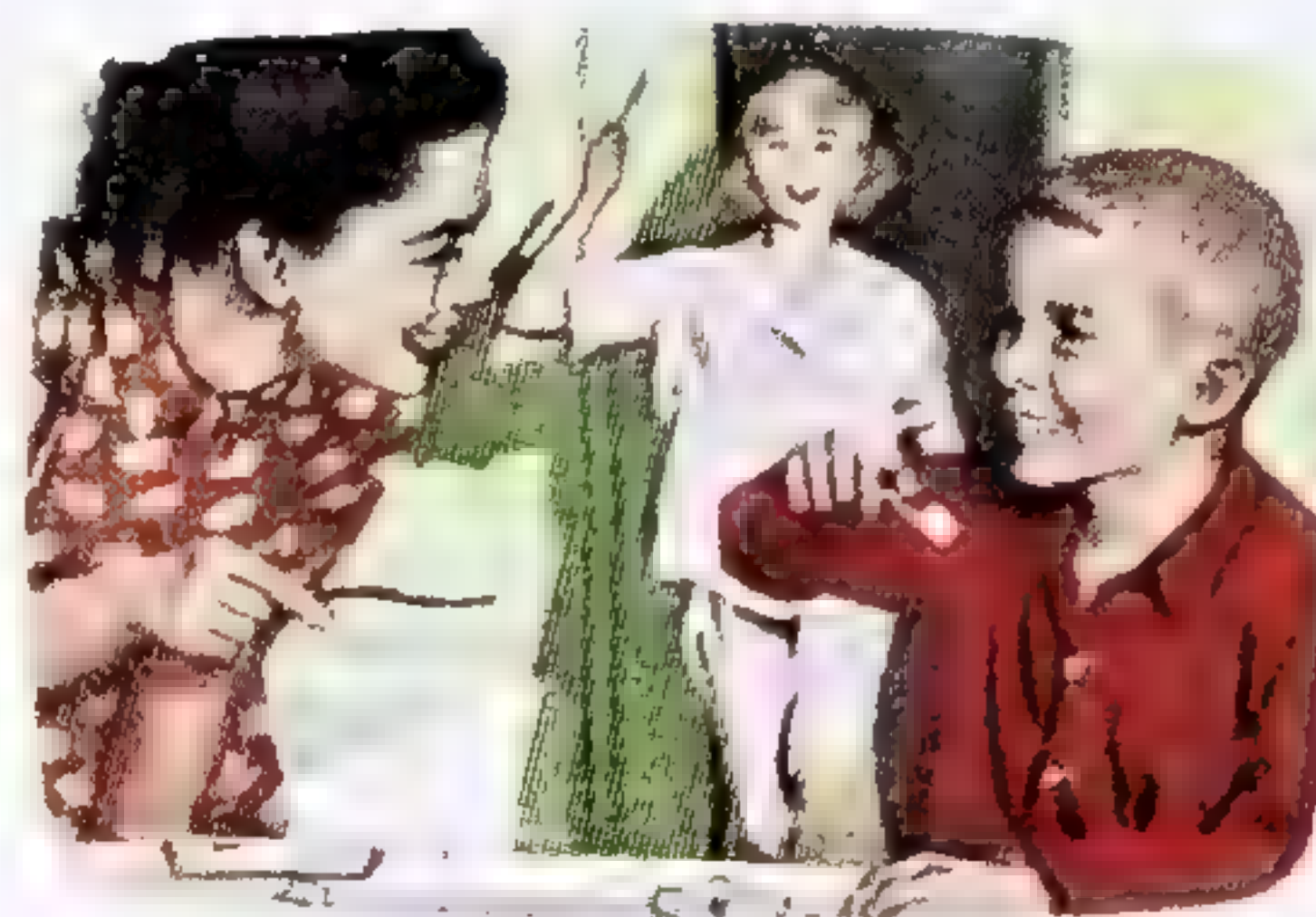
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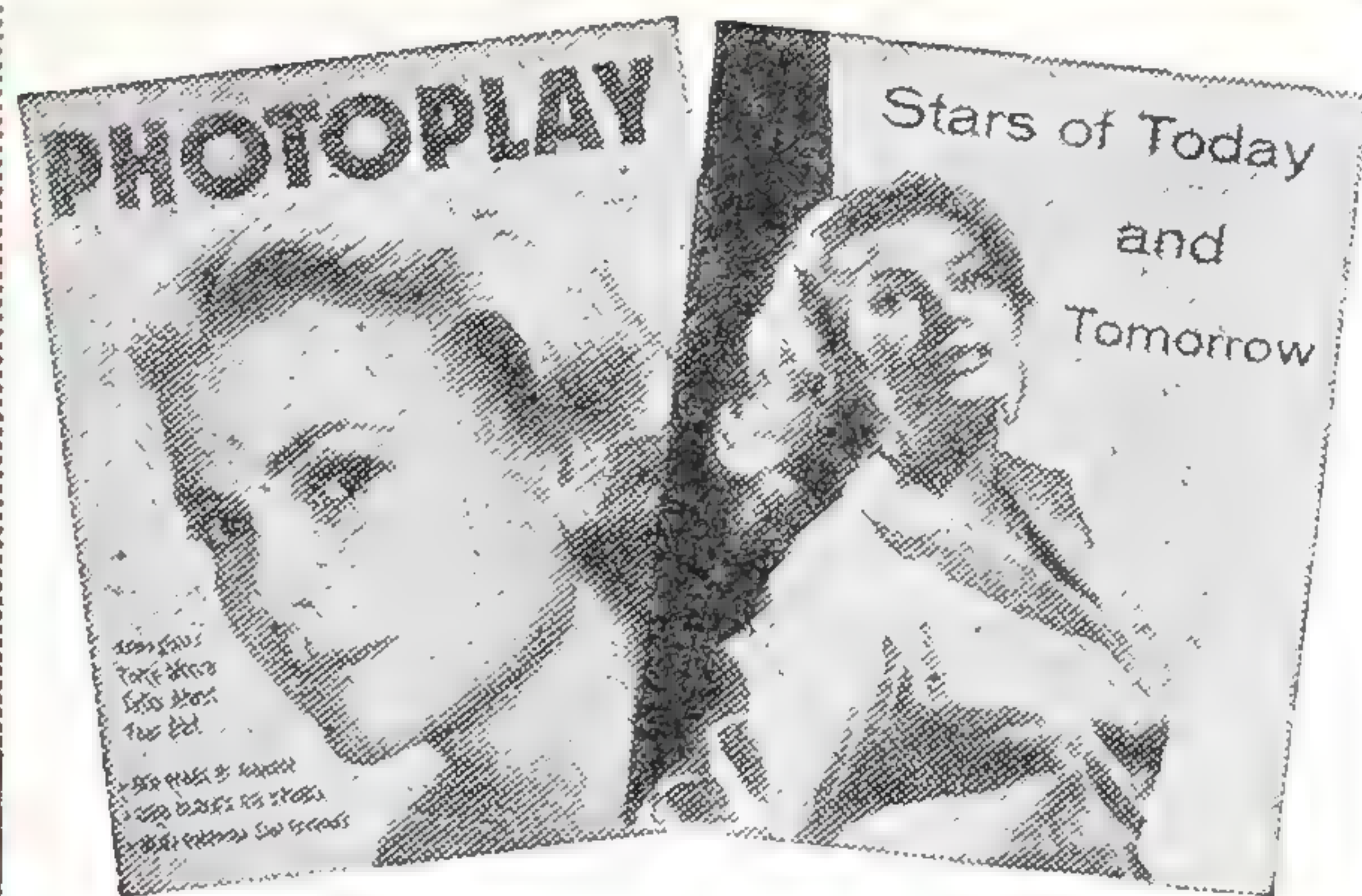
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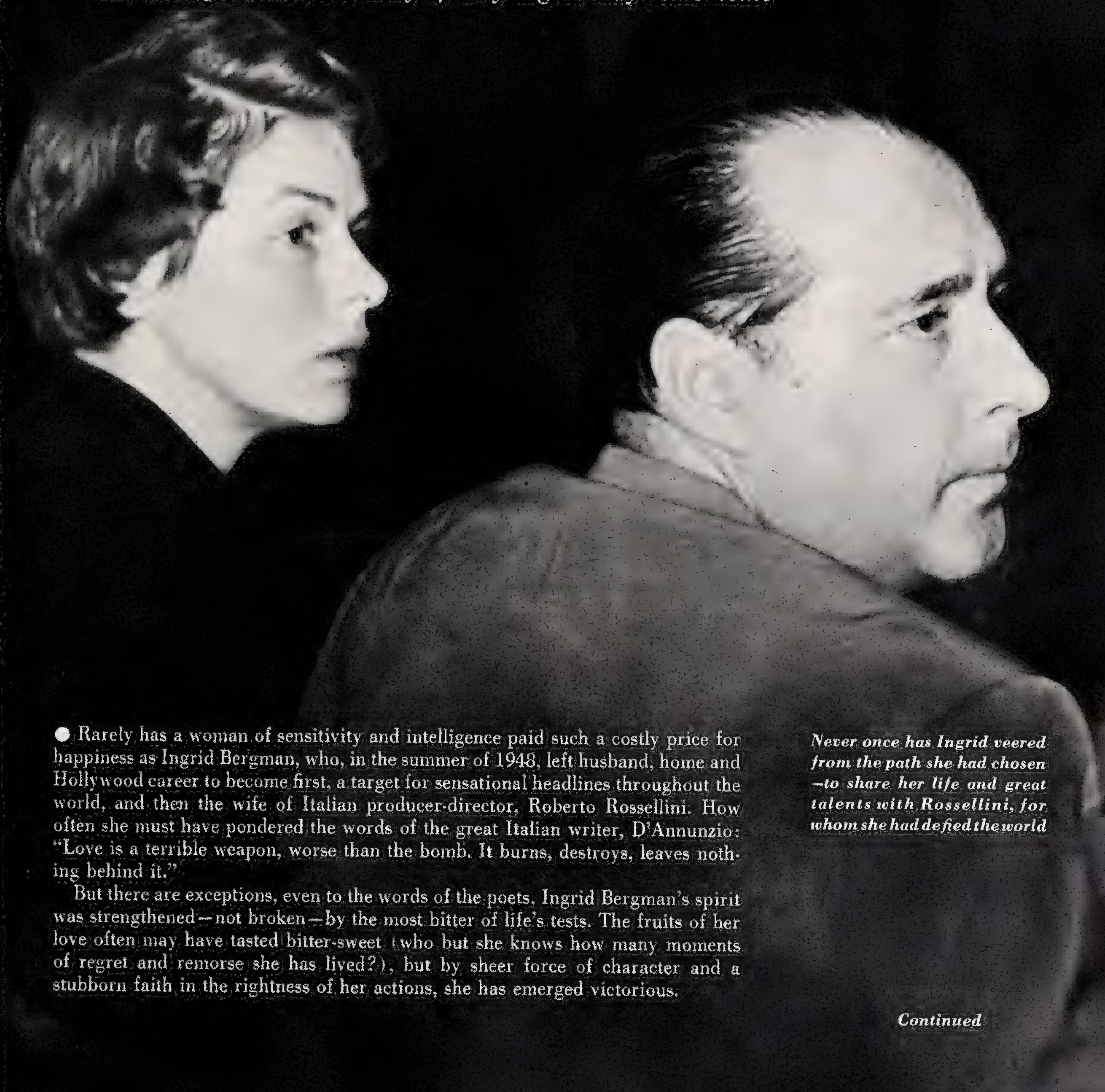
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"I shall come if they want me," said Ingrid Bergman. Behind those words is a world of headlines, tragedy—and courage. Here's the story of why Ingrid may come home



● Rarely has a woman of sensitivity and intelligence paid such a costly price for happiness as Ingrid Bergman, who, in the summer of 1948, left husband, home and Hollywood career to become first, a target for sensational headlines throughout the world, and then the wife of Italian producer-director, Roberto Rossellini. How often she must have pondered the words of the great Italian writer, D'Annunzio: "Love is a terrible weapon, worse than the bomb. It burns, destroys, leaves nothing behind it."

But there are exceptions, even to the words of the poets. Ingrid Bergman's spirit was strengthened—not broken—by the most bitter of life's tests. The fruits of her love often may have tasted bitter-sweet (who but she knows how many moments of regret and remorse she has lived?), but by sheer force of character and a stubborn faith in the rightness of her actions, she has emerged victorious.

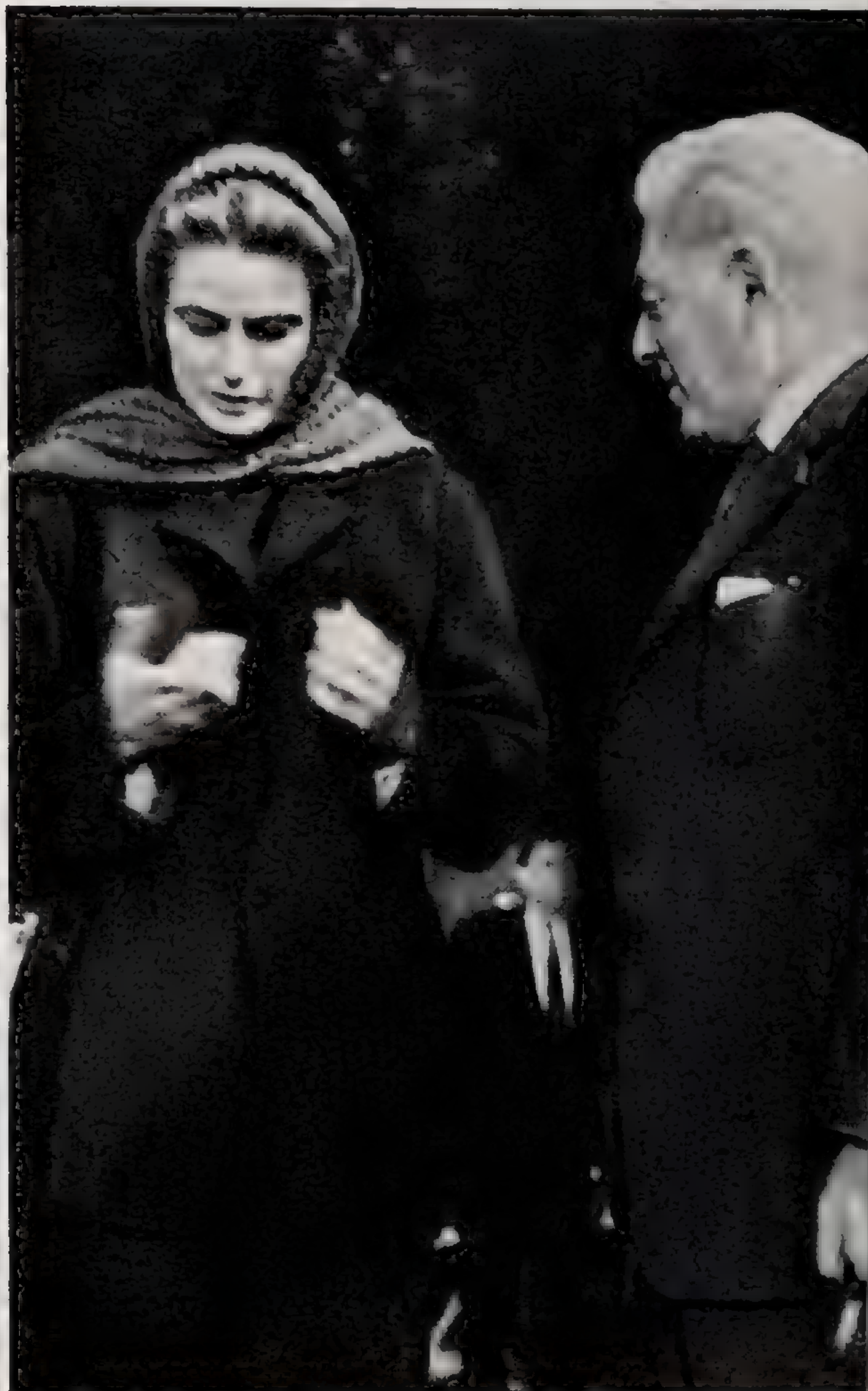
Never once has Ingrid veered from the path she had chosen—to share her life and great talents with Rossellini, for whom she had defied the world

Continued

Look Homeward, Ingrid Continued

Rumors still haunt Ingrid. Though there was a reason for arriving at Cannes Film Festival alone (here with friends), she knew denials of marital rift would fall on deaf ears!

"If I could no longer act, I think I should stop breathing," says Ingrid. As Anastasia, directed by Anatole Litvak, she faces American cameras for the first time in eight years



But all that is in the past. It is the present and the future which now occupy Ingrid Bergman's thoughts and plans. After six years of making films exclusively with her husband, Roberto Rossellini—in which she played everything from a fisherman's wife to an unbalanced neurotic—she has returned to the international fold.

As the tortured woman who tries to prove she is Anastasia, the youngest daughter of the last Czar of Russia, Ingrid is starring in her first American film since she left Hollywood in 1948. "Anastasia" has been adapted from the successful Broadway play, and Twentieth Century-Fox's new production head, Buddy Adler, paid \$400,000 for it—indicating how much he thinks of it.

Most of "Anastasia" was (Continued on page 87)





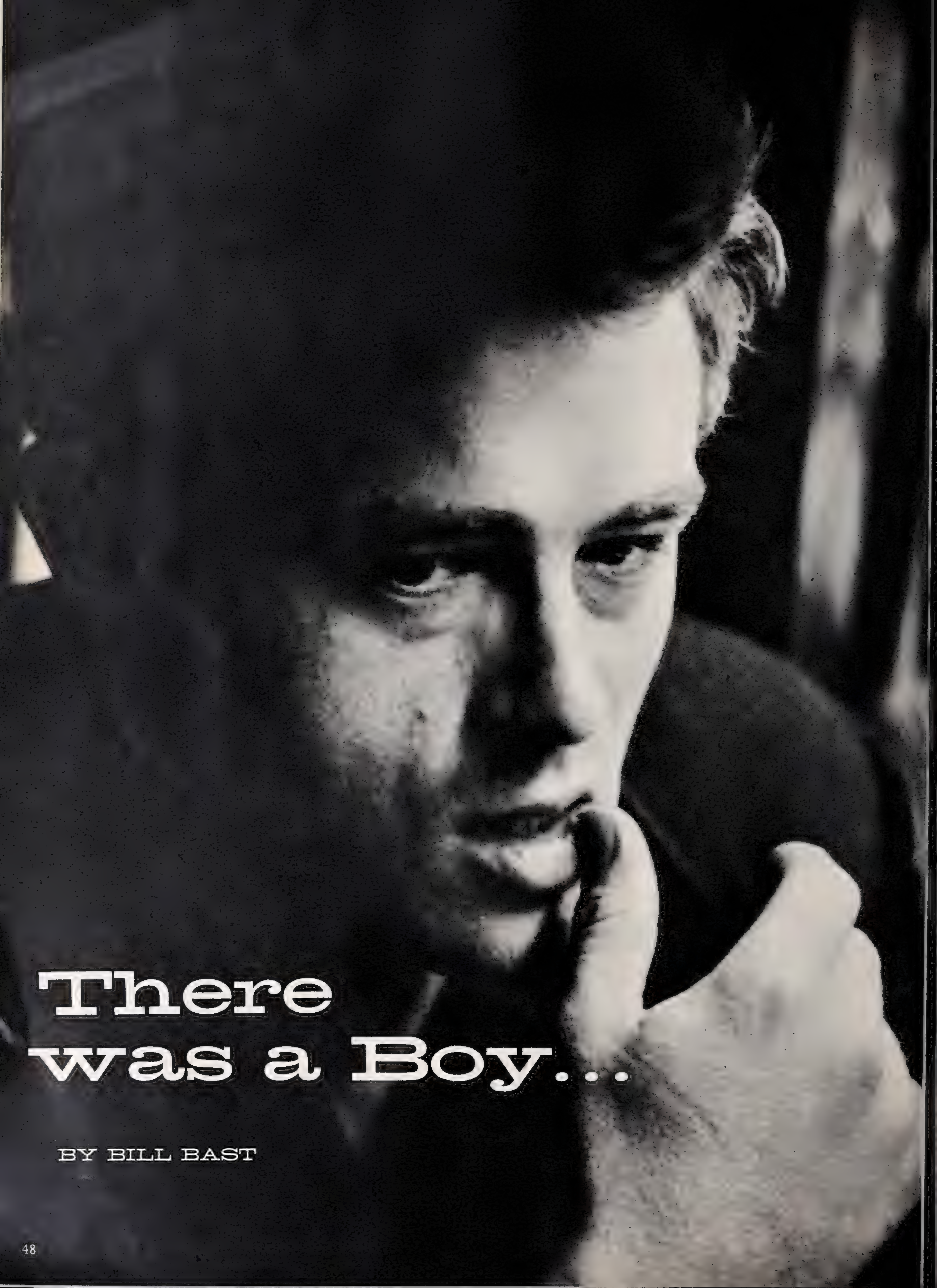
In her apartment in Rome, where the symbols of past triumphs mingle with the mementoes of the present. Her happy marriage is another triumph—over adversity and gossip

Robertino, the twins, Isabella and Ingrid, travel with parents whenever possible. When they can't go along, Rossellini and Ingrid call them evenings. He even insists on daily wires from them, telling what they are doing!

At Cannes party with Susan Hayward. Hollywood visitors, seeing her for the first time in months, comment on her looks, the happiness that rings out in her laughter

Ingrid Bergman is also in "The Red Carnation"





There was a Boy...

BY BILL BAST

James Dean appears in "Giant," a George Stevens Prod. for Warner Bros., co-starring with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor

It was during his early years in New York that Jimmy Dean found some of the answers to the self-doubts that tortured him. It was there that he started on the road that led to fame—and tragedy



In New York, Jimmy proved he could make friends with young actors who, like himself, were struggling to get a foothold in theatre, TV. At top, on the Museum of Modern Art penthouse with Bob Heller, Leonard Rosenman, Bill Gunn, Israel Citkowitz. Left, with Marty Landau. Below, rehearsing for "Woman of Trachis"



PART II

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In the first installment of this absorbing story, Bill Bast, who was James Dean's close friend and roommate, told how Jimmy came to UCLA and became seriously interested in acting. He showed that Jimmy was a restless, searching youth, eager to improve his mind as well as his acting ability, and revealed how Jimmy's early association with Hollywood made him decide to move to New York to pursue his acting career. But, even though Jimmy made progress, the thread of loneliness was ever-present, connecting the past with the present, sowing the seeds of his personal tragedy.

Late in 1951, equipped with only a few radio, TV, and movie credits, his meager belongings, a pocketful of change, and a short list of future contacts, James Dean slipped quietly out of Hollywood and headed for New York. He had barely started his career, and

Continued

There was a Boy...

Continued

Slowly, things began coming his way. Slowly, Jimmy began to believe happiness.



At 21, Jimmy, rehearsing a scene for play with Diana Lynn, was accepted by the famed Actors' Studio, became its youngest member

had only begun to develop his mind. But his mental appetite had been whetted, and he was off to a strange new place where he felt he would find much nourishment for both his career and his mind.

The first few months in New York were mildly successful ones for Jimmy. He utilized his handful of contacts and, through them, was able to secure several bit parts on radio and TV programs. Jane Deacy, then of the Louis Shurr office, became his new agent, and in a realistic way she made his future look promising. Slowly, Jimmy found new friends among the actors who hung out at Cromwell's drugstore in the RCA building and at Walgreen's in the Paramount building. Financially, things seemed to be in order, to the extent that he even bought himself a new suit, the first in years. Like his new suit, New York fit Jimmy (*Continued on page 103*)



ight be one of them



A student of Roy Schatt's, Jimmy proved to be a gifted photographer



All pictures by Roy Schatt



RUTH WATERBURY

Glamour Gab

Liz Taylor, Monty's angel of mercy . . . Why Rock and Phil



Here's Why I Love Hollywood

Upon my return to Hollywood, after a two-month vacation, the town's glamour was almost overwhelming—and tremendously welcome. By this I mean, for example, seeing June Allyson tearing down Wilshire Boulevard in her pink convertible, she wearing a pink dress which exactly matched the car,

her two laughing youngsters beside her, done up in the same shade of pink. Or Jeff Richards' borrowing Humphrey Bogart's yacht to sail to Honolulu to mend his broken heart over his broken marriage. Or going to the party John Huston gave after the premiere of "Moby Dick" at the Mocambo, where

every woman was beautiful and every man handsome, and the center of all eyes was Gregory Peck, the star of "Moby Dick," and his chic, chic wife,

→ Rita Hayworth, making "Fire Down Below" after long absence from screen, had co-workers glowing with praise

Natalie Wood's heart may belong to Scott Marlowe (this month) but she won't let love interfere with career

of Hollywood

by
RUTH WATERBURY

nt on a second honeymoon . . . Clark Gable and Kay—the best is yet to be



Behind Clark's long hospital vigil when Kay was ill is a story of a man's devotion — and a woman's wisdom



Tears and cheers greeted John Kerr after seeing him in Bob Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy" with Deb Kerr



Peck at bat with the "Little League" set, is different guy to the one who adorns the Smart Set with Veronique



The Bob Mitchums look serious here —but when he says, "Who calls acting work?", don't take him seriously



A welcome-home sight to Ruth were June, Ricky and Pam (with Dick Powell) in pink car, pink clothes!

Veronique. And what should I see, just a few days later, but Greg—not in evening dress, but in the most casual slacks—at the Father and Son game given by the Little League baseball set. Greg was with his two sons—and with them, Greta Peck, his first wife.

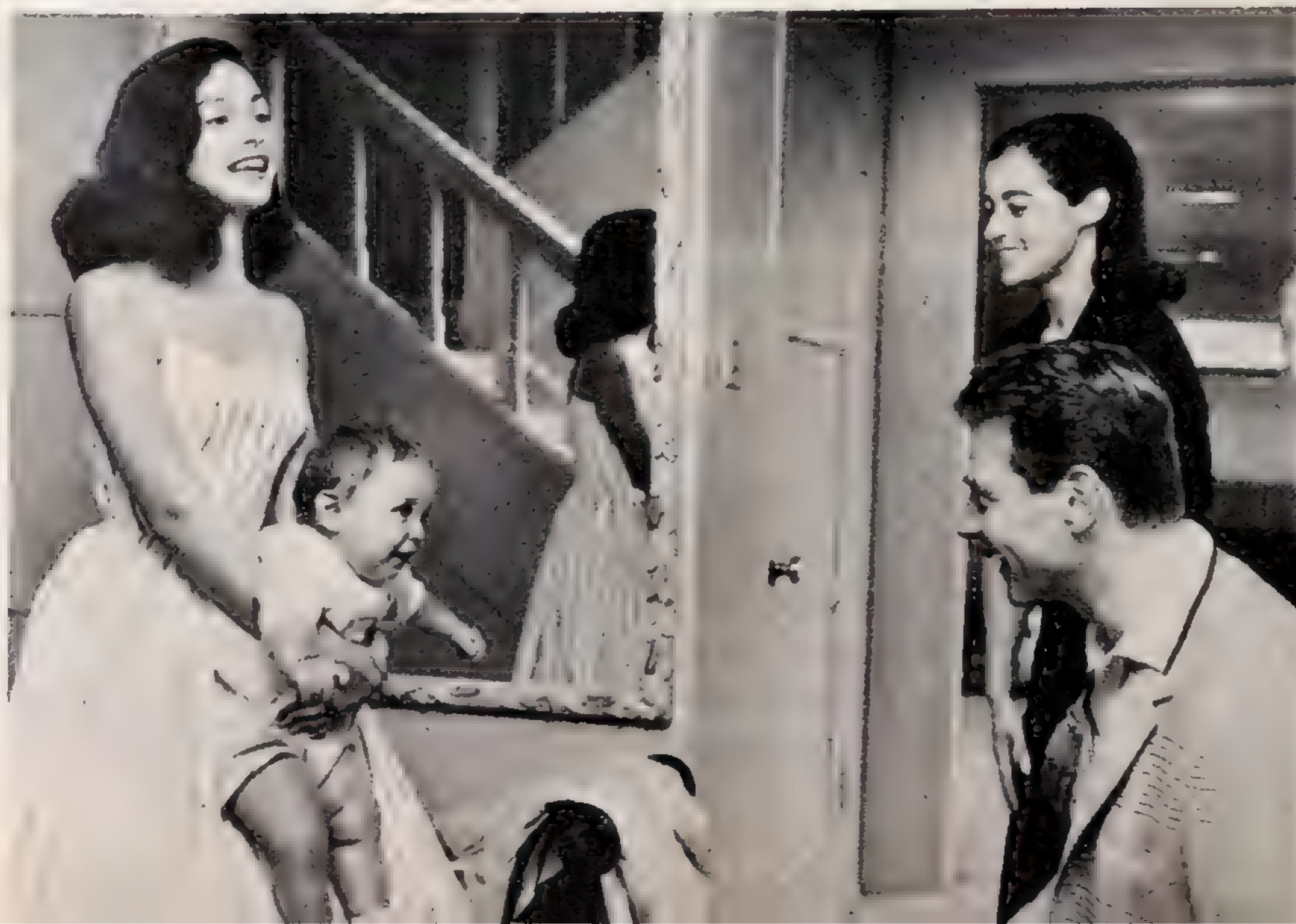
Crazy . . . and wonderful, for just the

week before returning home I'd certainly not been having any drab old time, either. That week I had been on the tropical island of Tobago, in the Caribbean, where the climate is a constant 80 degrees, day and night, summer and winter, where the sea is pure emerald against the (Continued on page 110)



Reared in an atmosphere of love, son Perry is a happy baby. Below, with Aunt Marisa and Uncle Jean Pierre Aumont

"It is better," says Pier, "if a husband never knows how his wife manages to look pretty"



And behold—this is my beloved

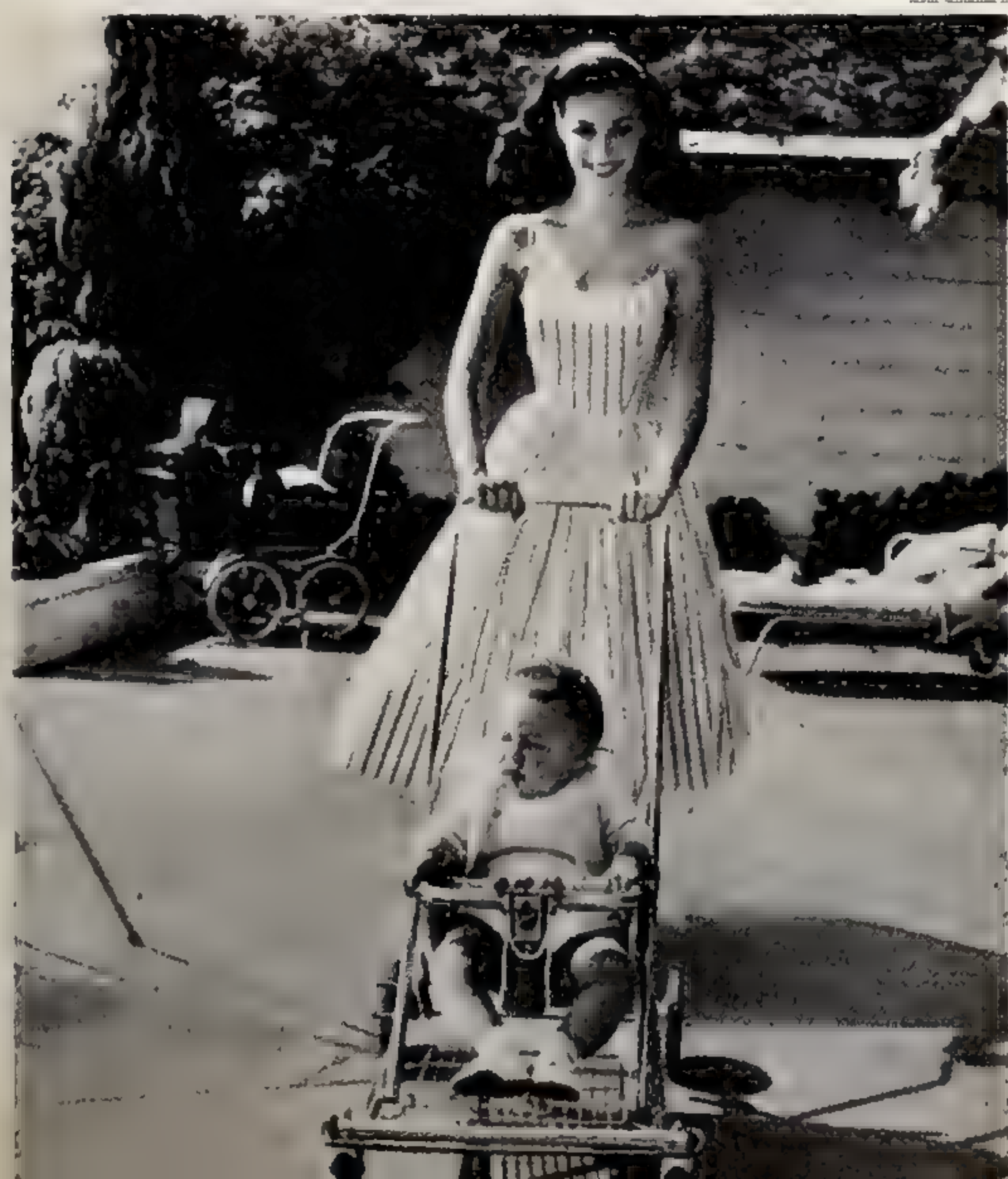
“For he is mine and I am his.” This is the song in Pier Angeli’s heart . . . this is the way to keep a husband—and a lover • BY LAURA LANE

● It was a very big confession and, as she made it, Pier Angeli looked more than ever like an enchanting little girl.

“Just the other day,” she admitted, clapping a hand over her mouth in brand-new consternation at the memory of the marital crime she had committed, “I have done the most awful thing. A letter came for my husband, but it is in handwriting, not typewritten, and I think the name is ‘Mrs. Vic Damone’ until I open it. And then,” her tone lowered dramatically as she looked about her as though to be sure no one could overhear this dread confession, “I realize that I have opened a letter meant for my husband. I go straight to Vic and I say, ‘I am so sorry, Vic—but see what I have done—I have opened your letter.’” Another pause, and then, sorrowfully, “My husband, he does not say anything. He just looks at me. And I feel so bad—I cannot tell you how I feel—because my husband and I, we do not do things like that. Vic is *(Continued on page 100)*

“Married people should be not only lovers, but good friends as well, with a deep respect for one another’s privacy”

Pier Angeli is in “Somebody Up There Likes Me” and “Port Afrique”







HE "FLIPPED" ON A DREAM

When Bob Wagner took the plunge into a new type of role it was his way of telling Hollywood they'd got the wrong man tagged as glamour boy!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Bob is in "Between Heaven and Hell" and "Boy on a Dolphin"

● In the darkened, ominously quiet projection room, the screen came to sudden, noisy life. "Spencer Tracy and Robert Wagner in 'The Mountain.'" There it was, in bright, gigantic letters.

The young man whose classic profile is known to millions of moviegoers turned and twisted and slumped restlessly in his chair as he stared at the screen. Watching him, you found yourself remembering the first time you saw Bob Wagner, in his very first interview. He was the kid who was solid stardust from head to toe, impatiently (Continued on page 94)



Few approved Bob's decision to play the heel in "A Kiss Before Dying," with Virginia Leith. But Spencer Tracy told him, "Do your job—give it everything you've got," when Bob played role of Spence's tough younger brother in "The Mountain"

THE WOMAN AND



Marrying Arthur Miller in his faith revealed how much the woman yearns to triumph over the legend



Children, like the Milton Greenes' son Josh, adore Marilyn, instinctively know she loves them

● Once upon a time there were two women. Both of them were very beautiful, and both of them wanted, more than anything in the world, to be loved. One of these women took a child-like delight in the fact that she had a beautiful face and body. She was to become famous for such remarks as, "What do I sleep in? Why, Chanel No. 5," and "I never suntan because I love feeling blond all over."

The other woman, equally beautiful, was more or less fascinated by the dizzying climb to success of the first woman who, in two brief years, became the symbol of sex to millions of her admirers, and an almost equal number of her detractors. This young woman was shy, hesitant, reserved—and terribly lonely.

Both of these women were named. first, Norma Jean Baker, which later became Marilyn Monroe. And the latest thing this "two-in-one" woman did to become just a simple, uncomplicated person, seeking above all else, to love and be loved, was to change her name once more, this time to Marilyn Monroe Miller, wife of the famous playwright, Arthur Miller. Before then.

Continued

In the past, the legend has robbed the woman of friends, love, peace of mind. Will the struggle between Marilyn's two selves go on? Will it be a struggle to the death—of one? And which one will win? The woman—or the legend?

BY DOROTHY MANNING

THE

LEGEND



Marilyn Monroe
and Don Murray
in "Bus Stop"





The Millers—on their way to a new life?

she had made other bold steps toward blending these two personalities into one, once by marrying Joe DiMaggio and another time by breaking with her studio and leaving Hollywood.

Thus was born the story of Marilyn Monroe. It has become the story of a woman vs. a legend, with an equal number of admirers in each camp. There are those who know her hardly at all, who think that the legend—with its fame, its wealth, its admirers and its mink coats—would be rather foolish to try to settle for being a woman. And there are others who know the woman well, who hope with all their hearts that this time—when she has just been granted, so to speak, her third reprieve, her third chance at happiness—the woman will realize that her greatest enemy and the greatest threat to her happiness is this Frankenstein-like legend which has overshadowed and almost obscured the woman.

The final step on this road to becoming known as a woman and an actress first and a symbol of sex last and least will be, of course, when the woman also becomes a mother—because Marilyn has often expressed to friends her wish to have children. And anyone wondering or doubting how sincere is this wish, or speculating as to how good a mother Marilyn will make, would have been interested in a little incident that took place in Phoenix, (Continued on page 96)



Quiet road leading to the Patrick Cotes-Preedy home in Ascot, which Marilyn leased for four months



Visiting farm when pictures were taken was June Cunningham, English star who looks like Monroe



Waiting to welcome new glamour mistress are owners' pets, Miss Pads and cat Miss Tibbs



Mahogany staircase leading to stairs hall. Owners' staff of servants will take care of Marilyn

In these exclusive photographs, PHOTOPLAY talks

June, in master bedroom where Marilyn will sleep. Blue wisteria covers walls outside the house



Marilyn's bathroom leading from the master bedroom. House has nine bedrooms, four bathrooms



THE WOMAN AND THE LEGEND

Continued



Photographs by Black Star

At Tibbs Farm, Marilyn will have Royal neighbors—Windsor Castle is only four miles away. The country road near by leads directly to the Ascot Royal Enclosure entrance to England's famous racecourse

you into the English house that Marilyn Monroe had hoped to make her first home

One of the guestrooms. All have breathtaking view of velvety lawns, gardens aglow with English flowers



Dining room. A "wonderful cook from the Channel Isles" will help Marilyn plan her dinner menus

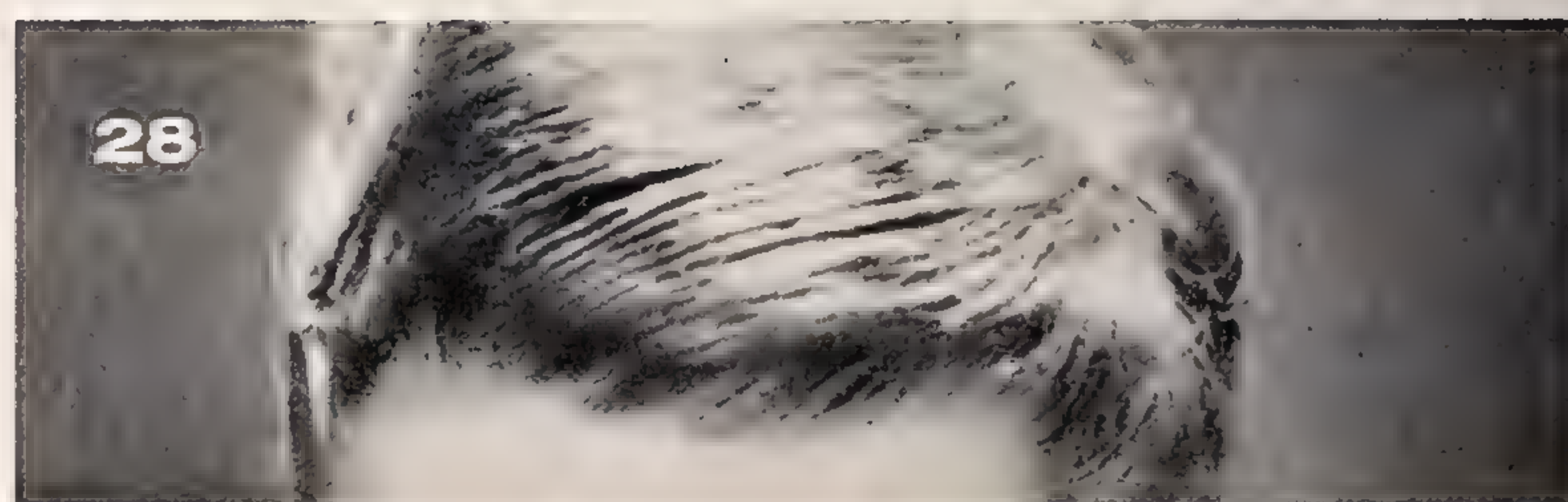


The Aga Khan rented house for Ascot week. Visitor here is owners' guest, Hon. Mrs. John Coventry



Win A Grand Prize of \$2,000 PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

Second Set of PHOTOPLAY'S



Clues

25 The hair is a matinee idol

26 The eyes' fish story is the biggest

27 The mouth is a torchy baritone

28 The hair set a new wave length

29 The eyes belong to a sexy sister in a movie

30 The mouth was once wed to a diminutive comedian

THERE'S STILL TIME to enter this exciting contest. But—to be a winner you must have a complete set of puzzle pictures. So if you missed the September issue, order a copy NOW

Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—Photoplay is publishing cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each picture consists of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players are given at the bottom of each picture page. These are numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each page of pictures has its own set of clues. Do not lose these clues—they are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. DO NOT SEND IN ANY PUZZLES UNTIL YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE ENTIRE SET OF THIRTY-TWO PICTURES. Partial entries will not be

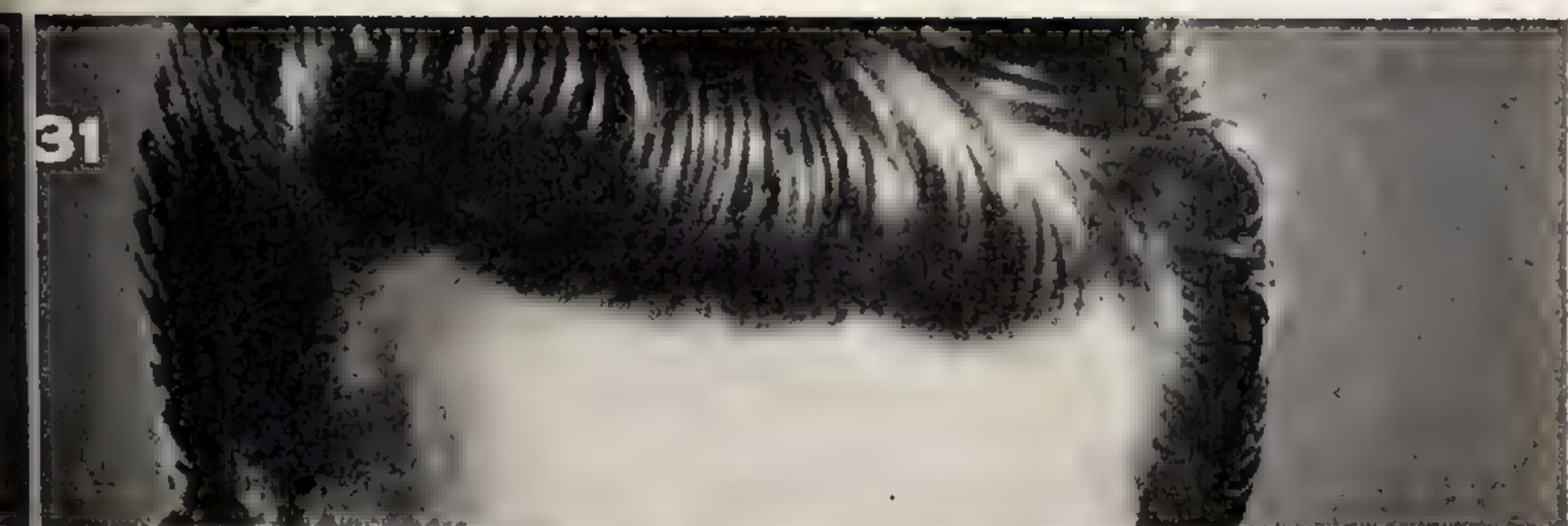
accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. All entries received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears, in December PHOTOPLAY, to midnight, December 15, will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will be assumed by PHOTOPLAY. Send your entry as soon as possible after the last set of cut-out puzzle pictures is published in the December issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about November 6.

5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

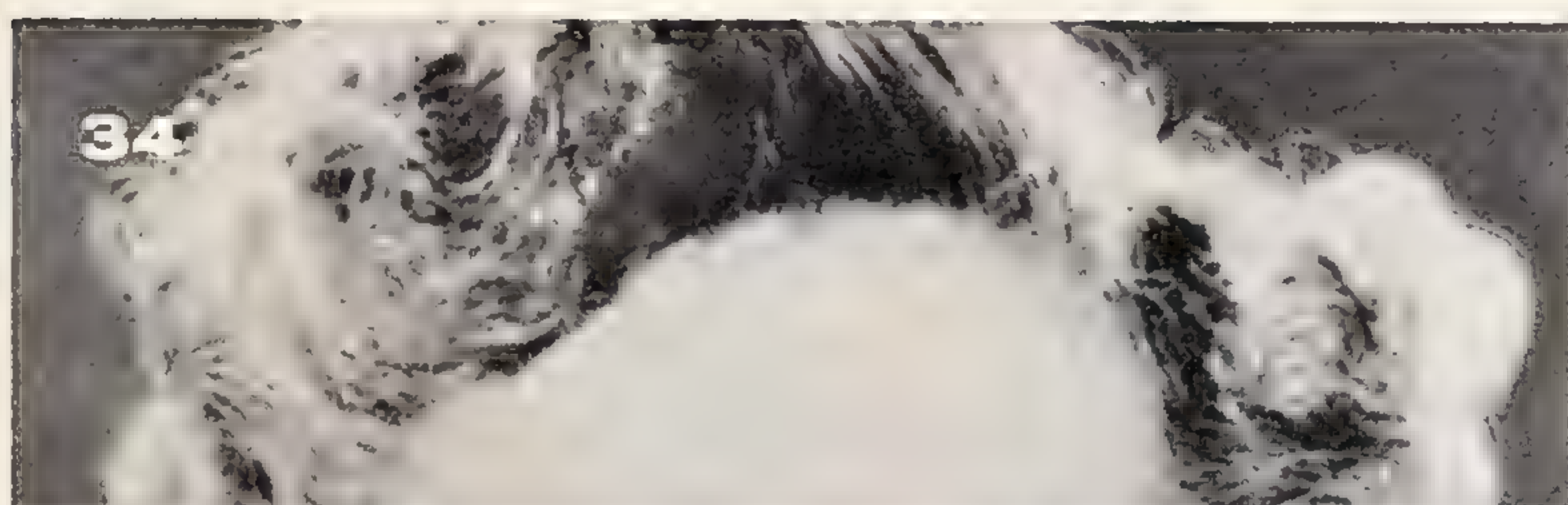
6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, Inc., its subsidiaries or its advertising agencies. Winners' names will be published in the April, 1957, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest



31 The hair is a glamour boy with villainous intentions
32 The eyes are brown, has one sister
33 The mouth won a pair of silver spurs



34 Other stars dyed, but not this hair
35 The eyes are still married to a famous star
36 The mouth is a woman with designs

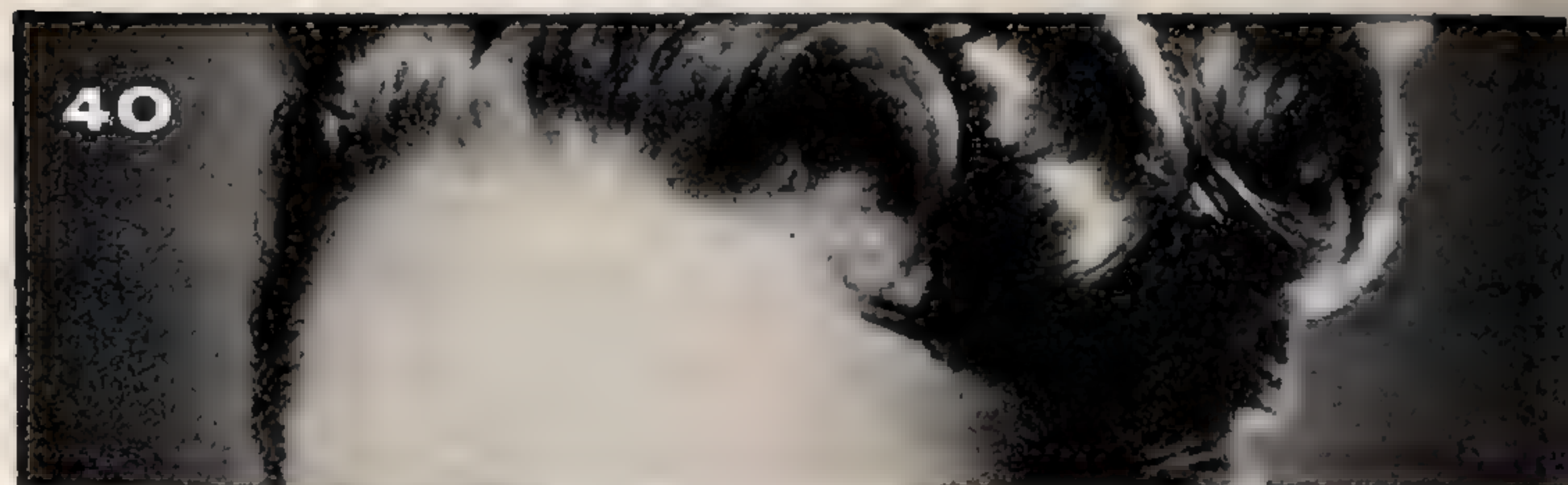
Turn page for more cut-out puzzles



Picture Puzzles *Continued*



- 37 The hair's best girl is a teenager
38 The eyes are movie-struck on older stars
39 The mouth fought the brave bulls



- 40 The hair likes long hair and crew-cut men
41 The eyes are bigger than her face
42 The mouth was the heroine in a shipwreck

Here are some of the fabulous runner-up



Ultralite Medallion Samsonite luggage

For smart traveling—
beauty case and wardrobe
in lightweight magnesium.
In 2-tone colors, they're
a prize you'll prize!

Plymouth of Boston man's raincoat

Be the best-dressed man
in this Made-in-England
coat of fine Egyptian
yarn, with black and
gold stripe lining. 34
to 46; black or oyster



Lady Buxton Gift set

For the fastidious gal
—a streamlined jewel
case in saddle cowhide
over steel, with match-
ing leather French
purse and Key-Tainer



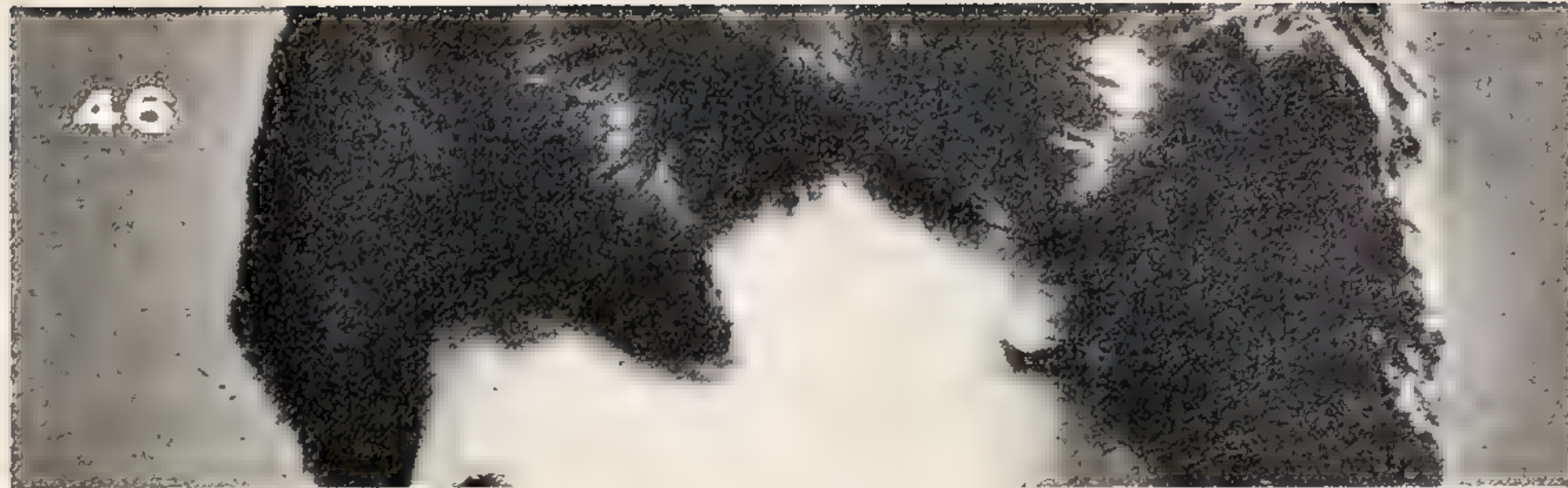
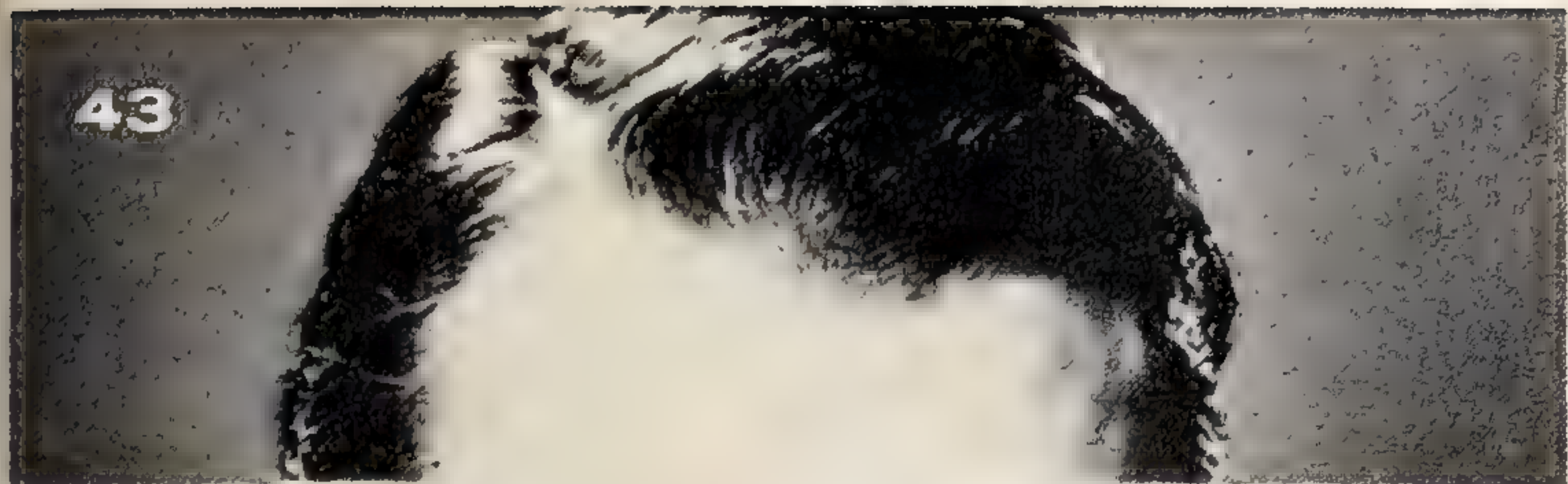
Meyer Stoll Inc. "Kennie" original

For the look that
lingers—on you—a black
ribbed zibelene sheath
coat with reversed
top panel. Sizes 8-18

Trim Tred Wardrobe of smart shoes

A wardrobe of shoes fit for a prin-
cess! In smart patents, calf,
suede and exciting colors (winner
will be given a choice), these
will keep you stepping out in style





43 The hair took a famous vacation in Rome
44 The eyes always look for trouble
45 The mouth is better known by his initials

46 The hair is a barefoot girl who went to India
47 The eyes' real name is a gem
48 The mouth speaks Dutch, French and English

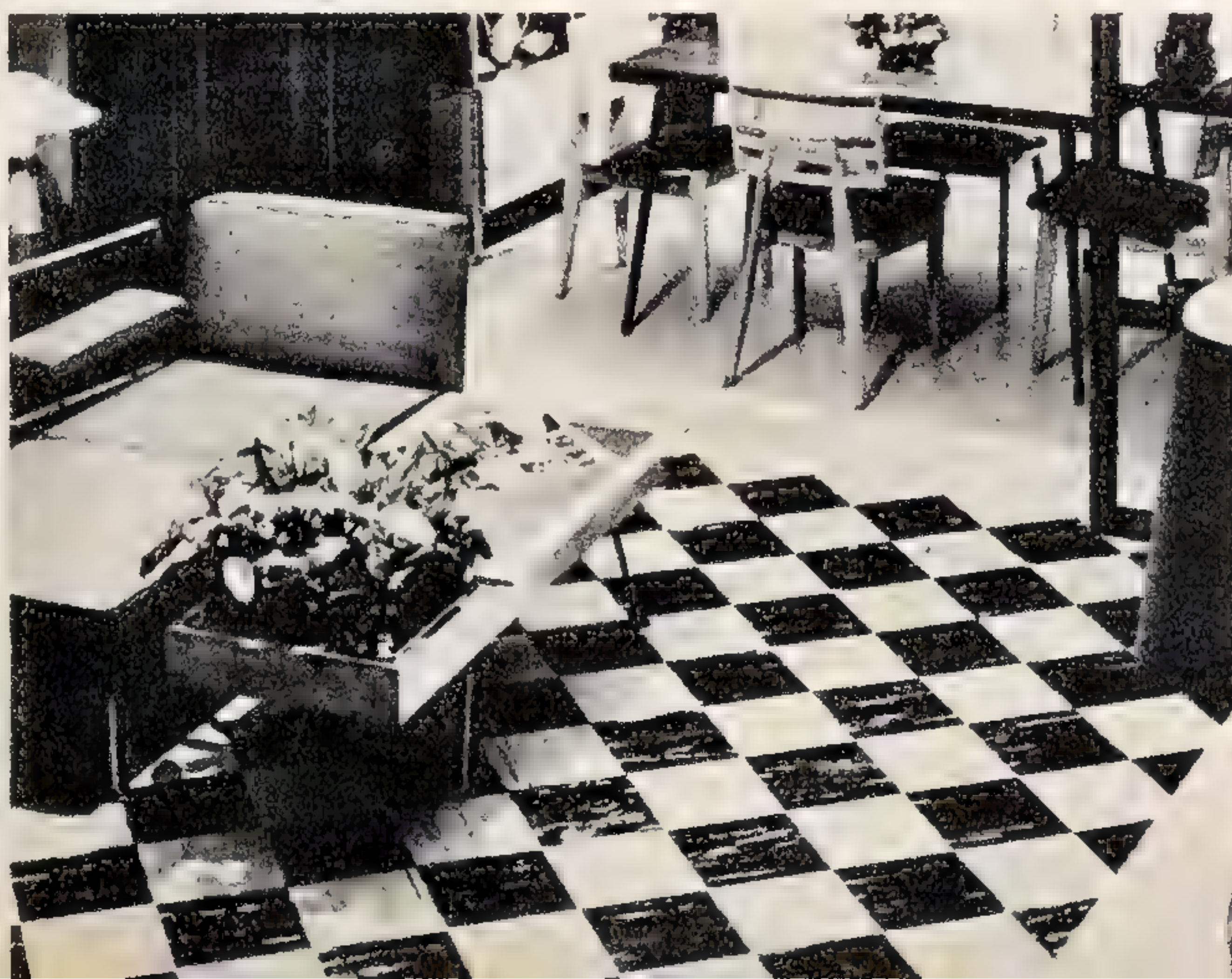
prizes you may win. Now let's get going!



Underwood Deluxe Quiet-Tab portable typewriter
You'll be dreaming up things to type on this beauty with its lovely Suntan and Copper 2-tone color styling, modern streamlined improvements

RCA Victor "Personal" TV set

The view is wonderful! The smallest TV made, with 36" sq. screen, built-in antenna, removable stand. Cabinet has handle for carrying, comes in red, gray, ivory or ebony



Matico Asphalt Tile (324 square feet)

When this goes down, you'll be living in a dreamhouse! Enough to cover 3 average-size rooms, this is just a sample of the exciting designs in lush colors

See next month's issue for more puzzles



THEY
MADE
HER
UP—



THEY
MADE
HER
OVER



The Girl who refused to get LOST

● The taxi meter was ticking merrily, but the cab was standing quite still at the entrance to Universal-International Studios. The bewildered driver had turned off the motor, pushed back his cap and resigned himself to a long wait.

He had to admit that his passenger seemed like a girl who had all of her marbles. Pretty, too. Nevertheless, he couldn't help wondering what she was trying to prove. When he'd asked if she was in movies, she'd said yes. However, the policeman at the studio gate was of a different opinion.

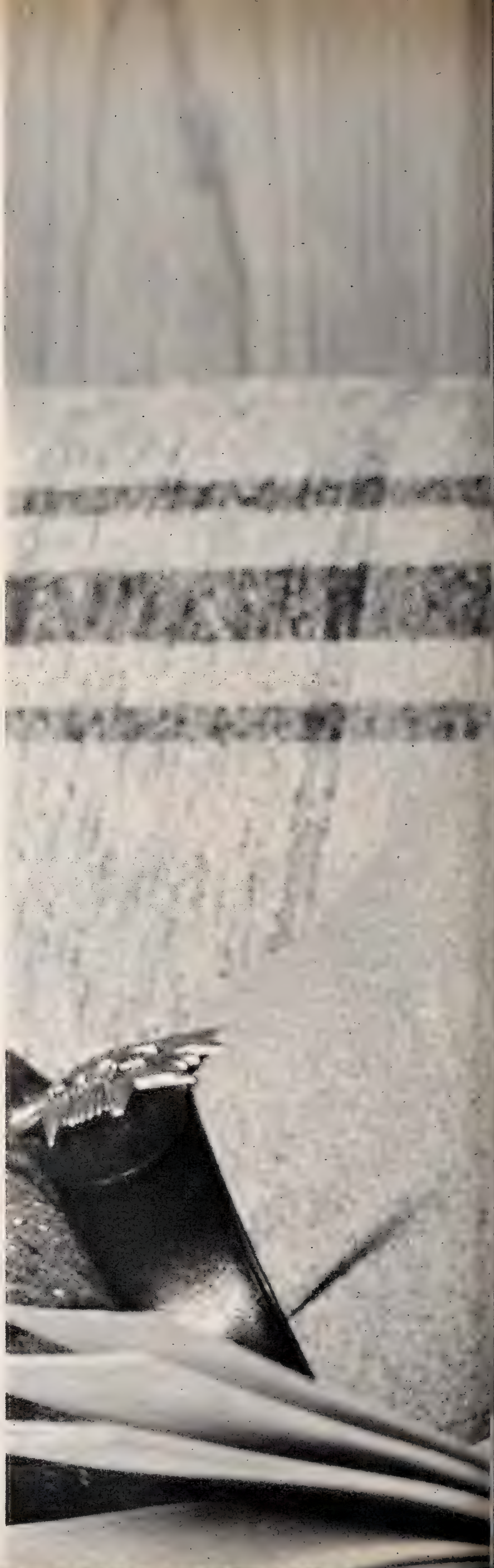
At the moment, the studio cop was on the telephone inside the gatehouse. "That's right," he was saying. "She says she's Martha Hyer. It's just that she doesn't *look* like the Martha Hyer I've seen in pictures. And she has no identification."

As he (Continued on page 107)

*She was beautiful, talented
and her plan was working—
up to a point.*

*People knew her name
but they didn't know which
girl was Martha Hyer!*

BY BEVERLY OTT





"Someday, someone will recognize me," vowed Martha. Above, Jack Lemmon, with PHOTOPLAY Award that did it

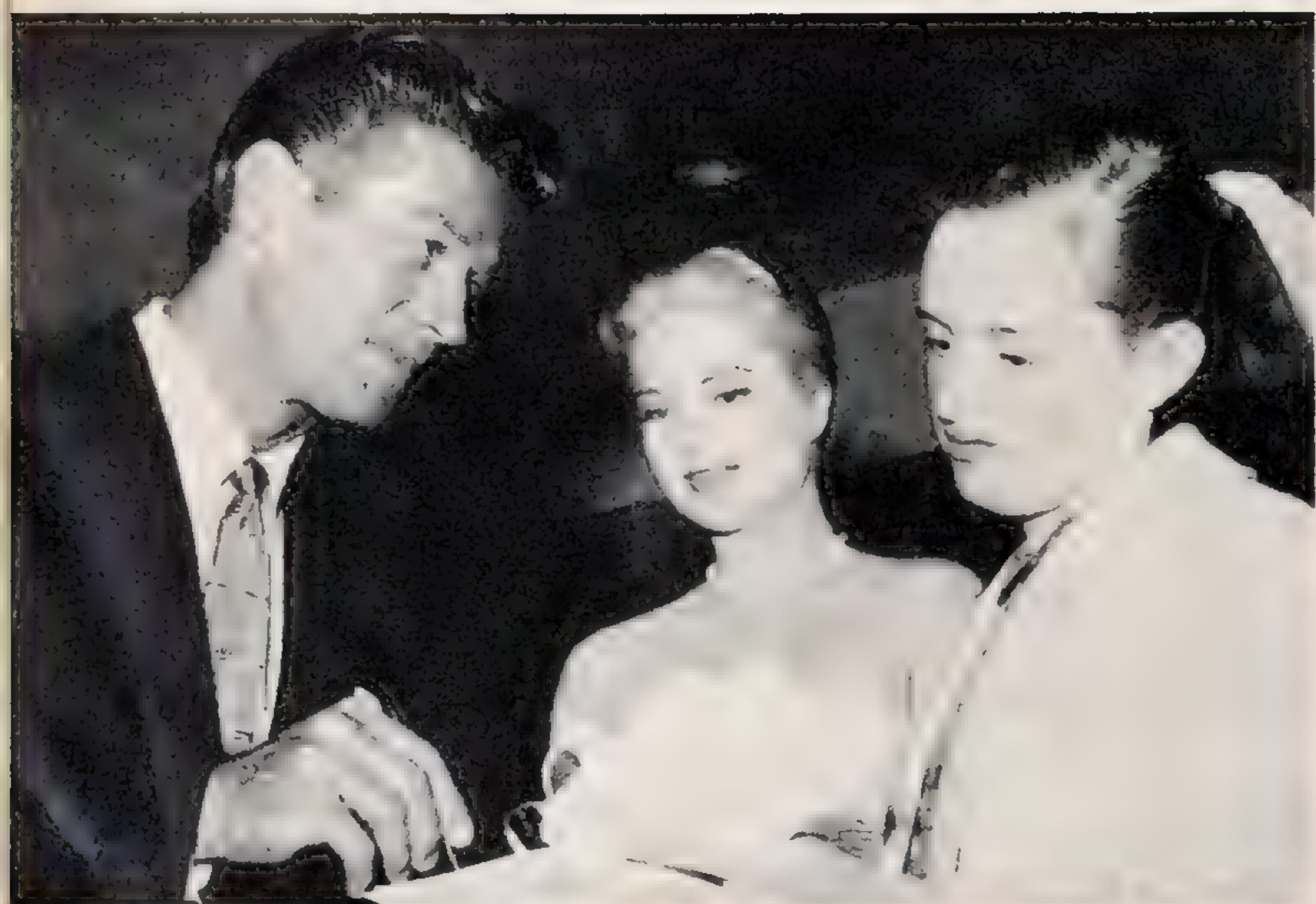
*You can take it
as male gospel, says
George Nader—
these five magic
words will have
you altar-bound!*

BY GEORGE NADER



Winner, along with Barbara Rush, June Allyson, of COMPO Award, George admits what he really wants to win is a wife!

Tell a Guy He's Wonderful



Two of George's favorite dates are college-educated Martha Hyer, above, and glamour girl Dani Crayne, at right. Smart, as well as beautiful, they know nobody is as interesting to a guy as the girl who makes him seem interesting to her

● When I finally marry and become the father of a daughter, I shall give her a dowry when she first starts dating. The dowry won't cost me a penny and the chances are pretty good that it will enrich her entire life. What is it going to be? One remark. One simple, little remark—namely, “Aren't you wonderful!”

This, believe me, is all any girl needs to catch a man—if she learns how to speak the remark properly. It gives the plainest girl (and these days, no girl is really “plain” unless she neglects to make the most of herself) a big edge, even over the town beauty. Because the trouble with the town beauty—in your (Continued on page 113)

George Nader is next in “The Unguarded Moment” and “Four Bright Girls”







When Kim went to Europe she said she'd think about marrying Mac Krim, but the dashing Italian . . .



Count Mario Bandini (at top and above) gave her little time to think of anyone but the Count!



So, back in America, Kim found herself reportedly engaged to Mac and the Count and saying she was engaged to no one. Will the Count change her mind? Will Mac?

"I've GOT t

This is a popular refrain.

*And one that finds an echo
in Kim's searching heart*



But Kim's indecision does not extend to leading men—and "romance" with Ty Power was pure publicity



She was charmed by Sinatra but she had enough good sense to know that so were a lot of other girls!

● Kim Novak is a girl who has found herself on the receiving end of a good many love songs, these days. Some have been sung in a major key and some in a minor key, and no one but Kim knows the majors from the minors. But while Kim kept her counsel, the dashing Count Mario Bandini and serious, quiet Mac Krim seemed to be the only major contenders for Kim's undecided heart. However, many of Kim's friends were saying that her romance with the patient Mr. Krim had simmered down to a friendship. The Count announced that he was planning to visit America, and it was assumed that he would also visit good friend Kim. Will Kim—who has often said, "I need to be in love, to know that somebody loves me"—find that she is indeed in love this time? And in love to stay?

Kim Novak, last in "The Eddy Duchin Story"

fall in love again"





"I want to live my own life without hurting anyone"

when does a husband think **divorce** is justified?

Has a man the right to demand that a woman be more than a good wife and mother? That she put him above home and security? Do you agree with John Derek's highly controversial reasons for ending his marriage?

BY HYATT DOWNING

John Derek is in "The Loves of Omar Khayyam" and "Showdown Creek"



But when John talks of his children, he reveals the price he is paying for the freedom he covets

● "If I'd had any maturity," says John Derek today, "I'd never have been married in the first place."

Now that it is all over, John speaks with startling frankness about his seven-year marriage to Pati Behrs. "In my lifetime," he says seriously, "I have seen few successful marriages. Oh, people put up a front of compatibility and understanding for the world at large to view, but inwardly—at least in most of the marriages I'm familiar with—the bitter, venomous little feuds go on behind shuttered windows, secure from prying eyes. I think a great many married couples endure rather than love each other. Take my own parents! My earliest memories of them are scarred with hate-filled quarrels. They were divorced when I was five. Dad never had a good word to say for Mother, and vice versa. So I started out in life with a pretty jaundiced view of the institution of matrimony."

John's and Pati's romance never was a hearts-and-flowers affair. "I was twenty-one and Pati (Continued on page 92)



PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

LIVING WITH

glamour c



Left, sure-fire teammates—Barbara Ruick's striped corduroy overblouse filled in with a hooded, ribbed cotton knit shirt. They top sleek black cotton knit ankle pants. Overblouse, 10-16. About \$8. Shirt, S, M, L. \$6. Pants, 8-16. \$5. By Phil Rose of California

Sweater with an elegant air, in kitten-soft Orlon. Pier Angeli, center, wears it with the separate tie knotted, but it takes on another look with its convertible collar open. Here, a pretty egg-shell, and lots of other colors. Sizes 34-40. By Premier. About \$11

Right, newest in knits, a handsome white Shetland yarn pullover winning the sweater game this year. 36-40. \$11.95. It's Joan Vohs' choice teamed with a flared wrap-around skirt in lightweight wool blanket cloth. No sissy plaid this. 10-16. \$17.95. By Pendleton

YOUNG IDEAS

he sidelines...

The stars root
for high score
fashion hits



Left, Pier Angeli's a stadium knockout in new green wide-wale velvety corduroy. Her cropped jacket, buttoned in brass, about \$8. Tapered matching skirt, about \$9. Green Paisley cummerbund, with blouse (not shown), \$8. Sizes 7-15. By Sabot of Sportflair

Prints come to sweaters, center, this one a pretty red and green Paisley design knit right into a white zephyr wool cardigan. Joan Vohs wears it, too, as a real-gone jacket for dresses and separates. Comes in other print colors. Sizes 34-40. By Catalina. \$16.95

Quite a catch! Barbara Ruick, right, in a dolman-sleeved charcoal Orlon pullover, sprinkled with white Angora coin dots at the yoke and sleeves where they're most flattering. Above, a mock turtle-neck. Your choice of colors. Sizes 34-40. By Tish-U-Knit. About \$6

To buy fashions,
see list of stores
on page 99



against fashion's new subtle tones... your one bold stroke



Red Contrast

You'll wear subtle, sumptuous colors this fall . . . dulled-down greens, smoky taupes, deep, off-beat blues. Colors that cry for a brilliant stroke in your lipstick. Max Factor has created the perfect dazzling lipstick color: Red Contrast. Red Contrast was formulated in Max Factor's Hi-Fi, an entirely new kind of lipstick that makes possible in-

tense high fidelity color that won't come off until you take it off. Other blessings: no blotting, no waiting for it to set, no drying, a soft, smooth feel on the lips. Stroke on Red Contrast. It's everything you need for the new Fall colors . . . everything you want in a lipstick. \$1.25 PLUS TAX

FASHIONS CREATED FOR MAX FACTOR BY PAULINE TR

newest fashion shade in Max Factor's new **hi-fi** Lipstick

glamour on the sidelines *continued*

Fashion comes to bat with a new sweater look

"Play ball!" says Barbara Ruick, right, in a sweater strictly whistle-bait, and stolen directly from the boys. In lambswool and Angora, it features a polo shirt's button-down collar and tab front, but it's full-fashioned to fit a feminine figure. In luscious pastels and a wide choice of deeper colors. Sizes 34-40. By Hadley. About \$19.95

Left, adorable Pier Angeli in a divinely new longish pull-over, vividly striped in red and white, and knit in a herringbone rib effect. The turtleneck, sleeves and band are handsomely sawtooth-edged. Teen sizes 10-16. Also navy and white. About \$8. Her matching striped baby doll cap sports a flying pompon. About \$2. Both, Regal Knitwear



ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR SWEATERS...

A brand-new shapemaker for the new knit fashions here, a lift for your old favorites. In white cotton broadcloth, the cups are covered with a smooth stretch of Helanca nylon, nary a seam to mar the line. Lining the cups, a wisp of foam overlaid with pretty rosebud print. Also solid pink, blue, black. Sizes 32-36 A cup, 32-38 B, 34-40 C. By Lovable. \$1.50



To buy these fashions, see stores listed on page 99

glamour on the sidelines...

continued

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD



Get on the ball this fall with winning knits

Above, star rooter Joan Vohs, appropriately wearing a rooter jacket in camel wool flannel—long, slim and all ease. It's spiced with black-striped wool knit trim. Sizes 10-16. \$14.95. Matching slim wrap skirt buttons to the side. Sizes 10-18. \$12.95. Both by White Stag

Signing the winning ball, left, Barbara Ruick's quite a winner herself in strikingly striped separates of cotton knit. The charcoal sweater top has lighter gray ribbed yoke and sleeves. S, M, L. About \$5. Matching slim-line striped skirt, sizes 10-16, about \$6. By Smartee

Pier Angeli, above, loves the smooth look of real-together separates. Her full, cluster-pleated skirt in gray and green wool plaid. It's teamed to a fluffy blend cardigan in gray, the fringed collar in matching plaid. Sizes 10-16. By McArthur, Ltd. About \$25

Above right, pretty Joan Vohs proving that sweat can be feminine. This one's designed particularly to flatter with matching scalloped lace collar, pearly buttons. The yarn, a downy blend of Vicara and wool. In pastels and black. Sizes 34-40. By Jantzen. \$15

To buy these fashions, see stores listed on page

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS



SEE PIER ANGELI STARRING NOW IN
"SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME,"
AND SOON IN "THE VINTAGE"
BOTH M-G-M

SAW JOAN VOHS LAST IN REPUBLIC'S
"TERROR AT MIDNIGHT"

WICK WAS LAST SEEN IN 20TH'S "CAROUSEL"



Cue for glamour!

Festival...new \$2 bra with the wonderful lift!

It's soft as an off-stage whisper, yet lifts you up and keeps you up in a new light-touch way. The special wafer-thin undercup lining is a perfect prop for your figure... shapes you when you wear it; shapes the bra when you wash it. And Festival is so dainty, with its shower of embroidered flowers, pretty cotton lace edging! Make your debut in Festival soon! A, B, C cups, \$2.



Look for this smart Festival package at all fine stores now.

Exquisite Form
brassieres give you X*APPEAL
X = glamour plus comfort)

American Modern ... revolution in fashion inspired by **Skippies**

Comfort in fashion—American Modern . . . change-about grace that brings out your own *natural* charm. Inspiration . . . Skippies revolutionary styles for the shape beneath. For Skippies sheaths your figure in gentle, light elastic, coaxing curves into natural line. No wonder the American woman, best-dressed in the world, prefers Skippies to all other shape-makers. See for yourself. Be fitted at your nicest store.

Skippies by Formfit



ADJUSTABLE LEG BAND... newest idea in comfort... with 3 adjustments to fit your leg perfectly! Skippies Pantie No. 851. Lightweight elastic with panels front and back. 2-inch waistband. S.M.L. \$7.95. Ex.L. \$8.95. (Also available as Girdle No. 951. \$6.95.) "Life Thrill" Convertible Bra shown, No. 377 in White cotton. Wired underbust and tiny strips of wafer-thin foam rubber for the high, natural look. Wear it strap or strapless, 4 ways! \$4.00

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

BECOMING ATTRACTIONS



Shampoo twosome by Tussy: Bright Touch Liquid Cream Shampoo for normal or oily hair and Bright Touch Deluxe Oil shampoo for dry hair. Both are fast-lathering and leave hair silky and shining. 6 oz., \$1.00; 12 oz., \$2.00



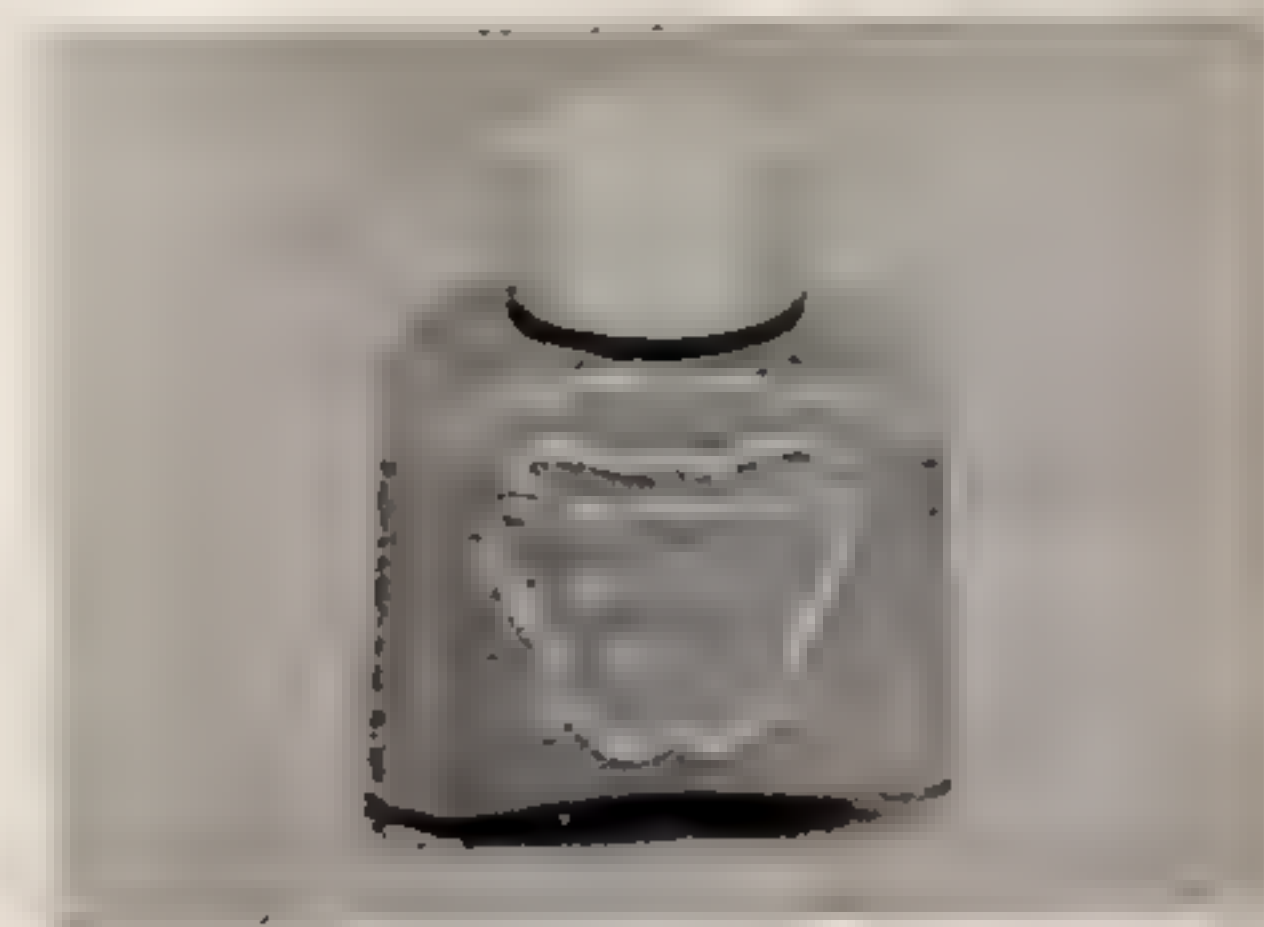
Help for problem skin and scalp: Shulton new Thylox Medicated shampoo for treatment of dandruff and oily scalp and Thylox Medicated soap and cream for oily skin and acne blemishes. Shampoo, \$1.50; soap, 50¢; cream \$



In a light-headed mood? You can become blond or just lighten your hair one or two shades with new Roux Creme Hair Lightener for home use. Depends on how long you leave on your hair. Use it, too, to add streaks. 50¢



Ar-Ex cream deodorant for those whose skin is allergic to other deodorants and antiperspirants is now packaged in a lightweight, unbreakable, pale blue plastic tube. Especially handy for travel. Scented or unscented. 60¢



All Clear medicated lotion by DuBarry designed to cover skin blemishes while it helps to heal them. Antiseptic action also helps prevent spread of infection. In a medium skin tone to blend with most complexions. \$1.00

*plus tax

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

what's spinning?



For Where to Buy
fashions, see page 99

With schooldays upon us again, it's time to catch up on what our favorites have been doing during the summer and what they'll be doing this fall.

Facts and New Faces:

RCA Victor has recorded the score from "New Faces of 1956." Leonard Sillman, producer of the show, has assembled an international group of performers, headed by T. C. Jones. Jones is a bald-headed female impersonator who does terrific take-offs, especially on Talulah Bankhead. Musical director for "New Faces" is Jay Blackton, who won an Oscar for his musical direction of "Oklahoma!" The first "New Faces" album was released in 1952, with much success. Now this new album promises to be even greater than its predecessor.

"With a little bit of luck," you may get to see "My Fair Lady" this year. In the meantime, you can listen to the original score on Columbia, starring Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews. This album has been outselling all others on the commercial market, so if you haven't gotten it, we suggest that you do so immediately! Four of the great songs from the show have also become hits as single records. They are: "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," "Get Me to the Church on Time," "On the Street Where You Live," and "I Could Have Danced All Night."

New Albums:

"Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book" is undoubtedly one of the best albums to be released in this or any other decade. This two-record set on the Verve label combines two of the greatest talents ever heard. Ella sings thirty-two of the old master's songs, including "Night and Day," "You're the Top," "Let's Do It," and the touching "Love for Sale." Ella tackles each song as it comes along, and at all times gives full import to the words. This is a must.

Joni James, on M-G-M, sings "Let There Be Love" with delicate winsome-

ness. Joni has that rare quality which convinces people that what she is singing is true. In this album, she sings such songs as "You're My Everything," "Love Is Here to Stay," and "The Nearness of You," all of which will fill your heart with rapture.

For Your Collection:

1. "Casual Love" by The Sixteens on the Flip label. You should flip over this one.
2. On M-G-M, Joni James singing "Give Us This Day." This is a must if you go for tender, warm ballads.
3. Perry Como, for RCA Victor, sings the title song of the movie, "Somebody Up There Likes Me." Perry also sings it in the movie.
4. "I'll Remember," on the Ember label, by The Five Satins. Remember to get this one.

5. Disc jockeys have been asked to give this introduction before playing "The Flying Saucer!": "This takes place in a radio station while a disc jockey is putting on a program. Outside the studio an actual spaceship is making a landing on earth." It's a real crazy side. (Universal)
6. The Moonglows with "We Go Together," on the Chess label. Get together with it.
7. "Hound Dog" is his latest—Elvis Presley, of course, singing out for RCA Victor.
8. The Teenagers have a new one, "I Promise to Remember." (Gee)
9. The Crew Cuts do it again with "Rebel in Town," from the picture of the same name. (Mercury)
10. Peggy Lee is featured on Decca, singing the plaintive "Joey, Joey, Joey," from the hit, "The Most Happy Fella."



The old Jody, she knows, would never have met and married Bruce Tilton. "I was too picky and choosy, mistrusted people."

● "I hit bottom because I didn't know how to get along with people," admits blond-haired, green-eyed Jody Lawrance, who is fast on her way to becoming a star. "I didn't understand people and they didn't understand me. And, once you gain a certain reputation, in Hollywood or anywhere else, there's a chain reaction. Before I knew it, I had earned that ominous label, 'uncooperative!'"

"Of course," Jody continues frankly, "there's a reason for everything, and I was no exception. But that's a lame excuse. You get what you give and, although we can't change the world, we can change ourselves—if we honestly want to change. After six years of struggling to become

a better actress, I started over again. The road back was lonely and rough, but it paved the way, I believe, for all the good things that are happening to me today."

One of these "good things" is Jody's new, long-term contract at Paramount. Others include her new-found friends and her peace of mind that has led to an optimistic outlook on life. And, most important, there is Bruce Michael Tilton, an airplane company executive who met and married Jody within three whirlwind months.

"Being married to Bruce is the best thing that could have happened to me," says Jody, reflecting on her good luck. "The timing was perfect, too, because I was to

*Jody Lawrance learned from loneliness that a chip on your shoulder
can be a wall between you and the world you long to share*

BY JERRY ASHER

wake up and give!

icky and choosy before. But now I've learned to evaluate people. Bruce has given me a feeling of security that I never knew. For a girl who, at a party, always used to head for a chair in an inconspicuous corner, it's a wonderful awakening!"

Jody's first awakening in life occurred in Fort Worth, Texas, where she was born on October 19, 1930, and christened Josephine Lawrance Goddard. While still a young child, she was moved to California and later attended Beverly Hills High School, then a professional acting school. The fact that she was a child from a broken home, may have contributed to (Continued on page 84)

Jody Lawrance was last in "The Leather Saint"



Working the graveyard shift as a waitress was tough and lonely, but "it gave me time to think, taught me how to get along with people." And paved the way back to movie career

**YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS**

Wake Up and Give!

(Continued from page 83)

the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude which she later developed.

"No matter who you are or what you do," she sums it up now, "it's terribly important to feel needed and wanted, especially during those formative years. Sometimes you grow up and discover you've developed a chip that anyone can spot. This automatically creates a defensive attitude and, despite all good intentions, you only succeed in fouling yourself up. It happened to me while I was under contract to Columbia Studios."

Typical of Hollywood, there are numerous versions of Jody's unparalleled experience. But when she tells the story of it really happened, her expressive face instinctively mirrors the truth. She modulates her voice while her hands remain motionless in her lap. For a fleeting moment a lost look creeps into her eyes as you sense the loneliness that dogged her footsteps along the way. But self-pity has no place in Jody's make-up; she makes a bid for sympathy, and yet she exudes a wistful, indefinable something that makes you hope and pray she'll never be lost lonely again.

"I was born independent," says Jody, "and sometimes this can become a great handicap. I must say, however, that if I had to do it all over again I wouldn't want to change anything—except to use greater tact, wisdom and diplomacy. More than anything else, I wanted to be a good actress, and my heart was filled with hope when I signed a contract with Columbia."

"Two years and six pictures later I was a very confused and disillusioned girl. There was so much to learn about everything! I needed help and felt, instead, that I was rapidly heading downhill. A studio is like a great machine and the wheels must keep moving. They threw me in pictures such as 'Mask of the Avenger,' 'The Son of Dr. Jekyll,' 'Ten Tall Men' and other roles that weren't within my limitations at the time.

"Publicity-planned romances and date-cheesecake photographs and phony gossip items all play an important part in building a Hollywood career," says Jody knowingly. "If you're geared for quick adjustment, I guess you can take it. But it was all so new and it made me feel embarrassed and ridiculous. I believed I wasn't doing justice to myself or the studio, and so I fought back.

"Now, in all fairness to studios," Jody adds, "they are in business to make money and they don't deliberately set out to do you harm. But, I argued, no one benefits this way, so why force me to do the things? Why not do as you're told, they countered, and allow us to be the best judge of what's good for you. By the time exaggerated stories had made the rounds they had me pictured as a monster directing scenes and rewriting scripts!

"Now a certain amount of kicking around is good for anyone, I believe, especially when you're vulnerable. You learn how to sidestep and to respect discipline. But once you get bruised you do become overly sensitive. This helps an actress in her work, if it doesn't go too far. With me it went too far.

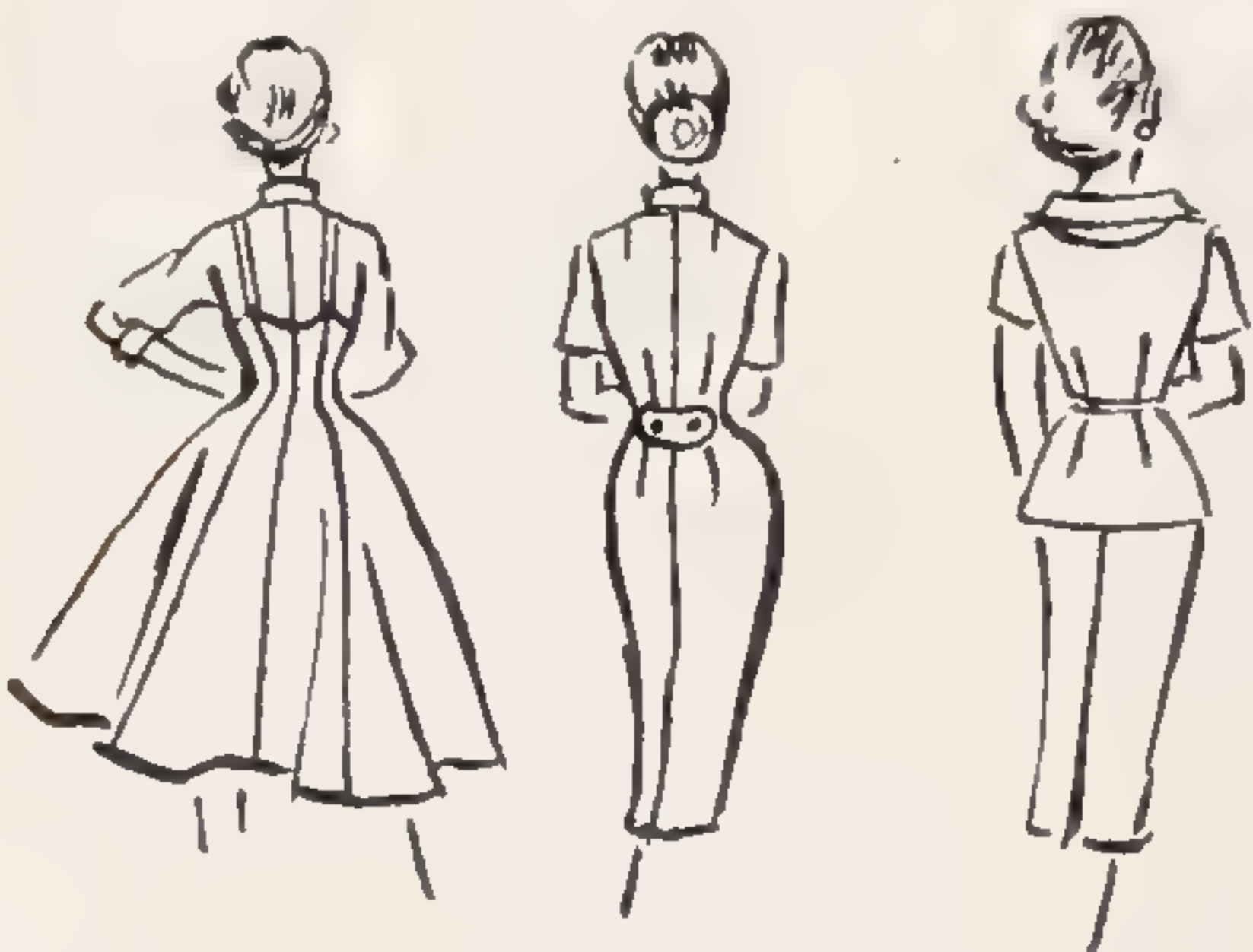
"When I reached my lowest level of despair," Jody continues, "I asked talent executive Maxwell Arnow to release me from my contract. What he said to me then was true—that many girls my age would have given a right arm for the opportunity I was throwing away. Being reminded of my unorthodox behavior really hurt, and we didn't part on friendly



4805—The smooth, fitted lines of this princess jumper are so flattering to wear everywhere. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 jumper takes $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 35-inch fabric. Blouse, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

4604—This slim sheath is adapted from new Far-Eastern fashions in a most shapely way. Easy to sew, wonderful to wear! Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards, 35-inch fabric.

9028—Sew-easy separates add a trio of smart styles to your winter wardrobe. Mix or match colors, fabrics for many outfits. Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 blouse takes 2 yards, 39-inch fabric; jerkin, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards; slim skirt, 2 yards.



Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5c per pattern for first-class mailing.

terms. Fifteen months later, when Paramount announced my new contract, Mr. Arnow sent me a letter. He was pleased, he said, that I had justified his faith in me. This kind gesture gave me a new and heartwarming slant on the men who run the picture industry." The way Jody says it reflects how very important her new attitude was to be.

"Free from Columbia," she goes on, "I took the one course that seemed like the answer to my need. Time to study, the opportunity to learn how to get along with people better, and a chance to make a living—of sorts. Robb's restaurant at Beverly and Santa Monica Boulevards needed experienced waitresses who looked neat and attractive. When the chips are down you have to bluff your way, but in my desperation I couldn't have picked a tougher job. I started working on opening night—and, needless to say, they quickly realized that I had lied about my qualifications."

Jody smiles grimly, remembering what happened. "I didn't know the lingo used in giving orders to the cook, so I held up the service. And, never having worked in the business world before, I had little in common with the other waitresses. So again I went in with a chip on my shoulder, and being too sharp, too impatient and too intolerant of the customers' demands, they were quick to sense my antagonism. Naturally, they complained about me, and I was called on the carpet.

"The customer is always right, they warned me. If you expect a good tip you must grin and take your treatment, good or bad. It's amazing what can happen to people with hungry stomachs, they added. They lose all sense of proportion and a waitress has to accept their abuse and try to protect her own feelings. She learns how to put on a good act and by looking hurt, it invariably makes the complaining customer feel he has done her a great injustice.

"Eventually, I came to realize that, in a sense, it's like giving a performance and it was excellent training for me.

"It was a lonely life, however, working the graveyard shift—five P.M. to one A.M.—but it left my afternoons free for all the dramatic coaching I could afford. My average pay was twenty-seven dollars a week, with five to ten dollars in tips each night. I know what that money means to a waitress," Jody grins, "so let anyone criticize me for over-tipping today! If a girl wants to know how to judge a fellow, I suggest that she watch how he treats waitresses. Believe me, it's a true test of character!"

After a year at Robb's restaurant, Jody became a waitress at Blum's candy and ice cream parlor in Westwood, then switched to their famous branch in Beverly Hills.

"By the time I had worked a year at Blum's," says Jody, "I had resigned myself to my job, my co-workers and the customers. It's such a revelation when you stop thinking, 'I'm right and everyone else is wrong!' You relax and the pressure lessens. Of course, you can get a martyr complex when you feel like a misfit—but not if you develop a sense of humor. When things got so bad they couldn't get worse, I learned how to laugh at myself. Once you've had this experience, you're saved!

"Far from being ashamed of waiting on tables, I was only afraid people would think I had failed. Oddly enough, and despite my frustrations, I never felt I was a failure in the true sense of the word. So I worked as Jody Goddard, and no one knew I was an actress. Of course, I wasn't associating with people in the picture business, so my agents forgot about me. I had little money for pretty clothes and less time for dates.

7052—Just one yard of 35-inch fabric to make this pretty apron. A stroke of your iron and flowers appear in combinations of blue, green, yellow. Tissue pattern, washable iron-on transfers. Medium size only.

601—It's fun to make this Ronald Rabbit Pajama Bag. Mornings, tots push night togs through the opening in bunny's tummy. It's made of two flat pieces plus round, stuffed head. Pattern parts, transfers.



601



7289

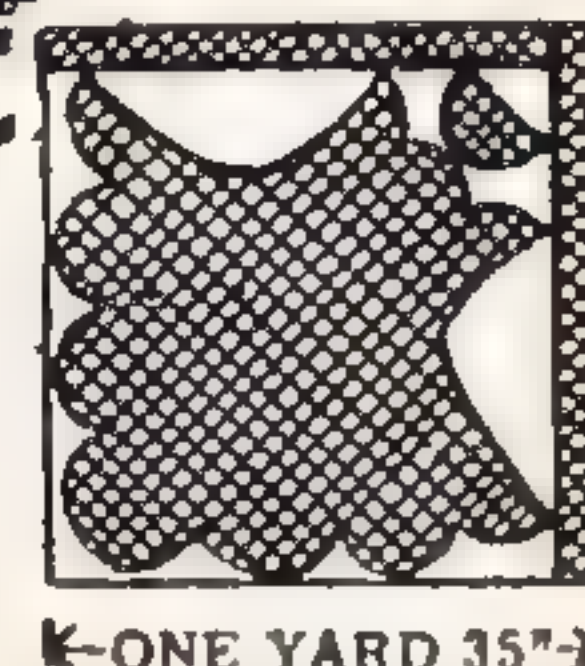
7289—Crochet this stunning new doily in lovely flower-effect—use it as a centerpiece in white above a darker cloth. Crochet doily 21-inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller one to match.

7308—Crochet this pretty centerpiece in favorite pineapple pattern. Doily-bowl combination—worked together in gay contrast colors. Crochet directions for oval doily-bowl combination or 10 x 18-inch doily alone—in heavy jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly.

7393—Beautify your bedroom with these stunning spread and curtain ensembles. All easy to make—so lovely! Complete instructions included for making three different sets of bedspreads and curtains—in any size.



7052



← ONE YARD 35" →



7308



7393

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

(Continued from page 85)

But this lack was compensated by new hope. At long last I began to believe I was ready and equipped to handle an acting career.

"What did the future have in store for me? How often I asked myself this!

Call it fate, faith—or magic. Somebody or something somewhere was watching for Jody Lawrance! It so happened she had worked for TV producer Fred Wisbar before her hectic days at Columbia. He was impressed with her talent and promised Jody he would use her when the right part came along. And she remembered!

Unaware that her career had taken a nose dive, Wisbar located Jody's father and left a message with him. Jody got the touch, and was signed for two TV shows. Director Michael Curtiz, who was searching for a certain girl for a certain picture, happened to see one of these shows. Suddenly the wheels began whirling again, and the rest is now local history. Where else could it happen but in Hollywood! On the brightest Monday morning of Jody Lawrance's life, she was summoned to Paramount studio.

"I read for the role of Kathie in 'The Scarlet Hour,'" says Jody ecstatically. "Mr. Curtiz was very kind and helpful. The studio wanted me and I was signed without so much as a screen test. Yes, I was scared stiff—in an exciting sort of way! After 'The Scarlet Hour' I did 'Leather Saint,' with John Derek, and this one I really had an acting role. It was so gratifying to feel ready now and no longer frightened and unwanted. Though I still have a long way to go, I am a very lucky girl."

On that fateful Monday when her life began for her, Jody tried on her wardrobe, then made the rounds meeting everyone at Paramount. At the end of the day she was an exhausted, starry-eyed girl, but typical of her sense of fair play is the fact that she showed up for work the next day. The very next morning she was in front of the studio cameras beginning a bright new life. She was an actress. She had made it!

"I couldn't leave Blum's short-handed without some sort of notice—even though it was only a day's notice," Jody explains. "But I must say I was walking on clouds my last night as a waitress. Nothing could have touched me, not even my first accident! Wouldn't you know I'd pick the time to christen a gentleman custom with a nice, gooey, chocolate parfait! I was furious and, I must say, you could blame him. But it still didn't matter. I just turned on great salty tears and gave an Academy Award performance. My acting was so convincing, his wife became sympathetic and took my side. So she told her husband what she thought of his behavior—and how! It was quite a scene."

It's easy to see why, today, everyone who knows Jody is rooting for her. At Paramount, where they have enthusiastic plans for her, they liken her to a "you Bette Davis." While Jody is grateful for every single thought and gesture, one particular incident touched her deeply and her eyes sparkle when she tells you about it.

"A few days after I started at Paramount, the kids I worked with in Blum's Beverly and Westwood stores sent me twelve dozen red roses and wished me luck. They don't have money like that to throw away—who knows better than I! If those kids think this much of me, I hope and pray that I'll never let them down." THE END



Across

1. "The — Traveling Saleslady"
6. Tab and Jeff
11. John Wayne is Pat's —
13. Painter Gauguin on film
14. "— Get By" (song)
15. "The — Mistress"
16. Actor dad of actor Brian, who's in "Storm Center" (init.)
17. "A Cry — the Night"
18. Expression that struck King Yul Brynner's fancy
19. Oreste's Villon might be booked on this charge now
21. "The Bells of — Mary's"
22. Prince of a fellow
24. "— of the Round Table"
25. Character men Gardiner and Owen
26. Sal Mineo's home town
27. June and Dick met on the —
28. "The Man with the Golden —"
30. Films' Lillian Roth (init.)
33. "The — of Hollow Mountain"
35. Ship's doc in 51 Across
36. He wins Grace, on film (init.)
37. The height of the heroine's — dates old films on TV
38. Mrs. Chaplin
40. Cyd's spouse (init.)
41. There's a current — toward independent production
44. Nader first scored as a — in "Six Bridges to Cross"
45. He was Judy's "Boy Next

Door" (init.)

46. Star of "Illegal" (init.)
47. Game hunted in "Safari"
49. "— Only Hurts for a Little While" (song)
51. "— All Boats"
54. He wins Ginger, on film
55. "— on Wood"
57. Male star in "Julie"
60. A wise star — with his director
62. He loses Grace, on film
63. Cliff Robertson is — to movies
65. Charmer doing a comeback in "The Ambassador's Daughter" (init.)
66. "The Proud —"
67. "The Killer — Loose"
68. In "Pardners," Dean and Jerry — Westerns
70. Actress Keyes
71. Lone Ranger's Indian pal
72. Heroine of "The Burning Hills" (init.)

Down

1. Widmark's girl in "The Last Wagon"
2. "— Dinka Doo" (song???)
3. Dancer seen in "The Fastest Gun Alive" (init.)
4. "Rain or —" (song)
5. "— You Belong to Me" (song)
6. U-I beauty last seen in "Red Sundown"
7. Liz's first husband
8. Bandleader famed for query "Is everybody happy?" (init.)

9. Penalized (by columnists) for "backfield in motion"
10. Locationing stars do this in spare time
11. A — hunted Ben Cooper in "Rebel in Town"
12. Menace in "The Naked Jungle" and "Them!"
20. What some stars won't tell
23. Marie Wilson's old role
28. Costello's partner
29. Como's a top — star
31. "That's —" (song)
32. Paul Newman recently played a real-life —
34. Ladd's Gold Medal-winning role
35. "Summertime" star (init.)
39. Jeanette MacDonald's old team-mate (init.)
40. "Trapeze" star
42. Audie's side-kick in "Walk the Proud Land"
43. Kim Novak is of — descent
44. "Standing on the —" (song)
48. Modern name for locale of "Son of Sinbad"
50. Called "The Velvet Fog"
52. Last seen in "Come Next Spring" (init.)
53. Mickey Rooney's real name
54. "— My Time" (song)
55. "Kiss Me, —"
56. "— 2455, Death Row?"
58. "— for Life"
59. "Santiago" villain (init.)
61. In "These Wilder Years," Don Dubbins is Cagney's —
64. Who'll — the Oscar?
69. Killer in "A Kiss Before Dying" (init.)

Look Homeward, Ingrid

(Continued from page 46)

filmed in London, with some location shots in Paris and Copenhagen. During part of the time that Ingrid was working in London, Rossellini was in Jamaica, on location for "Seawife," his first British film (to be released by 20th), which stars Joan Collins and Richard Burton. However, just before the shooting began, Rossellini bowed out of the picture, because of script disagreements, and rejoined Ingrid in London.

Recently, in one of her rare interviews, Ingrid talked frankly and honestly about what has happened to her in the past eight years. As she gazed across the lunch table in a London restaurant, her sparkling, clear eyes radiated health and contentment.

Explaining Rossellini's premature return to London from Jamaica, Ingrid said, "My husband is not used to working in the traditional manner with a finished script, as he must in this picture. He prefers to be free to change his story line and characterizations as circumstances and events dictate. He uses his camera, rather than dialogue, for conversation.

"Actors are often impatient with his methods," she added, smiling mischievously as she named one star who flew back to Hollywood in a rage after making a picture with Rossellini. "I, myself, found it rather difficult at first, but I so yearned to make Italian pictures when I went to Italy. You see, to him, actors are less important than the setting."

Ingrid reviewed her husband's career with the pardonable pride and subjective loyalty of a devoted wife. She has proved that loyalty time and time again. For years she refused to consider any of the many enviable contracts for movies, plays and TV shows offered her, if it meant ending her film partnership with Rossellini.

Nevertheless, her steadfast loyalty must have been jolted many a time, as their joint efforts met with continual critical and financial setbacks. But never once, by word or gesture, did Ingrid veer from the path she had chosen—to share her life and her great talents with the man for whom she had defied the world. . . .

Ingrid refused the dish of bread and took up a forkful of scrambled eggs. "No, I don't diet," she said. "I eat whatever appeals to me. I will admit this is a bit of relief from the Italian dishes I'm accustomed to. When my husband is with me, he insists upon eating Italian food. It doesn't matter in which country we may

"This is the first time we have been separated from our children (Robertino, Isabella, and the twins, Isabella and Ingrid, for any length of time," she went on, "but we could not deprive them of their summer on the sea. It is so lovely now at our beach home in Santa Marinella. They can swim every day, and they have their dogs and birds to play with and keep them company. It would have been unfair to bring them to London and Paris and set them down in a hotel in the middle of the summer.

"But," she smiled, "we speak to them on the phone almost every evening, and my husband insists that they send us a telegram every single day, telling us what they have done. Of course, it is difficult for young children to think of something different to say that often, and sometimes they forget to wire us. When that happens, Roberto calls them because he is worried something may have happened to them. Frankly, he calls them

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even when we do receive the telegram!"

Ingrid's smile injected a ray of sunlight into the gloomy interior of the hotel restaurant. More stunningly handsome than ever, her flawless skin untouched by a trace of make-up, except for a dab of lipstick, she was the very image of the Ingrid Bergman of legend, blooming with health and vigor and natural beauty.

She was slimmer than Hollywood remembers her, and tastefully dressed in a Paris-styled gray silk suit and her customary flat-heeled shoes. Her nails, cut short, showed not a hint of tinted polish. On her left hand, she wore a plain gold wedding band; on the small finger of her right hand was a large dinner ring which matched her necklace. Her silky blond hair was twisted into a becoming chignon.

"Anastasia" is the second movie Ingrid has made without her husband in the director's chair. The first, which she finished last spring, was "The Red Carnation" (to be released by Warners), directed by Jean Renoir.

It is doubtful that Ingrid would have agreed to make "The Red Carnation" if Rossellini hadn't urged her to do it. "Jean Renoir and I are old friends," says Rossellini, "and I think he's one of the greatest directors in the world. I told my wife she couldn't turn down a chance to make a picture for him."

"There was no battle or great struggle on my part to convince Ingrid to make 'The Red Carnation,'" Jean Renoir told me, when I cornered him in his Paris studio, where he was busily editing the film. "It resulted from an easy conversation with her and Roberto one day last summer, when I was visiting them."

"She said to me then, 'If you find a story I like, I'll be delighted to make it.' So I wrote 'The Red Carnation,' a story about a beautiful, impulsive princess, a breaker of men's hearts. Ingrid liked it, but I thought it was too dramatic. I thought her first international picture, after so many years in Italy, should be a comedy. So I rewrote it, and she liked the second version, too. It was as simple as that."

As soon as Ingrid and Rossellini started working on separate projects, the rumors were revived that they would never work together again. "Nothing is further from the truth," said Ingrid, as she sipped her glass of milk, making a wry face when she discovered it had been boiled and was still lukewarm. "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a glass of sweet, cool milk as I had in America," she sighed.

"Getting back to my husband. Of course, we'll make a film together, probably next year. It might even be a comedy. Roberto has never directed a comedy before, but he knows I so enjoyed making 'The Red Carnation,' he is going to concentrate on lighter themes."

Hand-in-hand with the stories about the Rossellinis' professional break-up have been the rumors about a marital split-up. They have denied this so often, singly and together, privately and publicly, that they have just about decided theirs are lone voices crying in the wilderness. Rossellini, usually easygoing and affable, hopes to quash the rumors once and for all by stating, with great emphasis, "My wife and I are happy together, professionally as well as personally. These pictures we are making apart are just a short interval in what we hope will be a long life together, during which we will collaborate on many more films."

"This working apart," says one of the Rossellinis' close friends, "is probably the best thing in the world for their marriage. It will give them a chance to breathe, each in a different artistic atmosphere, and to

re-evaluate themselves, artistically as well as personally."

"Ingrid and Roberto," says another intimate friend, "were destined to meet and love each other. Of course, they are different in character. He is typically Italian, volatile and violent, but with Latin subtlety. Ingrid is direct and methodical. If confronted with a brick wall, Roberto would get to the other side by going around it. Ingrid would cut right through. But they are both artists, and they complement each other perfectly."

Nevertheless, one of them has only made a public appearance, unaccompanied by the other, and the tongues begin wagging again. Last spring, at the Cannes Film Festival, Ingrid attended a cocktail party alone. This, to the gossips, was disputed proof that she and Rossellini were breaking up. The truth was that Ingrid had arrived by train from Rome and Rossellini had followed her down in his Ferrari racer. Because of the children, Ingrid will never fly or accompany Rossellini in his fast racing cars. But they are rarely apart for very long.

When costume fittings for "Anastasia" required Ingrid to be in Paris, while Rossellini had to stay in London, she commuted back and forth between the cities every other day. "I'm so used to trains," she laughs, "I sleep better in them than in my bed." On the first day of shooting of "Anastasia" in Paris, Rossellini left pre-production conferences for his own film in London to be at her side.

That first turn of the "Anastasia" camera might be called an historic occasion. At least, that seemed to be the opinion of the scores of onlookers, many of the big names in Hollywood, who crowded the banks of the Seine that night.

Director Anatole Litvak paced up and down the bridge waiting for the rain to subside. Ingrid was finishing her make-up in her portable dressing room. The hard-gazed creature who finally emerged was difficult to recognize as Ingrid Bergman. Make-up had deformed her beautiful face. Her eyes were heavy and dark with fatigue, and her skin was drawn and matted in a thousand lines. She wore an ill-fitting old coat and a shapeless shawl. A knitted shawl clung to her head.

Ingrid chatted gaily with her husband and co-star Yul Brynner until there was a sudden break in the rain. Then Litvak hurried back to the set and gave final instructions to the crew. He turned toward Ingrid, smiled, and nodded his head. "On set, Ingrid dear," he said quietly. A hush fell over the crowd.

Ingrid Bergman, once the world's highest-paid actress and often named the greatest, stepped forward. She was alone face to face with an American camera for the first time in eight years.

But she was no longer Ingrid Bergman. She was Anastasia—sick, alone, almost delirious from weariness and misery. An indescribable horror lurked in the shadows of her eyes. If only she could end it all. The Seine, melancholy and forbidding in the darkness, beckoned to her. She swayed almost eagerly toward it.

What need was there for dialogue? Words were as superfluous here as in a symphony. Ingrid's eyes and gestures and movements told the story.

"Cut!" cried Litvak. The scene was over. Ingrid walked slowly toward her chair and sat down. Muffled murmurs spread through the mass of spectators, most of them men and women of the acting world. "Man, oh, man, what an actress!" muttered a bystander.

Jean Renoir puts it this way: "Ingrid is a born actress. Believe me, there are ve-

of them. She is the only one since Garbo who can play any role with perfect dignity. And she never plays herself. She analyzes every line and situation, and then submerges herself so completely into the personality of the character she portrays that she becomes that person.

"For Ingrid, it is life which is all make-believe, a big show in which she plays a part," says Renoir. "But what is real for her is not life, but the theatre. There she does not play a part, she belongs."

The need to mold a character according to her own conceptions explains Ingrid's reluctance to do any personal research on the woman who was Anastasia. "I've been told there are dozens of books about her," Ingrid said, "but I don't want to read them. Nor do I want to talk with the woman now living in Germany who claims to be Anastasia. It would just confuse me. You see, I am Anastasia."

This was said without the slightest note of affectation or over-confidence. It was so very simple—she was Anastasia; she lived the role each second that she was before the cameras. She knew how Anastasia would react to a given situation, because she and Anastasia were one indivisible being.

His unqualified dedication to her art, the primary requisite of a great artist, has dominated Ingrid's life since childhood. "At the age of twelve I already knew I would be an actress," she says.

She was a lonely child in her native Sweden. Her mother had died when Ingrid was a baby, her father when she was twelve. She was shy and awkward and self-conscious about her height. She found peace and comfort in books and poems, and the imaginary characters who peopled them became her friends and confidants. Then, at the age of twelve, she visited a theatre in Stockholm, and she knew then where her destiny lay.

"If I could no longer act," says Ingrid, "I think I should stop breathing."

The main reason for Ingrid Bergman's greatness, both as a woman and an artist, according to Jean Renoir, is her complete honesty that will make no compromise with life or love.

Ingrid cannot lie any more in her work than she can in life," says Renoir. "She was straight as a steel sword. It would never occur to her to beat around the bush. Where others try to compromise and pacify, she comes straight out with the truth.

I remember her reaction to my film, 'French Can Can,' which she saw in Paris last year. 'Jean,' she told me, 'I don't like your picture,' and she proceeded to tell me why she didn't like it. How many people do you find so frank and direct? She didn't try to soften the blow, she gave it to me straight. Ingrid has distinction and dignity, but the source of her pre-eminence is her honesty.

Everyone on this earth has a purpose, and a task to perform," Renoir continues. "The people who serve your coffee and your wine, the dancers in the chorus, I love them, all of them. But Ingrid, now we're talking about someone very special. She has her own place in this world, a place 'way up there,' and the director pointed skyward, 'up on a pedestal. You know, there aren't many like her; she's unique.'

Mel Ferrer, who appears opposite her in 'The Red Carnation,' has this to say: "Ingrid is one of the few members of a disappearing race of originals. Marlene Dietrich, with whom I also had the good fortune of working, is another. Ingrid, Marlene, Garbo, there is nothing average about any of them; they belong to themselves. No one else can touch them.

"Ingrid is more than an actress," Mel adds, "she is a creator. I have seen her play one scene in two or three different ways, and each one was as valid and logical as the other. She had a fresh approach because she was doing more than interpreting, she was creating.

"And she loves every minute of working," says Mel. "She has an extraordinary sense of participation; she can't stand to leave the set in-between takes, just likes to stand around and chat with the crew and remain a part of the production. She has a great sense of fun, too. Making the film with her was a round of laughter, off-screen as well as on."

"Anastasia" didn't get under way without Ingrid indulging in a little personal joke. When Anatole Litvak arrived for the first night's shooting, he found a tiny ladder, all tied with a pretty ribbon, next to his director's chair. "Now you can direct me without having to look up at me," five-foot-eight Ingrid laughed. Usually she plays with her shoes off. "The Red Carnation," in which she played opposite six-footer Ferrer, was one of the few films during which she was able to keep them on.

Skippping dessert, Ingrid took a cigarette out of her bag and lit it. "I'm on vacation when I work," she said. "When I'm not working, I'm obliged to lead a very active social life. Friends are always calling me to go to tea or shopping, or to cocktail parties. I have a horror of social functions. But when I'm not making a picture or in a play, I have no excuse. I must attend them. Now I can turn them all down without hurting anyone's feelings. Oh, it's wonderful to be back in harness. I feel as if I had suddenly come alive."

Mel Ferrer, seeing her recently for the first time in months, commented on her appearance. "Tell me, Ingrid, how do you manage to look so young and beautiful?" he asked. "If it's true," Ingrid answered with a laugh, "perhaps it's because I'm back at work."

Her taste for activity was being gratified—for, at the same time she was making "Anastasia," she was preparing for "Tea and Sympathy," which she will play in French this fall on the Paris stage.

However, Ingrid figures as more than just the star of this play. She has helped with the translation from English into French, advising on the decor and costumes, and serving as a general technical consultant on American customs.

"The translator has been very understanding about my suggestions," she said. "His first adaptation was too French in text and slant. American plays have never been very successful in France, and I feel that our one chance to bring this off is to retain an essentially American atmosphere, rather than simply translating the plot and characters to French soil. Fortunately, I know American slang and dress and reactions to certain situations, so I was able to make some recommendations.

"Of course," Ingrid laughed, "it would help if my French were just a little better." Actually, Ingrid speaks French fluently, with only a hint of the same Swedish accent she has in Italian and English. Since her marriage to Rossellini, she has become an accomplished linguist, and the entire family converse with each other in Italian and French, and on occasion, in English.

"I can't tell you how much this play means to me, and how badly I want it to succeed," Ingrid continued. "The theatre is very important to me. After making films for several years, I find it essential to return to the stage. During



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the ten years I lived in America, I made it a rule to do a play every four years. I need the personal contact with the audience, the nightly absorption in the role which excludes all outside influences. After a year on the stage, I can return, fresh and stimulated, to the screen."

Not the least of the advantages of the theatre is the free time it allows Ingrid to be with her children. "This winter I shall have the entire day to spend with them," she said. "I'll put them in a Paris school, and we shall probably look for an apartment, although we have no serious objections to hotel life, except for the inconvenience of not having a kitchen."

"The children are used to hotels; they've been living in them since they were babies. As a matter of fact, they are rather fond of The Raphael in Paris, where we stayed for many months during the shooting of 'The Red Carnation.' In their little minds, that hotel has become a Paris landmark, and they are quite certain that the Eiffel Tower, which they call the Raphael Tower, is somehow connected with the hotel. And it is so very convenient to the children's playground in the Bois de Boulogne. They have a grand time there, riding on the miniature trains and inspecting the zoo. I don't really think it matters to children where they live—in an apartment or in a hotel—as long as their parents are there. Being together is what makes a home." As she said this, the slightest trace of seriousness crept into Ingrid's voice; until then her tone had been rather light and bantering.

The rejuvenation of Ingrid's career has not changed her basic views. She is first and primarily Signora Rossellini, wife and mother, and her career will always take second place.

"'Anastasia' was originally to have been made in the spring, so that the children could be with me," she said. "I don't know if I would have agreed to it if I had known we would be separated. My husband has postponed a trip to India several times because he can't bear the thought of leaving the children."

Ingrid has worked out a program of play and study for young Robertino and the twins, which they follow under the supervision of a nurse and governess, whether they are in the Rossellini apartment in Rome's smart residential Parioli section, their summer home in Santa Marinella, or on the road with their traveling parents. No matter how hectic her schedule, Ingrid manages to be with her children a great part of the time. They never have the impression that they take second billing to a busy career.

An eye-witness describes a scene which was a daily occurrence in the Rossellini hotel apartment in Paris last winter. Ingrid Bergman, her long legs curled under her, sat in the middle of the floor. Around her were gathered Robertino, a handsome, intelligent youngster; the twins, one a replica of Ingrid, the other just like Rossellini; and Renzo, Rossellini's son by his first marriage. As the children laughed and clapped and shouted, Ingrid deftly manipulated two puppet dolls and recounted in Italian the adventures of the fierce bandit and the brave policeman.

"More, more, Mother!" cried the children in unison.

"No," said Ingrid, "it is time for your walk to the Bois, and I must take my French lesson."

Adherence to a tightly regulated schedule gives Ingrid leisure hours with her youngsters and permits her to indulge in her pet pastimes: the theatre and old-time movie classics. She is a member of a Paris cineclub, where she has often led bull sessions on the art of movie-making;

she is a regular attendant at the UNESCO showings of silent-movie classics; and she has seen every play on the Paris and London boards.

"Theatre-going in Paris can sometimes be a weary experience," laughed Ingrid, "especially for anyone with legs as long as mine. The seats are small, and the space between aisles very narrow. The other evening I saw 'War and Peace' in German at the Drama Festival, and I gave up after three hours. I was squirming all night."

Putting action to words, Ingrid demonstrated her ordeal by winding her legs around the table, then curling them up behind the chair, and finally, turning completely around to face her neighbor.

Her chuckle was warm and spontaneous. It invited participation. The other lunchers turned to look at this magnificent woman whose gay laughter rang out like a delicate bell. Everyone recognized her immediately, but Ingrid paid no attention to the stares and whispers.

It was time for coffee—and also for the question. Twentieth Century-Fox made no bones about wanting Ingrid to make a trip to America to publicize "Anastasia." Would she come?

"Of course, I shall come, if they want me." Her answer was as straight-forward and direct as the gaze that accompanied it. "Naturally, if it's in the winter, they'll probably have to bring along the whole Paris 'Tea and Sympathy' troupe." She smiled good-naturedly, and her smile broadened to a wide grin, and her eyes sparkled when she learned that 20th was planning to release the film in time for the 1957 Academy Awards. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed.

There was not a trace of ill-feeling or bitterness in Ingrid's voice at the mention of Hollywood, and the possibility of her return. And yet, how natural it would be for her to harbor a bit of resentment about the way she had been censured.

As one of her associates says, "There is not a grain of malice in her whole body."

Hollywood will undoubtedly play an active role in Ingrid Bergman's future projects. Paramount wants her for the screen adaptation of "The Chalk Garden,"

the successful Broadway and London hit. "I had been keeping their offer a deep dark secret," Ingrid confided, "and the one day I read about it in an Italian paper. I contacted the Paramount office and assured them I hadn't let the cat out of the bag. 'Oh, no,' they answered, 'we released it ourselves.'"

Ingrid has not yet made up her mind about it. With characteristic honesty, she explained the reason for her indecision: "I saw the play in London several times and although it is a fine play, I frankly don't think it will make a good movie."

Now that Ingrid has shown her willingness to work with others besides Rossellini, she has been flooded with propositions for movies and plays. However, she hasn't made up her mind about any of them. Jean Renoir admits that he would like to make another picture with her, in Hollywood, if possible. Ingrid confesses she would like to make another film in France, but as she says, "I would like this one to be exclusively French and not a double version as 'The Red Carnation' was."

Then, of course, there is the project nearest her heart, making a picture with her husband, which they are likely to do after his return from India. "If he ever gets there," Ingrid commented with a smile. "He has been invited by the Indian government to do a series of documentaries, and he has his heart set on doing it. But there was always some reason for his postponing: his reluctance to leave the children; the heavy rains in India. At least, I have one comfort—he won't be able to drive fast, as he will have to go in a jeep." Rossellini, in his usual defiance of convention, was planning to make the entire trip from Europe to India by carrying all his equipment.

"Of course, it is difficult for me to make many plans at this time," Ingrid explained. "I haven't the faintest idea how 'Tea and Sympathy' will turn out. It may close after the first week—or, if we're lucky, it may run all season. At any rate, if it does, it's going to be a lean winter. The French theatre doesn't pay very much, she chuckled, almost to herself.

Several years ago, when the Rossellini presented Honegger's operatic version of "Joan of Arc," it was a financial and artistic success everywhere except in Ingrid's native Sweden. The opera was particularly successful in France, where Saint Joan and Ingrid are both revered with almost equal fervor. Queried about any plans to revive the opera, Ingrid laughed and said, "Oh, it was a great run but I might be too old to play 'Joan of Arc' by the time I'll be free from other plans." Not the least of these "other plans" is her proposed appearance on I. Sullivan's TV show this fall.

Not for many years have Ingrid's personal and professional prospects been so bright. After passing through a forest of darkness she has emerged onto a path of light and hope.

Ingrid glanced at her watch. "Heaven, it's getting late," she said. "I have an appointment with the fellow who is translating 'Tea and Sympathy.' I'm afraid I'm spending as much time on that as I am on 'Anastasia.'"

She stood up with a natural grace that others achieve only under the glare of stage lights. Her handshake was firm and friendly; her smile, warm and sincere. As she left the room, it was as if a window had been closed against a gust of fresh, cool air.

Long after Ingrid had left, I found myself still thinking about her, and couldn't help feeling I had spent several hours with a very remarkable woman.

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OF CURRENT PICTURES

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER, THE—U.A. Directed by Norman Krasna; *Joan*, Olivia de Havilland; *Danny*, John Forsythe; *Mrs. Cartwright*, Myrna Loy; *Senator Cartwright*, Adolphe Menjou; *Al*, Tommy Noonan; *Prince Nicholas Obelski*, Francis Lederer; *Ambassador Fiske*, Edward Arnold; *General Harvey*, Minor Watson.

BANDIDO—U.A. Directed by Richard Fleischer; *Wilson*, Robert Mitchum; *Lisa*, Ursula Thiess; *Escobar*, Gilbert Roland; *Kennedy*, Zachary Scott.

BIGGER THAN LIFE—20th. Directed by Nicholas Ray; *Ed Avery*, James Mason; *Lou*, Barbara Rush; *Wally*, Walter Matthau; *Dr. Norton*, Robert Simon; *Richie Avery*, Christopher Olsen; *Dr. Ruric*, Roland Winters; *La Porte*, Rusty Lane; *Nurse*, Rachel Stephens; *Pat Wade*, Kipp Hamilton; *Mrs. La Porte*, Betty Caulfield; *Mrs. Jones*, Virginia Carroll; *Mr. Jones*, Renny McEvoy; *Mr. Byron*, Bill Jones; *Joe*, Dee Aaker; *Freddie*, Jerry Mather; *Nancy*, Portland Mason.

BURNING HILLS, THE—Warners. Directed by Stuart Heisler; *Trace Jordan*, Tab Hunter; *Maria Colton*, Natalie Wood; *Jack Sutton*, Skip Homeier; *Jacob Lantz*, Eduard Franz; *Mort Bayliss*, Earl Holliman; *Ben Hindeman*, Claude Akins; *Joe Sutton*, Ray Teal; *Tio Perico*, Frank Puglia.

FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY, THE—RKO. Directed by Arthur Lubin; *Rose Gillray*, Ginger Rogers; *Charles Masters*, Barry Nelson; *Molly Wade*, Carol Channing; *James Carter*, David Brian; *Joel Kingdom*, James Arness; *Jack Rice*, Clint Eastwood.

LAST WAGON, THE—20th. Directed by Delmer Daves; *Todd*, Richard Widmark; *Jenny*, Felicia Farr; *Oliver*, Susan Kohner; *Billy*, Tommy Rettig; *Valinda*, Stephanie Griffin; *Clint*, Ray Stricklyn; *Ridge*, Nick Adams; *General Howard*, Carl Benton Reid; *Col. Normand*, Douglas Kennedy; *Bull Harper*, George Mathews.

LISBON—Republic. Directed by R. Milland; *Capt. Robert John Evans*, Ray Milland; *Sylvia Merrill*, Maureen O'Hara; *Aristides Mavros*, Claude Rains; *Maria Maddalena Masanet*, Yvonne Furneaux; *Serafin*, Francis Lederer; *Lloyd Merrill*, Percy Marmont; *Joao Casimiro Fonseca*, Jay Novello.

JUST FOR LIFE—M-G-M. Directed by Vincent Minnelli; *Vincent Van Gogh*, Kirk Douglas; *Paul Gauguin*, Anthony Quinn; *Theo Van Gogh*, James Donald; *Christine*, Pamela Brown; *Dr. Gachet*, Everett Sloane; *Roulin*, Niall MacGinnis; *Anton Mauve*, Noel Purcell; *Theodorus Van Gogh*, Henry Daniell; *Anna Cornelia Van Gogh*, Madge Kennedy; *Willelmin*, Jill Bennett; *Dr. Peyron*, Lionel Jeffries.

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—Boulting Bros. Directed by John Boulting; *Cox*, Richard Attenborough; *Bertie Tracepurcel*, Dennis Price; *Major Hitchcock*, Terry-Tomas; *Stanley Windrush*, Ian Carmichael; *gan*, Peter Jones; *Sgt. Sutton*, William Hartnell; *apt. Bootle*, Thorley Walters; *Prudence Green Slade*, Jill Adams; *Private Horrocks*, Ian Bannen.

RAW EDGE—U-I. Directed by John Sherwood; *Tex Kirby*, Rory Calhoun; *Hannah Montgomery*, Yvonne De Carlo; *Paca*, Mara Corday; *John Randolph*, Rex Reason; *Tarp Penny*, Neville Brand; *Pop Penny*, Mile Meyer; *Gerald Montgomery*, Herbert Rudley.

SECRETS OF THE REEF—Marine Studios. Directed by Lloyd Ritter, Robert Young, Murray Lerner: documentary.

SEMON AND LAURA—Rank, U-I. Directed by Muriel Box; *Simon*, Peter Finch; *Laura*, Kay Kendall; *Janet*, Muriel Pavlow; *David*, Ian Carmichael; *Wilson*, Maurice Denham; *Burton*, Hubert Gregg; *ssie*, Thora Hird.

SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine; *Laura Partridge*, Judy Holiday; *Edward L. McKeever*, Paul Douglas; *Clifford*, Fred Clark; *John T. Blessington*, John Williams; *Harry Harkness*, Hiram Sherman; *Amelia*, Lotgravens; *Neva Patterson*, Warren Gillie; *Ralph*, Alfreed Metcalfe; *Ray Collins*, Jenkins; *thur O'Connell*.

FORM CENTER—Columbia. Directed by Daniel Radash; *Alicia Hull*, Bette Davis; *Paul Duncan*, Ian Keith; *Martha Lockridge*, Kim Hunter; *Judge*, Bert Ellerbe; *Paul Kelly*, Freddie Slater; *Kevin*, Hughlin; *George Slater*, Joe Mantell; *Laura Slater*, Ilie Brophy; *Mayor Levering*, Howard Wierum.

THESE WILDER YEARS—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Rowland; *Steve Bradford*, James Cagney; *Ann*, Barbara Stanwyck; *James Rayburn*, Walter Pidgeon; *Suzie*, Betty Lou Keim; *Mark*, Don Hobbins; *Mr. Spottsford*, Edward Andrews; *Judge*, Basil Ruysdael; *Roy Oliphant*, Grandon Rhodes; *Old*, Driver; *Will Wright*, Dr. Miller, Lewis Martin; *ant Martha*, Dorothy Adams; *Hardware Clerk*, Ian Jones; *Traffic Cop*, Herb Vigran.

TALK THE PROUD LAND—U-I. Directed by Jose Hibbs; *John P. Clum*, Audie Murphy; *Tianay*, Anne Bancroft; *Mary Dennison*, Pat Crowley; *Tom*, Seeny; *Charles Drake*, Taglito; *Tommy Rall*, Eski; *Robert Warwick*, Geronimo; *Jay Silverheels*.



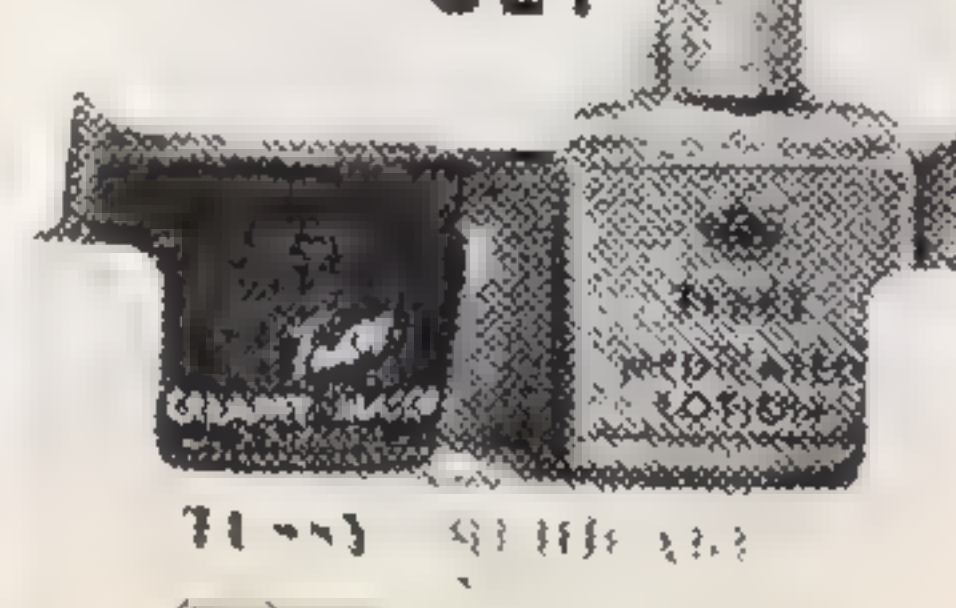
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When Does a Husband Think Divorce Is Justified?

(Continued from page 72)

was twenty-three—I think,” says John, “and soon after we met at 20th, where Pati was under contract, we took off for Las Vegas and were united in a three-minute ceremony by a Justice of the Peace. The guy mumbled, and I didn’t hear a word he said. But it wasn’t long after that, that I began to be vaguely conscious of a slight chafing in the tie that is supposed to bind.

“Love? How should we know?” John shrugs his shoulders. “Although we went together for nearly a year, Pati and I really didn’t know each other. I was a young punk who’d had too much luck in my first picture, ‘Knock on Any Door.’ Suddenly, having done very little to deserve it, I was a star.

“And Pati? Well, women are different. They’re born wise, knowing precisely what they want, which is a home, a husband, and security. They can honestly love a man; but emotion, passion, are nearly always tempered with judgment.

“I don’t mean to imply that I was any great bargain. But I was young, healthy, and seemed to have a good enough future. Oh, I think Pati was much more honest about the whole thing than I was. I think she loved me. But I—carried away by an emotion I didn’t understand, wanting what I thought I wanted that minute, not tomorrow—I never stopped to ask myself, ‘Am I truly in love?’

“Looking back on it now,” John reflects, “I see that ours was a marriage doomed to failure from the moment that Justice of the Peace said, ‘I now pronounce you man and wife.’ But Pati, born in Turkey and reared in France, had a much more realistic, continental view of marriage. She was prepared to work at it while I, governed almost completely by impulse, didn’t actually know what I wanted. Pati was more mature than I—certainly in an intellectual sense—and she was much better educated. She also possessed a quicker mind. She proved this later, when friction started—she won all the arguments.”

It’s no secret that, during their seven years of marriage, John and Pati were engaged in battles which, by comparison, would make some championship boxing bouts seem like friendly scuffles. Now the

bell of the final round has rung, and the contestants have retired from the marital ring spiritually, if not physically, bruised. Both of them admit defeat. Neither is happy over the outcome, yet they both feel that, for them, divorce was the sorry but only solution, and they have reached an understanding that was completely lacking in their marriage.

Seated in his bachelor apartment which has been home for him since last fall, John leaned forward in his chair, picked up a magazine on horses and absently thumbed through it. “Beautiful animal,” he said, holding up a picture of a stallion, poised as if ready for flight. “Horses are so much more understandable than human beings.”

Tossing the magazine back on a table, John clasped his hands nervously between his knees. “I’d like to clear up one thing right from the start,” he went on. “A lot of rot has been printed about ‘the other woman’ in this case. Ursula Andress, the girl everyone insists on dragging into the picture, had not one thing to do with the smash-up of my marriage. I didn’t even know her at the time Pati and I first talked about divorce. I met Ursula accidentally, long after things were over between Pati and me. Since then we have become friends, yes. Ursula is a good companion. She enjoys riding, pistol-shooting and archery. In fact, she likes everything I go for. She’s a man’s girl—competes with me in outdoor things, but never to the point of personal rivalry.

“Do I intend to marry Ursula? Certainly not for a while,” John said emphatically. “I don’t want to marry anyone. Now that I’m free, I intend to remain so.”

John Derek’s views on life and marriage are, to say the least, interesting and unusual. He believes that life, for the average man, is a hard, trouble-ridden journey, and his one consolation is to enjoy himself when the opportunity presents itself. John has consistently pursued this philosophy. An alert young man with a good mind, his pleasures have sprung almost entirely from physical action. For him, swimming, water-skiing, pistol-shooting, archery and, best of all, the feel of a good horse between his legs on a tearing gallop, is about the peak of human enjoyment.

John’s notion of the most ideal existence would be to live on a big ranch, well-stocked with the finest horses, enough cattle and crops to make it self-supporting and two or three good hunting dogs to accompany him when the quail and grouse season opens. And no women within shouting distance! Not that John bars them from his future life. But he wants to be with them only when he feels the need for human companionship.

Today, John maintains, marriage is surrounded by legal restraints and wives are so conscious of their “rights” that the breadwinner is in constant danger of being served with a subpoena if he so much as glances at some alluring miss whose chances to cross his path. If he happens to be in a higher income bracket, a wife can nick him for his bankroll and reduce him to near-poverty through court action which gives her a 50-50 cut on everything he makes. All this, says John, tends to create suspicion and distrust in the marital arrangement. The time will come, he firmly believes, when men and women, through mutual agreement, will grant each other greater freedom and thus emerge as more complete individualists and, therefore, more admirable human beings.

Another element which John found completely absent in his own marriage, was Pati’s lack of enthusiasm. As an example he cites the building of a swimming pool at his big hill-top house. The pool, he says, was a dilly—over 60 feet long and wide enough for an aquatic meet. When it was completed he asked Pati to come out and look it over while he stood by, palpitating with eagerness. She glanced at the layout, he said, then murmured, “Yes, it’s quite beautiful,” and went back into the house. “A wife,” John says, “should show enthusiasm for her husband’s projects, even if and when she may consider them somewhat stupid. It builds up his self-confidence.”

Although he is critical of Pati’s shortcomings, John is not blind to his own. He freely admits that his gravest faults spring from his inability to consider the effect of his impulsive actions on the family economy. “When I want something,” he said, “I want it at once, not next week or next month. By then, if I get it, the sheen has worn off. I’ve exhausted my capacity to enjoy the thing, whatever it may be. Take the boat I bought. I went to the sportsman’s show, saw this little craft and wanted it. I didn’t have any money—I’ve always broke, you know—but I found I could buy it on time. The boat was honey, with a big outboard motor that would push her through the water about 32 knots an hour. Well, I bought it, never thinking of the other bills hanging over my head, and after I got it in the water, I found that the speed she had with only one motor, wasn’t fast enough to race with. So I bought another motor which cost \$740, and now she’ll tear along literally standing on her tail. That’s what I wanted. Maybe I couldn’t afford it, but I did get a tremendous wallop out of the little craft, and later I’m going to race her.”

“But you see,” he went on, “business-wise that wasn’t a good bet. It was the sort of thing that made living with me pretty difficult for Pati. She would economize, go without pretty clothes and near all the little extravagances that make women interesting and attractive, in order to keep our home shop open. I never asked her to do these things; she simply wanted our house to be well-managed, run smoothly. She was wifely, an excellent mother to our two children, a conservative, while I was an extremist, a



Alone in his bachelor apartment, John has little but memories, and his “freedom”

spender of money I had yet to earn, who just wanted to be happy in my own way. The truth is, I suppose, that I was just not suited for marriage. And you and I had not one thing in common. You did her best, I'm certain of that, to make our marriage work, and maybe I didn't try hard enough. But the odd thing is that now, when it's all over, we're closer friends, more understanding, than we have been. At first Pati was very bitter toward Ursula, but now that she realizes Ursula had nothing to do with our break-up, she no longer blames her."

However much John's lack of understanding has contributed to the ruin of his private life, he has not let this fault influence his career as an actor. James Cagney, who worked with John in "Run Cover," remembers him as an extraordinarily gifted performer who managed to extract the utmost out of any scene he played. Cecil B. DeMille, who picked John to play the part of Joshua in his biblical "The Ten Commandments," did so because he knew John had the capacity of bringing within himself the emotions called for in the script.

Such comments seem even more remarkable in light of the fact that, basically, John does not like acting. In the beginning of his career, he distrusted the picture business intensely. "Mouth-words written by others, striking attitudes I thought were phony, not related to natural human behavior, disgusted me," John says. "But after a while I understood I had the ability to make imagined fear, distress or suffering become real myself. This, too, is a kind of phoniness and I still don't like it. However, pictures offer me the means of getting what I ultimately want—happiness, the all-important privilege of being myself and

someday owning a ranch where a man can be as free as he can be."

John has never had any secret longing to go on the legitimate stage. "No," he says. "All I want now is to be a better actor with each picture I make. That way, my income will rise and I will be so much nearer my goal."

This goal, however, may be the will-o'-the-wisp that could fade away over many horizons yet unseen. A large percentage of everything John makes will be allotted to Pati and the children, Russell, six, and Sean, his three-year-old daughter. John believes this settlement to be just.

The one aspect of his broken marriage that still disturbs John is the effect it might have on the children.

However, he believes that, in the long run, both Russ and Sean will grow up more normally than would be possible under the atmosphere of strain and dissension which existed while he was hopelessly attempting to be a normal family man. "Children are perceptive little creatures," John says, "and they sense friction even when parents do their utmost to hide it. You can't fool kids, and ours were beginning to sense the strain. Now when I go to see them it's the occasion for a celebration. Russ and I get in my car, go for a ride and have dinner out."

It is when John talks of little Sean, however, that he reveals the price he is paying for his new-won freedom. When Sean comes into the conversation, his hands move as if trying to grasp a thought out of air. She is, he says, as capricious as a breeze, changeable as a spring day and possessed of an unalterable determination to get what she wants, just like her father. Though she is only half Russ' age, she wins all her fights with him because she goes into them with

a single purpose—to come out on top. "She'll even bite if she has to," John smiles. "She's a little terror."

If Sean is capricious and fickle, she didn't get this characteristic from the neighbors. Emotionally, John is as unstable as water. Having exhausted one love, he now finds himself on the verge of becoming entangled in another. And while he states, without reservations, that marriage does not enter into his plans for the future, he seems incapable of pursuing a definite unwavering course. Although he earnestly declares that all he wants from life is happiness, John isn't certain in his own mind exactly what happiness is. Currently he defines it as living to the fullest, doing what comes naturally, envisioning the goal of a free-flowing existence on a ranch of his own. "I just want to live my own life without hurting anybody," he says, not realizing, apparently, that in this complex world such an ideal has yet to be achieved, in or out of marriage.

Thus at thirty, with "everything"—wife, home, successful career, lovely children—John Derek felt that, in spite of all the heartache that might ensue for everyone, there was no other recourse for him and Pati but the final surgery of divorce. Obviously it was not a step he took lightly, but on the other hand, one may question John's definition of marriage, and his feelings about a wife's duty to her husband, and ask whether any wife—no matter how loving—can live for her husband alone?

Certainly it's true that no one can live for himself alone and find happiness. But perhaps that's a lesson John Derek is only now learning, and one on which his future happiness—eventually in another marriage—will be based.

THE END

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He "Flipped" on a Dream

(Continued from page 57)

dedicated to becoming a top movie star.

"I love this business—the whole thing," he'd said then. "I've always been a movie fan anyway, and I know now, this is what I've just got to do." He'd turned his back on a safe future in business for a chance in the magic world of celluloid, and he was sure he'd never be sorry. "This is a terrific business," he'd said, and still says. "I like the people—they're terrific, too. And the way I figure it, if I work hard—well, who knows? But time will tell. . . ."

And time had told—is telling now.

Bob had always been a great fan of Spencer Tracy's. Not only of Tracy's acting, but of the man, himself. He used to stop by the Riviera Club on his way home from school every day, and watch Spence playing polo. And, while still a kid, he'd stood in Tracy's footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, excitedly trying them for shape and size.

Now, up there on the screen, he was making his own footprints to fame.

When the lights went on again in the projection room, Bob was the first one out the door. "All those people—I had to get out of there," is his way of explaining it. "They all feel they have to say something. And what are they going to tell you? What can they say? Nobody's going to tell you what they really think."

The restlessness apparent in the projection room does not disappear. A dream has come true, and now Bob Wagner's thoughts are bent on the next dream. He's never satisfied. No one can kid him, for he remembers others who allowed themselves to be satisfied, and kidded.

"I'm sitting in a dressing room right now that once belonged to two other guys. They were big guys—then. You keep remembering these things."

Although he's still the youngster with the brightest red socks and the breeziest speech, Bob tells you seriously that just *being* in motion pictures "doesn't gas me any more." He breaks out with "Holy Toledo!" from time to time, and it's "Happy days in Dixie!" when everything's going great. At twenty-six, he is equally dedicated to the magic stuff dreams are made of—and to the tough, resourceful stuff of which actors are made today.

Just to be a movie star is no longer enough—nor is playing it safe as a personality, for commercial purposes. Bob Wagner knows what he wants, and he knows the complex problems, the inevitable delays that stand in his way of getting there. He says, with concern, "Today's market is a commercial market. You're only as good as your last picture—and the money it makes today. You want to be an actor—and they tell you that's not commercial. Where do I go? I don't know. . . ."

One thing Bob does know: his decisions, right or wrong, must be his own, however much he can control them. "To be a success, one must be an individualist. It's up to you to decide, to do your own thinking."

Getting co-star billing in "The Mountain" might have gone to his heart, but not to his head. This, Bob assures you, was a gift on Spencer Tracy's part. "Spence gave me that. He told me before we started that he wanted to give me billing. Spence got me in the picture, too," Bob enthuses. This is the thing that really overwhelmed him. "The part's the thing. I wasn't concerned about the billing. I don't think you can measure success by that. But I do believe that, if a man like Tracy asks you to do a part

in a picture in which he's personally interested, you can't be paid a finer compliment. To me, that's a truer measure of success than anything else."

When they started to work in "The Mountain," Bob tried to thank Spence, to tell him how indebted he was to him. "There's only one way you can pay me back," Tracy told him. "Do your job. Put everything you've got into every scene—no matter how small it is."

Inspired by Spence's faith in him, Bob had no fear in co-starring with "The Pro," as he affectionately calls Tracy, in virtually a two-man picture. "Spence is so great to work with, so believable, he gives you confidence. He has a great feeling for whether something's right or not, and I felt if what I was doing in a scene wasn't right, Spence would tell me."

Spencer has told associates that he considers Bob Wagner potentially a very big star and "the best of the younger group." Director Eddie Dmytryk, who also directed Bob in "Broken Lance," says that in addition to his physical attributes, his personality, and proving himself at the box-office, "he's developing as an actor at quite a rate!" Director Walter Lang—who was the first to realize his potentiality when he gave Bob the poignant part of the shell-shocked soldier in "With a Song in My Heart"—rates his future as "just unlimited." And Gerd Oswald, who directed "A Kiss Before Dying," in which Bob gave a fine performance in a very difficult part, heartily agrees.

"There's a multitude of talent there," Gerd Oswald says now. "Bob's so sensitive and intelligent. You've got to reach him, but once you really get to him—he goes!"

Although there were skeptics who were sure Bob would be in over his depth in "A Kiss Before Dying," director Oswald had no doubts whatsoever. Nor did Mona Freeman, who made the original test with Bob. As she says, "Bob was pulling for me to get the part of the pregnant girl in the picture, and he wanted me to make the test with him. It was the scene just before he pushes the girl off the roof, and he was wonderful. The way he shoved me off the roof, he was really frightening!"

Although several other names had been mentioned for the role, Gerd Oswald insists "the part was always Bob's. He wanted to do it, and I had a hunch he would be great. I'd seen him in 'Broken Lance,' and I'd liked him so much in that. Bob also had the charm the part demanded. The boy had to be up-beat, in contrast to the down-beat way he treated people in the picture. He had to be personable and likable—otherwise he couldn't get away with it. Bob proved to be everything I'd anticipated in the part," Oswald adds warmly now.

As for Bob, nobody realized more than he, the criticism he would be inviting and the risk he would be taking with his fan following. And nobody was surer that he had to take that chance.

The Bob Wagner who's appearing on the screen today is no stranger to those who've really known the boy behind the breezy veneer. They have long been acquainted with his sensitivity, his warmth and loyalty—and his lasting gratitude for any faith and help along the way.

Richard Widmark is one of those who know the real Bob Wagner. From the beginning Widmark was impressed with the genial eager kid who seemed eternally underfoot and always full of ques-

tions. And it was Dick, as Bob has said before, who gave him his first close-up on the screen. With a bit part in "The Halls of Montezuma," Bob was just one of many Marines going over the hill behind Dick in a scene. Widmark noticed that Bob was going out of camera range before he even got in. "Look, kid," he told him, "slow down, or nobody will ever see you. Next time take your time and follow me." As an awed Bob said later on, "I was between Dick and the others—and the camera was full on me."

Dick, however, shrugs off any mention of his helpfulness. "It's easy to go out of your way for people, if you like them—that is, if I ever did go out of my way. But Bob's an unusual kid in this business. You can tell when a kid's out for a fast buck—and Bob was never taken in by any of the hoopla. He wants to be a good actor, and he'll be a very good actor. He's such a likable kid."

Not long ago, it was rumored that Widmark had been injured in an accident, a location in Arizona. Although everyone tried to reassure Bob the report was untrue and that Dick was fine, he couldn't stop worrying.

"But I heard it over the radio," he insisted. "They just said—"

"Look, Bob," they told him, "the publicity man just flew back from there. Take his word for it, Dick's perfectly okay."

But finally, Bob just had to hear it first-hand. That night he put through a call to Widmark, in Sedona, Arizona. "It was 10:30 P.M. there and there was no phone in the bungalow where Dick was staying. The girl had to call him to the office phone. He had a very long walk in," Bob laughs now. Widmark's voice was tired and thick with sleep. When he realized who was calling he became thoroughly alarmed. "What's the matter, Bob? What's wrong?"

"I heard you were in an accident," Bob began lamely.

"No, Bob. I'm really all right. Weed's all right," he said warmly, and wearing a yawn, wended his way back to bed.

This is the Bob Wagner that children in the hospitals he visits know—and that really get through to him. Frequent visits, without fanfare, Bob visits many children's hospitals and the hushed wards in veterans' hospitals that few people ever see. For his role of the emotionally confused GI in "Between Heaven and Hell," Bob had only to recall the many faces, indelibly etched on his brain, that he has seen often in veterans' hospitals.

"But kids can do it to you, too," he says thoughtfully, remembering some who really have. "The children who are mental cases, they get you. An adult may sense that he has a mental problem, but the kids don't realize what's wrong with them. They're so happy, and when you see them, it really cracks you up."

This is quite an admission for Bob, for it has never been easy for him to show emotion, off-screen. And sometimes it's hard for others to get through to him. At times, Bob is still the boy who went in motion pictures a few years back, the boy who seemed somewhat shy and insecure in spite of his eagerness to shoot for the moon. A great deal of that shyness still exists, as does the star-struck attitude even though he's now a star. He was amazed and impressed, for instance, by the reception he received in Europe.

"Monsieur Robert," as the French fan called him, was pretty overwhelmed by the fact that he was even recognized over there. "You know how far the

medium of motion pictures reaches," Bob says now. "You've heard from others it's that way, but Holy Toledo! You still can't believe it. And when you're swept up in it, it's pretty fantastic. One day I was standing in front of the Arc de Triomphe, taking pictures, turning my camera this way and that figuring out angles. Suddenly I looked up and found myself in the middle of a mob of people, with their cameras—taking pictures of me. It's a funny feeling. I can't really explain it."

In Honolulu, it was pretty much the same story. Recently, when Bob went to the Islands to do some background shots for "Between Heaven and Hell," he was loaded down with so many leis he felt like a walking float. That is, until he met with an old friend from back home, Brother John, a priest who'd taught Bob when he was attending Saint Monica High School. Brother John teaches at St. Louis College in Honolulu now, and Bob immediately got in touch with him. "When I called him up, Brother John wanted me to come over to the school and speak to the students. I was a little embarrassed at the idea. I could just imagine them saying, 'Look at him—wise guy. Who does he think he is?' But Brother John really broke the ice for me," Bob grins.

"You probably know who this is," the priest said to the assembled student body. "I had him in school. He wasn't the best student I had—but he pays more taxes than any student I ever had." That he does. Yet, if you ask Bob what use of fulfillment he's gotten out of what he's done in motion pictures, he will tell you sincerely, "None really—yet." He knows there are important days of decision ahead of him, just as he knew the crucial one that's behind him now—that of Bob Wagner—the actor versus the proven

personality, and the inevitable risks involved.

"I was criticized by certain fans—and by some in the business—for taking 'A Kiss Before Dying,'" says Bob. "Fans, particularly American fans, are great hero-worshippers. They like the flamboyant type of parts. If you're—well, gifted with a certain lucky quality that makes fans like you, you have a tremendous responsibility to them. You don't want to let them down or spoil any ideas they may have about you," Bob says earnestly.

"On the other hand, I felt it was time for me to do a complete switch on the screen. And when a role such as 'A Kiss Before Dying' or 'The Mountain' comes along—parts you feel will give you some sense of satisfaction—then I think you should take it. Not that I want to do many heavies. I don't. I just want good honest parts."

In "Between Heaven and Hell," Bob has another challenging characterization in the role of a young emotionally confused GI who matures in the Army. And coming up is the title role in the re-make of "Jesse James," with Jeff Hunter costarred as Frank James. "Lord Vanity" is another slated for the future. And, to top it off, Bob recently plunged into the recording field with his Capitol disc of "Imagination," which reveals an appealing voice together with plenty of the Wagner personality. Since his only previous experience consisted of ad-libbing a chorus over some friendly piano, Bob's pretty intrigued and excited about this.

But then, this is true of every phase of the profession in which he insists he's been "so lucky." As Bob says, his career is his life. Eventually, he hopes to have his own production set-up, "and participate in a picture from the screenplay right on—all the way through."

Admittedly, he hasn't played a game of golf in seven months, explaining, "I've decided you can't be a good golfer and be a good actor." He's thought of getting a fishing boat, "but with the pictures coming up, there wouldn't be any time to fish." And he no longer has any plans for buying a house. "If you have a house you can't just shut it up, you have to use it," he says—and where's the time? Far more exciting to Bob are the backgrounds and the changing worlds of the characters he portrays on the screen.

Recently, Bob signed another year's lease on the attractive two-bedroom apartment near his studio, and he's even taken in a couple of roomers. "Birds," he says, of the chirping from the chimney of the flagstone fireplace. "They build their nests there at this same time every year." He has a cleaning woman come in twice weekly and he's completely uninterested in any domestic details.

Marriage still seems as far away as it was for the boy whose whole heart was devoted to this exciting new world. As he would say then, "I want to be successful first. You know, have a future and really know where I'm going." And he earnestly says now, "I don't want to get married until I know whether I've really got a future in this business or not."

Whether he has a future in this business or not—only Bob Wagner would still wonder.

"There's Someone Upstairs who guides you," he concludes. "In my belief, He takes care of your life and He puts you in your place."

During the past year, Bob's "place" has become the all-important plateau in his career. He's had a look into the "Promised Land," and the Robert Wagner you know has dedicated himself to belonging—and staying—there. THE END



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The Woman and the Legend

(Continued from page 60)

Arizona, during the making of "Bus Stop."

Seldom has a star worked under greater stress and strain. For instance, when "mob scenes" were called for, the mobs (mostly local people, hired on the spot) mobbed Marilyn, their cameras poised, instead of mobbing the rodeo stadium as they were meant to do. With hoarse voice and short temper, Director Joshua Logan had to remind these good people that they were to do the job for which they were hired, while the Assistant Director, Milton Greene, who is Marilyn's good friend and vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, went about the job of separating the star from her enthusiastic admirers.

To complicate things further, Marilyn was suffering from the nervousness and exhaustion which attack her whenever she's making a picture. Whenever possible, she would slip away for a rest from the noise, the confusion, the desert heat that beat down unmercifully and was so intense that make-up began to "blister" minutes after it had been applied and had to be removed by make-up men and applied all over again.

It was during one of these brief respites that the small incident occurred which reminded the few people who witnessed it that Marilyn Monroe, the woman, is as real as the much-publicized vision of Marilyn, the legend.

She was seated in a canvas-back chair in the bit of shade she had found outside one of the tents that were used for resting, make-up and hair repair, and so on. Her legs were stretched out in front of her, her shoes wearily kicked off. Eyes closed, she held her aching head in one hand.

Suddenly, beside her, a small voice asked timidly, "You are Miss Monroe, aren't you?"

The tousled and tired blond head came up and the famous slow Monroe smile went on. "Hello," Marilyn said easily. "Yes, I'm Miss Monroe. And what's your name?"

The little girl shyly advanced another step. "My father's a photographer," she said. "He's here to take pictures of you. But I thought I'd like to come and talk to you." And then, anxiously, "You don't mind, do you?"

Marilyn reached out her hand and drew the child closer. "Of course I don't mind. But," she added, "shouldn't a little girl your age be in school—or don't you like school?"

"Oh, sure, I like it fine—only today's a—well, today's a sort of holiday."

"I know what you mean," Marilyn chuckled. "When I was your age and I had a chance to go to a movie or watch one being made, it was always a 'holiday' for me, too. But you mustn't take too many of them, you know."

Then the assistant director blew his whistle and all the many people who are in constant and personal attendance upon the star came dashing over to help her get ready for the next take. And standing there, watching her go, the little girl said breathlessly, "Gosh, she's—why she's just great!"

That's Marilyn Monroe, the woman. That's the woman who looks dreamily off into the distance and says, "Children, especially little girls, should always be told that they're pretty and that people love them. If I have a little girl, I'll always tell her how pretty she is, and I'll brush her hair until it shines, and I'll never let her alone for a minute."

That's the part of Marilyn Monroe that is still a shy, lonely little girl herself, and

still unable to believe, completely, in the legend into which her beauty has transformed her and from which she has tried, from time to time, to run away.

One of these disappearing acts occurred just about two years ago, when she fled to New York. Her plane ticket, made out to Zelda Zonk, signified she hadn't lost her sense of humor. Disguised in black wig, dark glasses and rumpled polo coat, tired and ill, she was unrecognized.

But it wasn't long before Marilyn Monroe was identified. She announced herself a free agent—under contract to no one. She communed with nature in Connecticut part of the time, studied acting, moved about like a nomad from apartments to hotels and haunted the public library in Manhattan. The rest of the time, she caused a sensation at cocktail parties and charity premieres. Meanwhile, her fan mail dropped from a high of 10,000 letters a month to less than a thousand.

Twentieth Century-Fox left Marilyn's deserted dressing room with the framed photo of Joe DiMaggio, the jumble of make-up, false eyelashes, medicine bottles, boxes of pills, the faint odor of Chanel No. 5, just as it was—a light in the window for the prodigal's return. The fatted calf was a fat role in the movie version of the Broadway comedy hit, "Bus Stop," and an amazing seven-year contract.

The prodigal returned from her New York sit-down strike, victorious as a conquering hero. True, as of bygone days, she kept a horde of impatient photographers and reporters waiting for an hour after the plane landed while she remained aboard to do a face and hair job. Her year-long sabbatical away from Hollywood may have taught her many things but she hadn't forgotten her traffic-stopping horizontal walk down the plane's ramp nor her sure ability to strike a pose while the photographers asked her to hold still for just "one more."

One movie veteran chuckled, "What a gal! Marilyn's new \$400,000 contract for



Arthur and Marilyn Miller, with Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, visit Lord Moore's mansion in England

four pictures in seven years is one of the greatest single triumphs ever won by an actress against a powerfully entrenched major studio. No one believed she'd go away with it, but she won virtually everything she demanded. And, remember this, the money is paid to Marilyn Monroe Productions and so she'll get keep far more than a salaried actress. Marilyn Monroe may turn out to be not only the sexiest but the smartest blon of our time."

She also became the most secretive. Trying to arrange interviews was harder than penetrating the Iron Curtain. Interest in the "New" Marilyn was tremulous. While she was in New York, studio executive had remarked, "If she keeps herself on ice another six months she might as well not return, for the public is fickle and she'll be forgotten. An entertainer, as is true of advertised products, must be kept before the public they wish to retain its interest." Marilyn, defying that basic advertising principle, emerged from her self-imposed retirement a more important personality than ever before.

She moved into a large, handsome decorated Early-American house complete with swimming pool on Beverly Glen Boulevard, not far from the glittering Beverly Hills Hotel. The house was rented by Milton Greene and his wife, Amy, for the duration of "Bus Stop," in addition to their two-year-old son, Joshua. The Greenes brought their household couple.

"Some people wondered why Marilyn had moved in with the Greenes," a confidant of Marilyn's explained. "But Marilyn loves to be part of a warm family circle. She's lazy, and dislikes doing things for herself, and with her work schedule she hasn't time for the responsibilities of running a home. And, moreover, she hates the loneliness of living in hotels which she did for so much of the time. Her apartments always had sparsely furnished air about them though she'd just moved in—even months later. She talked of changes she planned to make but never got around to them. Nor did she ever hang up her clothes, remove the piles of books and records lying on the floor. Once she shared Hollywood apartment with her drama coach, Natasha Lytess and Natasha's little daughter, Barbara, for almost a year. Marilyn and the child became great pals. The same thing happened with the Greenes' little boy, Josh. Marilyn gets extraordinarily well with children. Some cruel cynic has called it a meeting of minds, but that's far from true."

In what ways does the "New" Marilyn differ from the old? Has she improved as an actress? What did her holdout for her? Under whose influence was she now operating? For with Marilyn there was always a guiding hand—at the most Svengali-like influence; at the least, freer, pseudo father-daughter relationship. This dependency, and her need for protection will probably lessen now that she is married to a man whom she can look up to on every level of life and learning. Marilyn has always worried decision like a dog worries a bone; she dreads making decisions because she can be sure she's right. Thus, in many cases the last person who has her ear, has her confidence as well. She hates responsibility, loves having others take care of the parking fines she's forgotten about, pay bills she's neglected to pay, get her packed and ready to travel.

Formerly, for varying periods, I

ding hand was the late actors' agent nny Hyde, then film executive Joseph lenk, dramatic coaches Natasha Lytess l the late Michael Chekhov, Joe Di- ggio, columnist Sidney Skolsky, music ch Hal Schaefer, actors' agents Hugh nch and Charles Feldman, New York yer Frank Delaney. Today a new cast taken over—Milton Greene and his e Amy; dramatic coach Paula Stras- g and her husband Lee Strasberg, head the New York Actors' Studio; Broad- y director Josh Logan; agent Lew Was- man; lawyer Irving Stein, and even ore their marriage, playwright Arthur ler.

n order to show off the "New" Marilyn the press, the studio staged a cocktail ty at Marilyn's home. The invita- is said five o'clock. Milton Greene his tiny, beautifully dressed wife eled around but Marilyn didn't make grand entrance into the living room il an hour and a half later—proving, east, that time-wise, she hadn't changed all. She immediately disarmed the ptical reporters by greeting them rmly, remembering their names and alling the last time she'd spoken with m. Her black satin Empire-line sheath ss was held up with tiny straps, her r was tousled and shorter than last r, and single-strand cultured pearl rings almost reached her shoulders.

was obvious that the months in New rk had wrought an incredible change her personality. Gone was the shy, se, little-girl voice, the slow groping just the right word, the hesitation in wering a question, the throaty, Rus- n diction of her former coach, Natasha tess. In its place was a poised woman o could take command of a party. Gay, axed, less self-conscious, she came up a few minutes with sprightlier conver- ion than most stars can manage in rs. But she hadn't forgotten how to dulate in black satin, nor to keep her ist lips half open, her melting, blue, ocent eyes heavy-lidded.

One male reporter handing her a glass sherry, protested, "Really, Marilyn, se shoulder straps falling all the time. very distracting." Marilyn turned the l candlepower of her heavily fringed es full on him. "I can't help it," she ispered, slipping the slender straps up ain. "I've lost weight. They keep nning down. This dress swims on me." She had lost weight. She was far less py and flatter across the middle than merly, although all the necessary ves remained. She explained that she le a bike for an hour every morning ore reporting to the studio, hoped to ay this way, eating only meat, eggs and getables. "I can have two glasses of rry before dinner but no cocktails and nustn't touch any hors d'oeuvres." She lly shook her curls at the maid who esented a platter of them.

osh Greene, a sturdy, black-haired age of his photographer-father, wan- ed in, called Marilyn "Auntie," and iled at her with evident affection. "I e being with them," she said of the eene family. "It's the first home life e had in a long time."

Later, I sought out Marilyn in her essing room for more intimate revelan- ns of how she'd changed in her four- n months away from Hollywood. "Why does everyone ask," she de- nded, a little frown wrinkling her lk-white brow, "whether or not I've anged? They've been asking me that ne question over and over again. I'm actly the same person I've always been. hat makes you think I've changed?" "You've won a great victory over the



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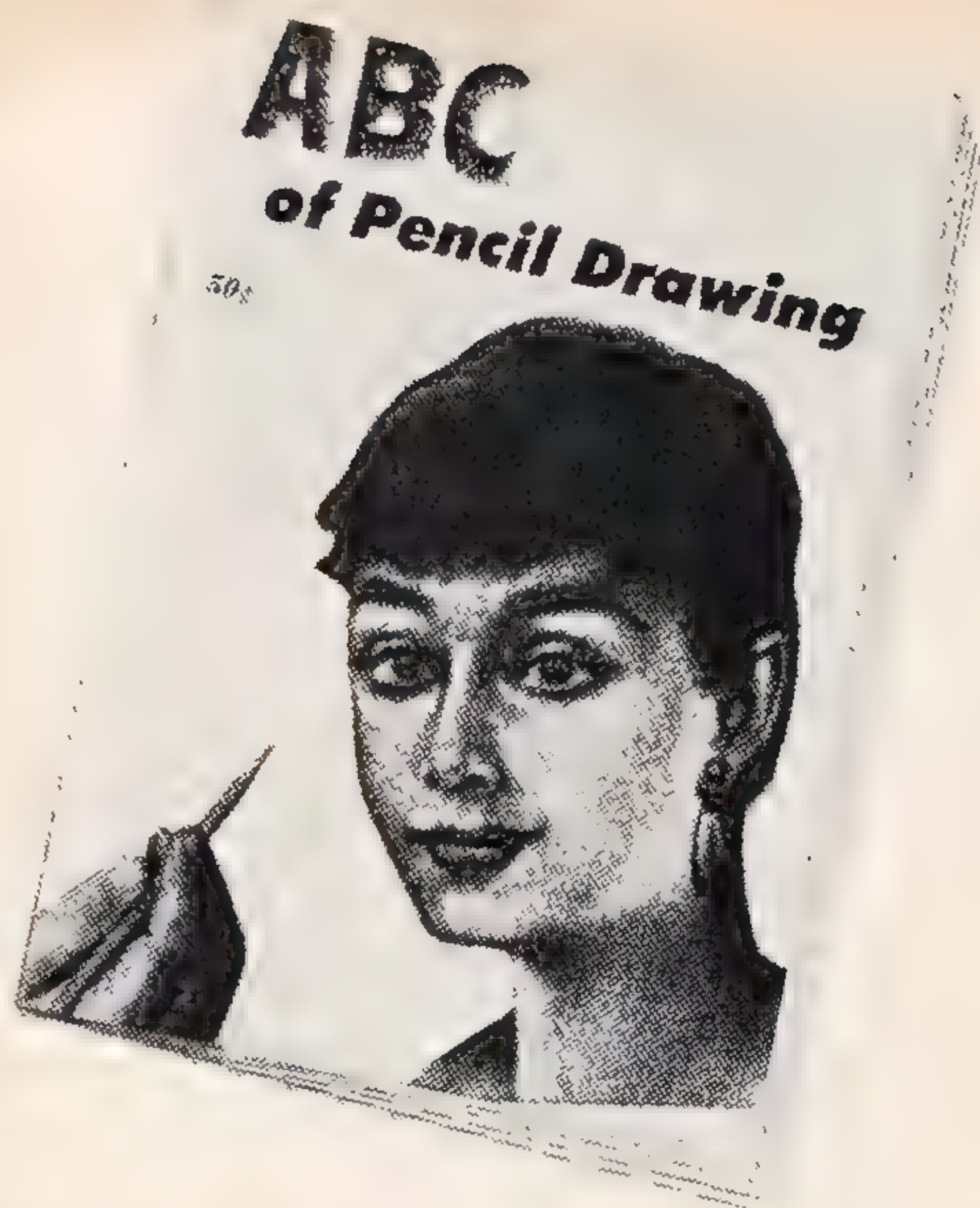
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studio," I pointed out. "You've formed your own production company and studied at the most famous dramatic school in the country. You've associated with top theatrical personalities and literary intellectuals. And you're getting one of the world's top actors, Sir Laurence Olivier, to direct and star opposite you in 'The Sleeping Prince.' You've fought for what you believed in against great odds, and we're proud of you."

"Well," she hesitated, "maybe you can say I've matured a little, psychologically. In a sense, everybody undergoes change all the time—or they're dead. Some people have been unkind. If I say I want to grow as an actress, they look at my figure. If I say I want to develop, to learn my craft, they laugh. Somehow they don't expect me to be serious about my work. I'm more serious about that than anything. But people persist in thinking that I've pretensions of turning into a Bernhardt or a Duse—that I want to play *Lady Macbeth*. And what they'll say when I work with Sir Laurence, I don't know."

In the air was the feeling that Marilyn was again troubled, shrinking back into the shadows, anxious, still unsure of herself and a little afraid. Thoughtfully, pensively, she went on to say, "It's been said that I received \$100,000 a picture before the new contract went into effect. But that's not so. The main consideration with me was never money—it was the right to approve directors, to do only those roles I could believe in, to make outside films and eventually, when I'm ready, to appear in Broadway plays. I just couldn't continue as a near-parody of sex. There has always been a part of me that nobody really knows about."

"When I was modeling, a long time ago, I wanted more than anything in the world for my picture to be on the cover of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Instead, I was always on magazine covers with names like *Whiz Bang* and *Peek*. Those were the kind of movies I made, too. You see what I mean?"

Then she said, a note of weariness creeping into her voice, "I'm still not over a virus infection I caught a long time ago. I don't know why I catch every virus, flu and cold germ that's around. Doctors have tried all kinds of tests and shots and can't find the answer."

Marilyn appeared wan, tired and tense. She wasn't the same girl who, a little earlier, had presided over a gay, press cocktail party. Now she was a strange, bewildering girl, one whose defenselessness caught at your heart. Was she being hounded again by the old fears, sparked by the need of another of those decisions

she hates to make? Was she again seeing the ghost of the legend looming up out of the shadows of the future to menace her happiness?

It is rumored that Marilyn personally paid for her coaching instruction with Paula Strasberg, wife of Lee Strasberg and mother of Susan Strasberg.

Mrs. Strasberg is a practical, hard-headed woman, a wit and an intellectual with no illusions about anything. "Some times I wonder what I'm doing here," she said, when I asked her opinion of Marilyn's acting talents. "I have a son at home, a husband and my daughter, who needs me. Yet I can't go back to New York and leave Marilyn when she says she needs me. If I didn't believe that Marilyn had real talent, I wouldn't be here. There's nothing sadder in the world than people with big ambitions and little talent. She has extraordinary range—nothing she does seems beyond her. She can give a great deal, if she's allowed to."

On the set of "Bus Stop," there appeared to be a mutual admiration society between Marilyn and director Josh Logan, one of the giants of the modern theatre.

"Before I met Marilyn," Logan explained, "I was impressed with the Monroe legend, the personality. Now I'm more impressed by the person than the legend. She's very exciting to work with. She grows as you watch her—not just playing a part, but actually living it."

Now, Marilyn is in England, combining a honeymoon with Arthur Miller with making "The Sleeping Prince," co-starring Sir Laurence Olivier. Now, too, the questions are beginning to be asked, questions that only Marilyn can answer: How long will this marriage to an intellectual such as Arthur Miller last? Will Marilyn again find herself posing for publicity pictures that reveal her as that legendary symbol of sex—the kind of publicity against which Jo DiMaggio rebelled, and against which, perhaps, Arthur Miller will also rebel? And, if she has to make a final choice—a clear-cut decision to be through forever with the legend—will she finally have enough confidence in herself as an actress and in Arthur Miller as her husband to be able to turn her back on the kind of role and the kind of poses which first made her famous?

Going into the home stretch, the legend and the woman are still pretty much neck-and-neck. But the people who know her best, believe that Marilyn's new-found confidence in herself as an actress and her new-found love, will probably combine to give her the courage to be herself—and just herself—at last.

And that, I might add, is something rather wonderful. THE END

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(p. 81)

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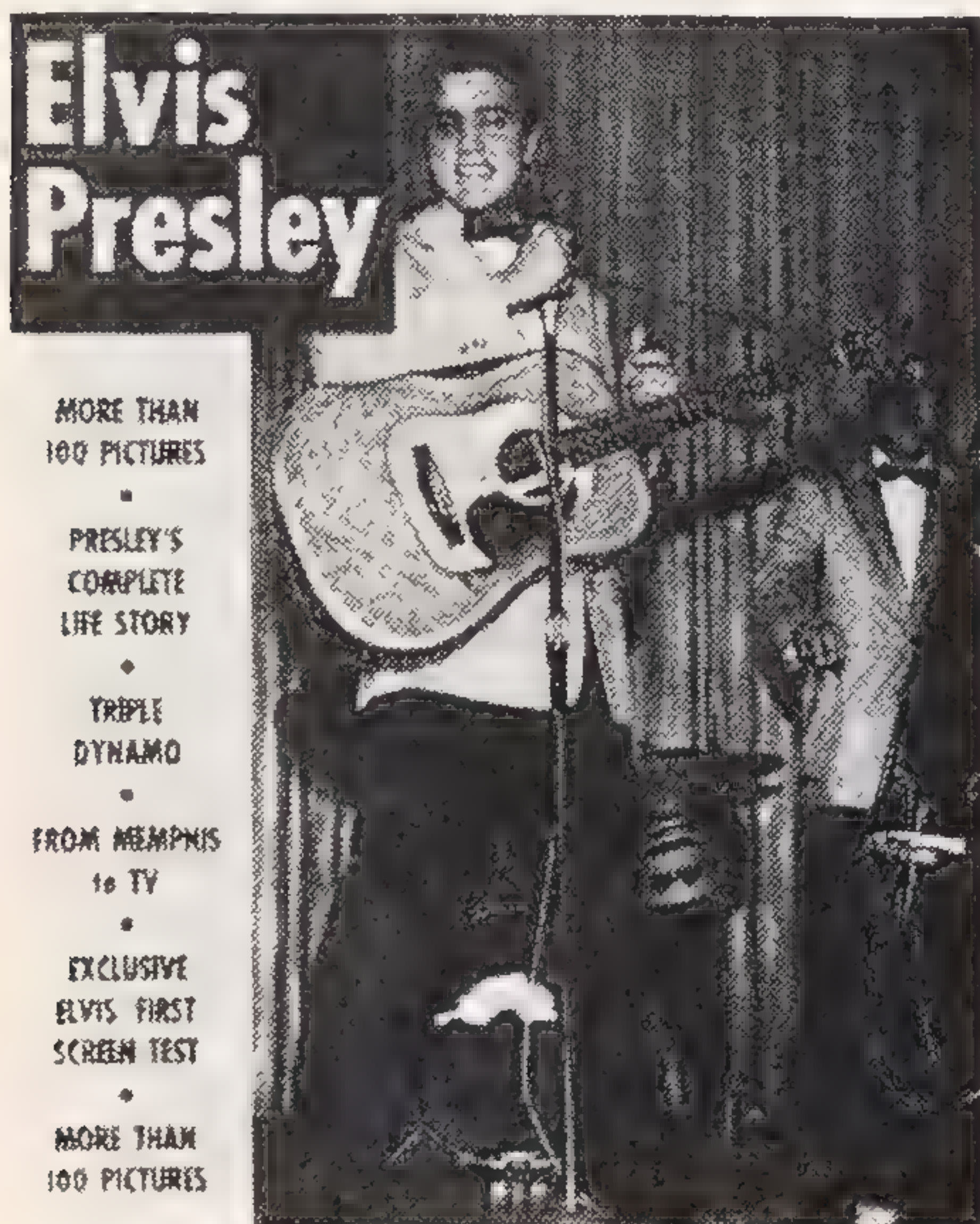
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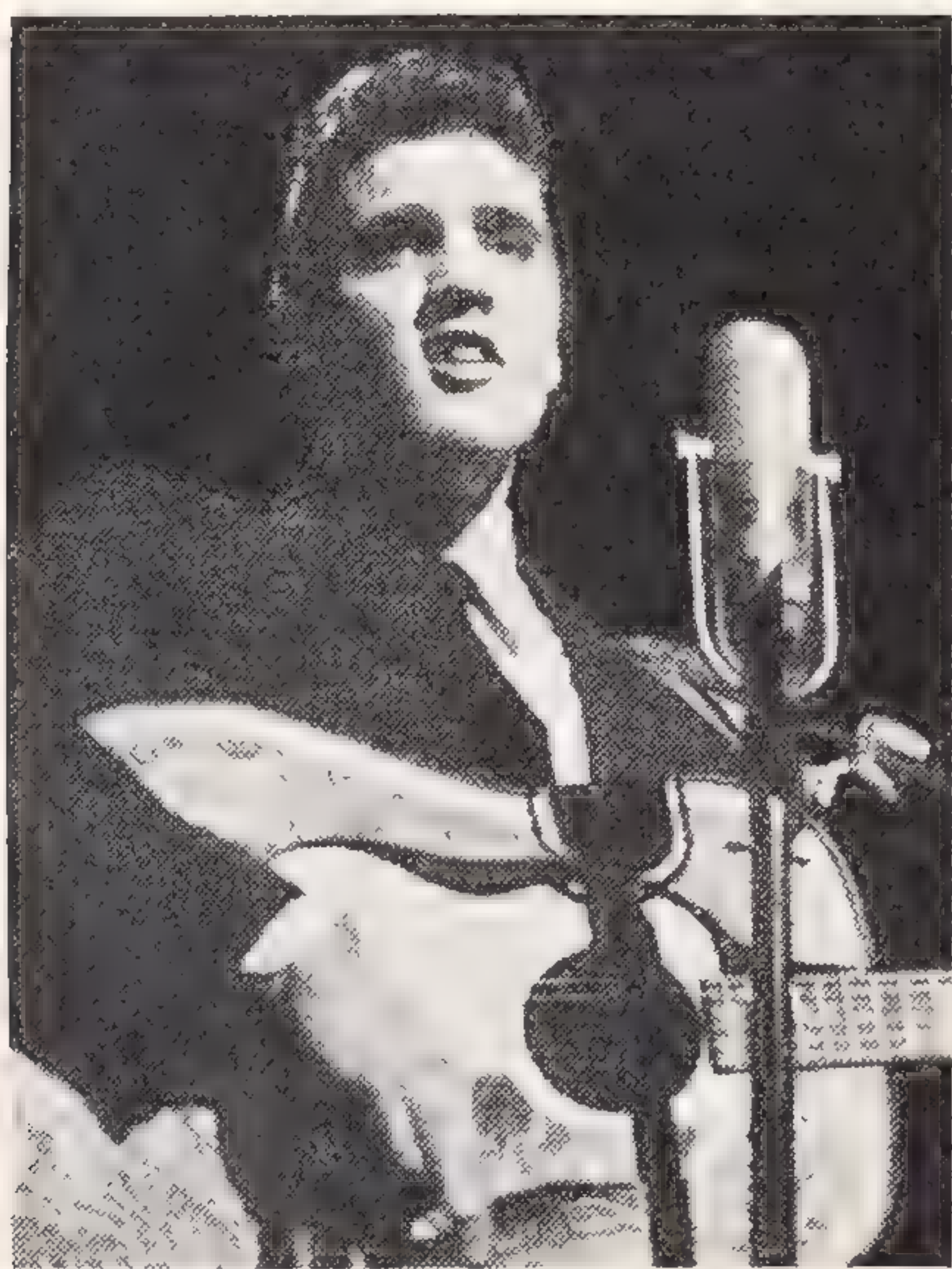
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(Continued from page 55)

not really angry with me, of course, he is just, maybe, a little—surprised. And I feel so guilty, as if I had been prying.”

Now a confession like this, coming from a wife—any wife—seemed a rare and wonderful thing. Coupled with the fact that in the several years of knowing Pier Angeli, I had never known her to look more radiantly happy, younger (she is twenty-two but she looked like a young seventeen) or more beautiful, I decided to pursue this subject a little further. Because Pier Angeli, after two years of marriage and the birth of her son, Perry, is more romantically in love with her husband than ever. And, judging by the size of their telephone bills when they're apart, Vic is even more wildly in love with his wife than he was on the day they exchanged their marriage vows.

And yet, their marriage has had more problems to overcome than most marriages. Sure, you can say, but illness and separations and even in-law problems are a lot easier to cope with when you have a big income than when you're an average young couple faced with similar problems. Some people may well contend that a young woman with Pier Angeli's financial resources, to say nothing of her exquisite beauty, shouldn't have too hard a time keeping a man in love with her and keeping her marriage on the high, shining plane of romance, rather than letting it settle down onto what all too often is the drab plateau of a marriage in which a couple takes one another for granted.

But on the contrary, one of the things that makes Pier Angeli's rules for not letting a romance turn into a marriage so applicable to any young couple is that few young women have to work as hard as a movie star must work, when she's working. And lately, with "Somebody Up There Likes Me" proving to be a box-office bonanza, and "The Vintage" being made in Paris and California, Pier is one of the hardest-working of the young Hollywood actresses. And, when she and Vic are forced to be separated by the demands of their careers, she's as lonely without her husband as any other young wife. Likewise, when she and Vic are together, Pier is as tempted as anyone to relax completely, mentally and physically. Anyone who must appear glamorous and beautifully dressed every minute of the time she's with people, even with close friends, would welcome a chance to more or less forget how she looked when she was in the privacy of her own home.

But, "No," said Pier, putting her size-four foot down on that suggestion firmly. "A wife should always change for her husband in the evening, and she should have little surprises for him. Maybe she will change the way she does her hair, or maybe it will be a new dress or a new, frilly apron, even. What it is does not matter. What matters is that he knows you care enough about him to want to look your very best for him. This is good for a man's ego, any man. It makes him feel important to the most important person in his life—his wife."

Pier confesses to the fact that she loves clothes and adds, "I am lucky, of course—this I know. God has been very good to me. I have been able to be successful in my work so that I make enough money to buy the nice clothes I like to have. But this—to be able to buy expensive clothes—this is not the important thing. The important thing is—how shall I say it? Not to go around half-dressed—coming to the breakfast table, say, in your pajamas and

a bathrobe with, maybe, your hair still curlers or cold cream on your face. It's better, I think, if a husband never knows how his wife always manages to keep her hair looking so pretty or her skin so smooth, and if she does these things in secret, when he is away. We all need romance in our lives, and if we wish to keep this romance in our marriage, I think we must keep some things a secret. Some part of ourselves we must keep ourselves. It is not right that married people feel they must know everything about every little thing, about one another."

This, for Pier, means never, never open a letter addressed to her husband. It means never saying, at the end of a telephone conversation, "Who was that? What did he want?" and so on, as so many of us are so sorely tempted to do, especially when our end of the conversation sounds provocative. It means, above all, recognizing the right of each person, even the intimacy of a marriage, to a little part of himself that he may keep inviolate.

"Married people," Pier believes, "should be not only lovers, but good friends as well, with a deep, mutual respect for one another's need for privacy. My husband turns to me always for help in his career and in his life, just as I turn to him. But always it is that we turn to one another not that the other tries to—well, to pry. You know?"

And, indeed, we did know. There are probably few of us who do not number among our families or friends those well-intentioned people whose feelings are deeply hurt if every telephone call, every message, every date and every letter is not immediately made a matter for family discussion. Most of us have had at least one woman friend confide, in hurt tones, "I don't know what's come over my husband lately. He won't tell me anything any more." What these good souls really mean, of course—as any marriage counselor would probably be quick to point out—is that they're hurt, not because the husbands won't tell them anything, but because their husbands, or their teen-ager children, won't tell them *everything*.

The marriage of Vic Damone and Pier Angeli started off with several strikes against it. Pier's mother, Mrs. Pierange, wasn't at all sure that Vic was the right husband for her daughter. Well, hundreds of thousands of mothers have had similar doubts about any number of fine, future sons-in-law. Having the fledgling leave the nest is always a painful experience. But Pier, like any other young bride, had to follow the dictates of her heart and that heart had been given completely without reservations or doubts of any kind, to Vic. When Mrs. Pierangeli realized that and saw their happiness together, she realized that Pier had chosen right.

Their marriage faced more trials, and near-tragedy, the time Pier was seriously injured when a lurching plane, on which she was a passenger, threw her forcibly against a seat during her pregnancy, fracturing her pelvis. For long weeks, she lay in bed saying to the attending doctor, "My baby—please save my baby!" and again, as Pier has said, God was good to her and her baby was saved. Now a year old, Perry Damone is one of the most beautiful babies anyone has ever seen, with a mass of light-brown, curling hair. Pier's enormous dark eyes and Vic's engagingly boyish grin. Born and reared in this atmosphere of love, Perry has a sunny disposition. He has already accompanied his mother on one trip overseas and will undoubtedly accompany her and his father

on many more journeys in the future. "But our phone bills!" said Pier of these preparations. "I am ashamed to tell you how much they are. Every day, Vic calls me or I call him, and after we have talked for an hour and I want to hang up, he says, 'What's wrong, Anna Marie? You're angry with me. You've hardly said a thing.' No wonder," she chuckled, "I love my husband."

No wonder, too, that her husband loves her. And to be sure that the tingling, bubbling excitement they still feel in one another's presence never settles, to be sure that the bubbles of romance never go out of the champagne of their marriage, Pier not only surprises Vic with some change in her appearance almost every day they're together, she surprises him with a complete change of mood. She is the serious young wife who sits up with him, talking over their careers, their problems, their son, until a rosy dawn has finger-painted the sky beyond their window. A day later, Vic comes home to find a wife who is a gay and enchanting gamin, who greets him at the door at eleven o'clock at night, when he is exhausted after a TV appearance, and says, "You look much too serious, Vic. And I—I feel silly tonight. I don't know why, but we have been too serious too long. Let's be silly tonight."

A great part of Pier Angeli's charm is that ability of hers to move swiftly from good to mood, with the many emotions which she is capable, flitting like variant beams of sunlight across her lovely, expressive face. Pier Angeli cares deeply, she cares rather terribly, she cares with all of her being about all things, large and small. She has no small talk, which you discover after just a few minutes spent chatting with her. Instantly, the talk will serve to something solid, if not necessarily momentous, but you can have that of her, too, if you wish. The side that has read good, enriching books and has garnered a more than working knowledge of fine art. The side that has been a fertile soil of an inquiring mind that has traveled halfway around the world and back, observing and questioning and drinking in the fruits of many cultures, many lands and many people.

This is difficult to believe of anyone as frail and fragile as Pier, but there is nothing frail or fragile about her mind or her will. Before fame and love and marriage came to her, Pier had her individual heartaches and tragedies, just as we all have. One of the keenest losses she suffered was the loss of her father, whom she was devoted with all the intensity of which she is capable. In fact, when her beautiful and beautifully groomed but very long fingernails had to be cut for her role of Rocky Graziano's wife in, "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Pier was almost in tears.

"You would have thought," she admits now, "that they were going to cut off, not my fingernails, but my head, judging by the way I protested. But my father, he always liked a girl to have long fingernails provided, of course, they are cared for. When the director tells me I must have my nails cut, I say, 'No, please! I will wear gloves in the close-up scenes, but please do not make me cut my nails.' But the director makes me realize, of course, that I cannot go through a whole picture wearing gloves, and so I let them cut my nails. But," exhibiting them like a happy child, "you see, now they have grown again!"

This eagerness to please, to be what the man she loves wants her to be, is another reason why the Vic Damone-Pier Angeli marriage is, so far, one to envy. There is no doubt at all in anyone's mind, including Vic's, that if—despite her sen-

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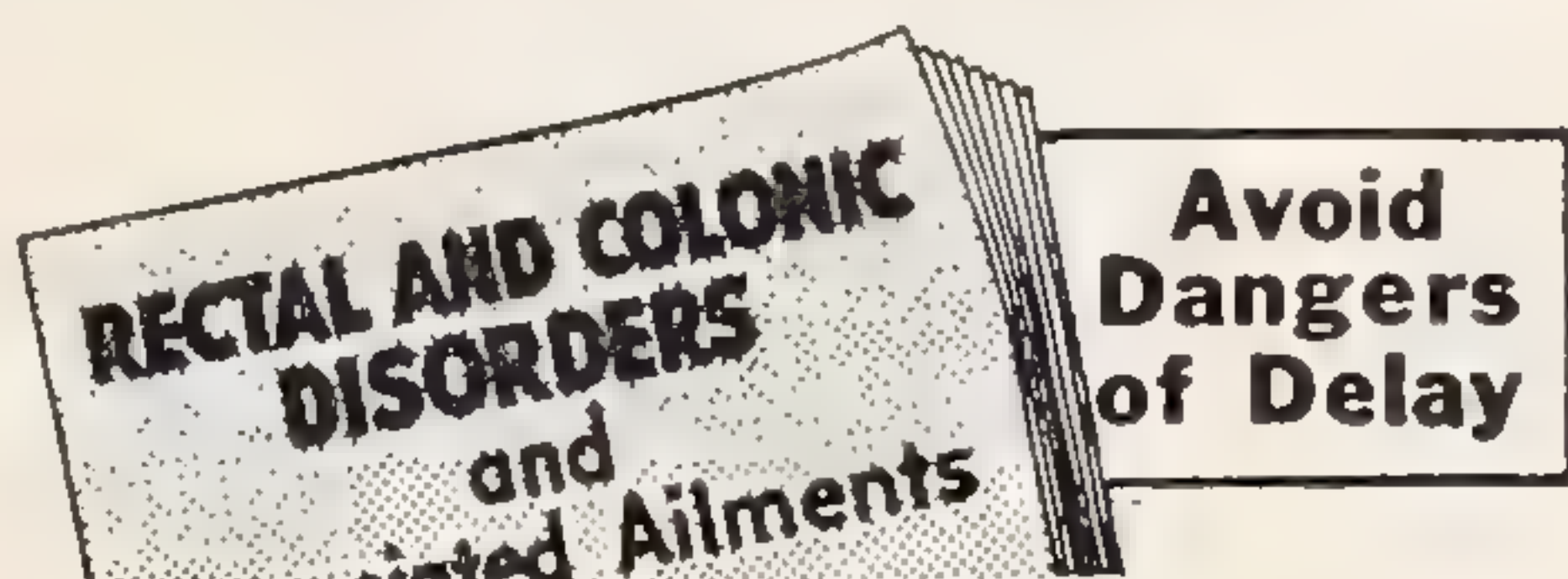
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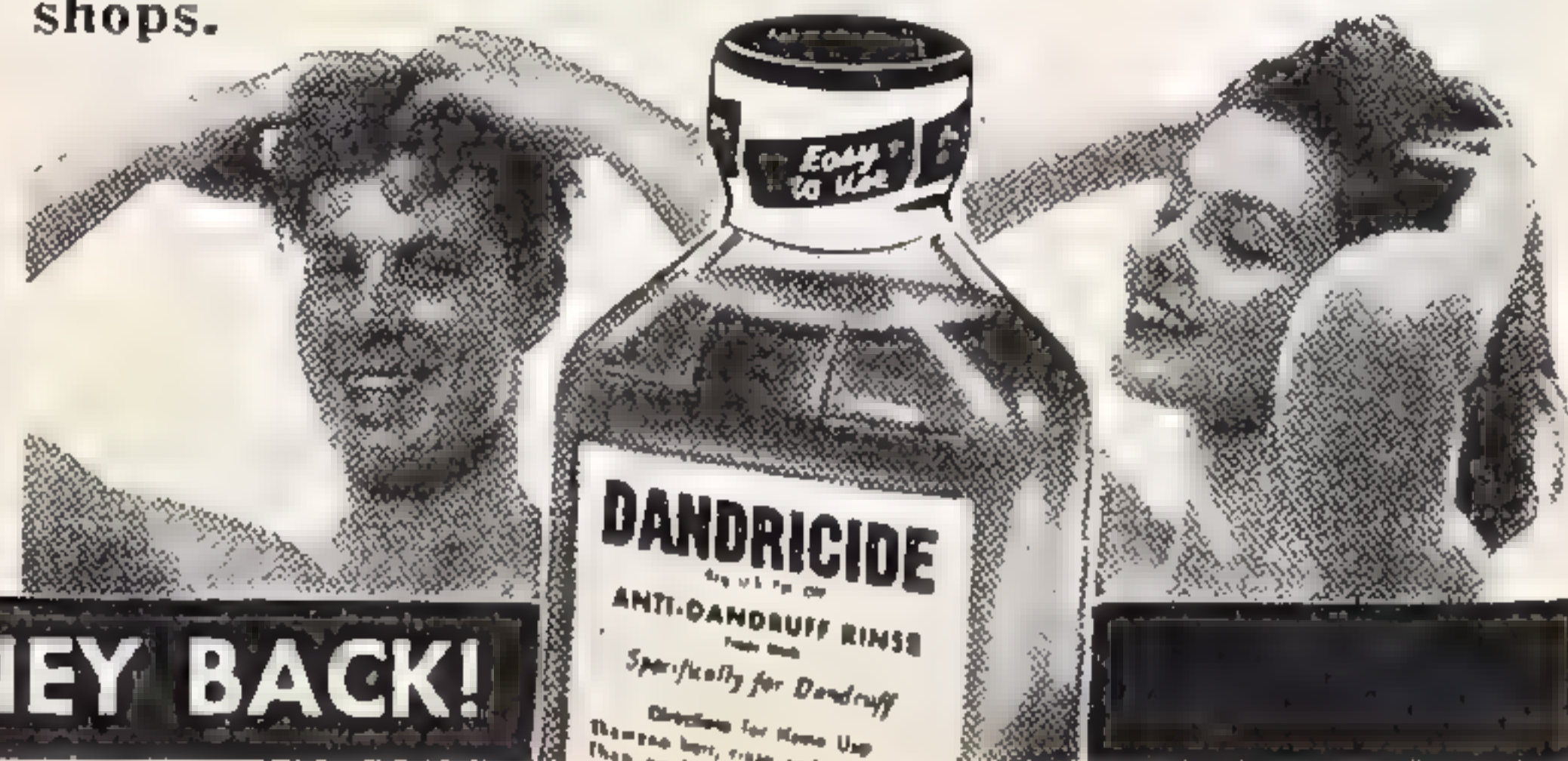
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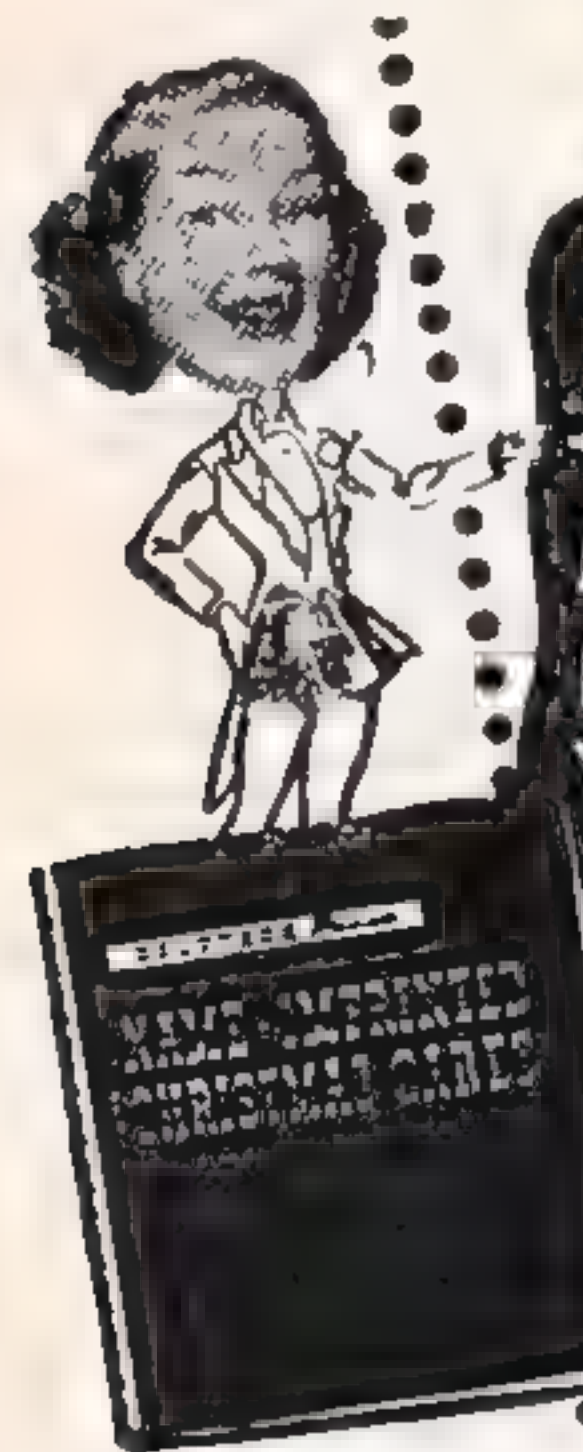
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timental feelings about her father—Vic insisted that she have short nails, Pier would retire to her room, like a little girl, to regard those long nails sadly and wistfully, and then she would pick up a pair of scissors and minutes later she would emerge to say, "You see—for you, just for you I do this."

In "The Vintage," the picture she is making abroad, Pier plays the part of just such a girl—a tiny gamin, a child with the heart and soul and understanding of a woman. She plays the part of a girl who falls in love with a man much older than she. He, of course, falls hopelessly in love with her, but feels that the difference in their ages is an insurmountable obstacle to their love and happiness.

"But age," Pier says, back in her role of the thoughtful woman again, "has nothing to do with one's years. Look at my sister, Marisa. She is married to a man much older than she, yet seldom have I seen two people who are happier or who are more in love. If a girl knows in her heart what she wants, then she will be happy. Not until and not before."

Pier's own romance with Vic points this up, too, as it points up her deep understanding of herself. When Vic first asked her to marry him, when they met in Germany and he was in the Army, Pier knew she wasn't ready for marriage. There was so much for her to see and do and be, first, and she must be very sure, she must know her own heart absolutely.

Everyone knows of her friendship with Kirk Douglas, of whom she still says, "He is one of the most wonderful people in the world. I hope I may always count him and his lovely wife among my close friends." Then came her romance with the late Jimmy Dean, of which her mother deeply and even violently disapproved, because Mrs. Pierangeli did not think Jimmy adult enough or mature enough to take on the responsibilities of marriage. But the end of that romance must have brought its heartaches, too, and its pangs. And then, when she and Vic met again in a small cafe opposite the M-G-M studios, and they played "our song" on a jukebox, somehow all the attraction that had been there before, when she was not quite ready for love, sprang to life again. Before they left the cafe, they were engaged.

"When love comes," Pier says wistfully of this, "nothing matters, except that you are together, that you reach out and touch the other person ever so lightly. A touch of a fingertip, perhaps—and for you, it is as though you had embraced, as though you had kissed each other."

To cut through the complexities of life to the simple truths that bind and direct

our days is a difficult thing for any one to do, but that is what Pier and Vic try to do. To come together at each day's end both as lovers and as friends. Never to take one another for granted, always to be deeply touched and stirred again by the simple miracle of the love that brought them together and that gives meaning to each day that dawns.

No one, least of all Pier Angeli, suggests that her marriage is perfect. On the contrary, she will tell you that they have their budget problems, their career problems; that, like any wife, she works hard at the job of running her home, running her career, and keeping her husband's love. But then again she will turn to you and say, "But life is so short, we must make it as perfect as we can, mustn't we?"

Late afternoon sunlight spilled through the high windows of the restaurant where we had been talking and lunching. With a start, we noticed that the other diners had long since left and almost every table but ours was cleared. The headwaiter, like everyone else, had fallen in love with Pier the moment he laid eyes upon her, insisted that we not hurry. But Pier glanced at her watch and said, "Vic will be waiting for me. I have been away from him for two hours and already I feel lonely. Though I have been away from him ten years. This," she sighed, "is silly, I suppose, but this is the way I feel."

A little girl just five-feet-one and weighing one hundred pounds, wearing a beige suit that emphasized her twenty-inch waistline, with her shining dark hair pulled straight back from the pale oval of her face and worn in a pony tail, she did not look like a wife and mother. She looked like what she was—a girl in love, hurrying to join her beloved. She would make a gay and amusing story of her luncheon interview. She would say, "How do you think I sounded? Did I sound too smug, perhaps, because I am so lucky and so happy?"

No one will ever know Vic's answer to that as, perhaps, he pulled her down in his lap, as he said, "You're such a little girl, Anna Marie, and such a wonderful woman."

But any man would envy him. And any woman can make the man she loves feel as Vic feels about his Anna Marie—that he is her whole world. That is the way a man hungers to feel—that each night, when he comes home, he is a king re-entering his kingdom. Pier Angeli has found how to make this small, daily miracle come true.

For this, at least, there is no secret formula. A single word unlocks the door. The word, of course, is love. —THE EDITOR

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There Was a Boy

(Continued from page 50)

very well. He was glad he had come East. I had been offered a job in New York, but upon my arrival, I found it had been filled. Since Jimmy was the only person I really knew in town, I contacted him immediately. Over coffee at Walgreen's he briefed me on the New York situation. We stopped by Louis Shurr's office, where he introduced me and kidded with the agents and office girls. Then he made a quick phone call and we left to meet someone very important.

Jimmy had met Elizabeth (Dizzy) Sheridan a month or so before, and was completely captivated by her warmth, charm, and alert mind. Dizzy, the daughter of pianist Frank Sheridan, was a dancer—or, that is, she aspired to be a dancer. Alone in New York, she had taken a part-time job as usherette at the Paris motion-picture theatre, and was living solely on her small salary. Somehow, she scraped together enough to study dance, her first love, and on rare occasions to go horseback riding, her second love. Dizzy had a wonderful sense of humor and was easy to know. It was understandable that she and Jimmy got on well.

That afternoon, Dizzy, Jimmy and I took a walk through the zoo in Central Park, where it was decided that Jimmy and I should find an apartment to share. Jimmy had been staying temporarily with a friend and had been thinking of moving. Apartment-hunting in New York, as any New Yorker will attest, is a fatiguing and complex chore. After less than one hour of looking, we gave up the struggle and compromised by taking a single room with bath at the Iroquois Hotel on 44th Street. The quarters were cramped, the rent was too high for our pocketbooks, but it put an end to a search that could have gone on for weeks.

Several members of Jimmy's special circle of friends were living next door at New York's famous old theatrical hotel, the Algonquin. Most of the people in the group were well established in the theatre or TV, and their acceptance of him was very gratifying to Jimmy. Prominent in the group was composer Alec Wilder, who wrote "Songs Were Made to Sing While We're Young." Alec had gained Jimmy's respect and admiration and was responsible for slowly reactivating his interest in music and literature. Gradually, Jimmy began looking to both Alec Wilder and Rogers Bracket, another member of the group in whom he had a great deal of confidence, for advice and guidance.

The summer months crept on us and when they came the annual theatre and television hiatus. It is the time when many of the regular TV shows go off the air and the theatre becomes less active, leaving actors to either starve out hungrily the muggy New York summer, or to take jobs in summer stock

companies out of town. Jimmy decided not to try stock, but to remain in town and take his chances at getting work.

As the weeks went by and the work failed to materialize, Jimmy became more and more depressed. Summer in New York can be that way when you are not eating regularly. In an effort to offer him some relief, Rogers Bracket invited Jimmy for a weekend at the home of some friends who lived up the Hudson River. The thought of a refreshing weekend in the country appealed to Jimmy, and he accepted gratefully.

That was the first of several weekends he was to spend at the home of Lemuel and Shirley Ayers. Lem Ayers was a rising young Broadway producer, then working on plans for a fall production. Jimmy liked the Ayerses and, during his visits, he would spend his time putting in their garden and listening attentively to the inside conversations about Lem's forthcoming production of N. Richard Nash's "See the Jaguar." As time went on, the Ayerses came to like the quiet young man who came for occasional weekends. They were not aware, however, that somewhere in the back of Jimmy's mind there glimmered a hope, a dream for the near future, which very much involved them.

The weekends in the country made the days between in the city more bearable, but in spite of the relief, Jimmy's despondency over the lack of work continued. He tried to spend his free time reading and studying. Even in his darkest hours he remained very active, meeting and getting to know new people, finding new and unusual things around New York, and discovering a little more about himself each day.

New York seemed to stimulate Jimmy's mind to a point where it was more alert than it had ever been. One day, during a period when he had been reading a lot of modern literature, he asked me to suggest something in the classic vein to read. He seemed especially interested in Greek philosophy and drama, so I suggested he start with Plato. That night he turned up with a volume of Plato's works and began reading a section on Democratic Education. After an hour or so, he closed the book and offered to treat me to a cooling beer at a bar near by. I knew Jimmy was an expert bluff artist, especially when he was in a corner, but I had never seen as vivid an example as I was about to get.

As chance had it, we ran into a friend of Jimmy's at the bar. The man was a writer for *Life* magazine and was apparently well-educated. In less than five minutes, Jimmy had him deep in a discussion of Plato's philosophy. Although he had read a mere twenty pages or so, Jimmy talked with the authority and enthusiasm of an expert. I am confident that when that man left the bar, he was



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thoroughly convinced Jimmy was a scholar of Platonic philosophy. However, I had discovered the secret of Jimmy's little game: let the other fellow do most of the talking and you will learn what he thinks you already know.

One day in the office of his agent, Jane Deacy, Jimmy met an intense young actress named Chris White. Over coffee he learned that Chris had written a scene with which she wanted to audition for the famous Actors' Studio. They agreed to do the scene together and began rehearsing immediately. Often they would come up to our hotel room and, using my objective criticism and direction, they shaped the scene with loving care and caution.

By the time audition day rolled around, Jimmy and Chris had the scene beautifully molded. Frightened and nervous, they took their humble offering before what they considered the mighty High Priests of their craft. As I recall, they were two of the fifteen—out of the hundred and fifty who auditioned—who were accepted into the Studio. Jimmy was then reputedly the youngest member of The Actors' Studio. He was twenty-one, and he belonged.

Late in August, the Ayerses invited Jimmy on a ten-day boat cruise to Cape Cod, stipulating that he was to act as a member of the crew. Jimmy had long been interested in boats and eagerly snatched at the opportunity to learn more about them. And, indeed, by the time he returned he had absorbed most of the basic rudiments of boating and navigation. For weeks thereafter he talked enthusiastically of boats and boating, but he avoided discussing the social aspects of the trip.

Out of a growing awareness that he needed people and had to exist in a world full of them, Jimmy had begun to develop a knack for complimenting their egos. This he accomplished by taking a deep and sincere interest in the things they liked most. By the time he took the boat trip, he had matured enough to realize that—in order to win the favor of the others on board—being friendly and genial, yet remaining true to his own character, was a simpler and wiser way to enjoy himself and to be enjoyed. When he returned, it was obvious that all had gone well and that he was due to hear more from the Ayerses.

Just before Jimmy left on the boat trip, we decided to give up our hotel room and accept the kind offer of a girl with whom we had studied at UCLA. So, in Jimmy's absence, I moved our possessions into the large apartment the girl had been subletting and was turning over to us for the remainder of the summer. The arrangement seemed ideal, but we had hardly moved in when the people from whom the girl had been subletting returned from Europe and demanded their apartment. Helpless, we were forced to find a smaller place uptown.

The night before we moved out of the large apartment we were particularly broke, due to the advance-rent payment we had to make on the new place. Jimmy, Dizzy Sheridan and I had between us less than a dollar on which to eat. So, like scavengers, we took all the leftovers from the refrigerator and made with them a soupy stew into which we dumped a half-package of stale spaghetti. As we sat eating the mess, not one of us said a word.

All in all, that summer in New York was a torturous one. I had secured a low-paying job at CBS, but Jimmy was still suffering from the pressures of being unemployed. We had taken to pooling the little I had, the very little Dizzy had, and the occasional few dollars Jimmy picked

up by taking jobs on TV quiz program on which they would throw pies in face. Still there was barely enough to manage the bare necessities, such as food, rent, and cigarettes. It was no wonder, then, that about four o'clock one morning over coffee in a hamburger joint Jimmy, Dizzy and I came to the conclusion that we'd had it and decided to get away from it all. After a moment's further consideration, we packed a suitcase, gathered together the ten dollars we had between us (it was payday), and headed for the bus terminal, where we boarded a bus for New Jersey. Once there, got off and hitch-hiked the rest of the way to Indiana, where we visited a farm on which Jimmy had been raised.

The two wholesome weeks we spent on the farm brought the kind of rest our tired souls required. The Winslows, Jimmy's aunt and uncle, opened their home and their hearts to us. Mom, Jimmy called his aunt Hortense, saw it that we had plenty of delicious home-cooked food, and Marcus, his uncle, gave us the run of their serenely beautiful, efficiently clean, modern farm.

After all the years of seeing Jimmy alone and without a family, it was a wonderful thing to watch him touch again the gentle roots of his early years. He discussed the farm and its problems at great length with Marcus, learning from his uncle the complications of farming our present economic structure. Marcus seemed to beam with silent pride as Jimmy listened attentively, seeing in him for the first time a matured and developed young man who had, only a few short years before, left his household a mere boy.

Hortense was touched by Jimmy's compassion and concern over her increasing pain from the arthritis that had begun to gnaw at her hands. To Dizzy and Jimmy expressed a strong desire to join the Winslows, someday when he made his fortune, the opportunity to move to a drier climate where Mom's arthritis would not pain her as much.

Jimmy also spent many hours talking to and explaining things to little Markie who is his cousin and the youngest of Winslow children. Whenever he detected traces of his own character in Markie, Jimmy would expand with a secret pride and fond remembrance of his own boyhood days in Fairmont. He tried, in brief time allotted, to encourage little Markie in all that he felt was important.

Jimmy took us to his old high school where, with a bit of his ego showing, the flourish of his own special brand of bravado, he took over for a few days. His dramatics teacher was more than pleased to see him, and turned her classroom over to the three of us. Jimmy spoke on the art of acting, Dizzy demonstrated modern dance techniques, and I got in my quarter's worth by talking on TV direction and writing. None of us was really enough of a master of his craft to warrant a display of unabashed authoritative lecturing, but it was greatly rewarding to have those youngsters pay such close attention and regard us with so much respect. After a year of trying in vain to conquer the New York professional world of capabilities, it was a wonderful boost to have so many people accept us as masters of what we were trying to accomplish.

After too short a time, a call from New York for Jimmy brought our bliss to an end. We had slept well, been fed well and had been accepted; we could ask for no more. Three grateful, refreshed young people were driven to the highway and deposited there to hitch a ride eight hundred miles back to the city, back to the task of finding their ways.

Our return brought with it great excitement. Shortly after we got back, Jimmy was asked to read for a leading role in em Ayers' fall production of "See the aguar." Jimmy had little hopes of getting the part, since another actor, who had been reading it during the auditions for the show's backers, was almost set for the role. But it was the dream he'd had in the back of his mind all these months, and he was determined to do his best to make it come true.

His nerves were showing the night he went to read. He had no clean shirt, so I lent him one of mine. He was unable to manipulate his hands to tie his tie, so Dizzy took over for him. We agreed to meet him at the Paris Theatre after the audition. I went to the theatre with Dizzy and tried to concentrate on the movie while Dizzy worked out her hours. By the time she got off, Jimmy had not arrived, so we walked in the direction of the place where he had gone to read. We were halfway there when we saw him walking down the street toward us. We stopped, afraid to know the answer, and tried to discern from his expression what had happened. His face told the story. No one said a word; we just stood there laughing and crying like three crazy, hateful little kids. After many intense months of clinging to a slippery handful of faith and hope, the littlest part of a dream come true can be an exulting experience.

All of Jimmy's hopes were riding on that play. It was the first time he had been afforded the opportunity to work closely with top professional talent, and he meant to absorb as much as possible. Immediately, he allowed himself to fall under the complete influence of his director and the star, Arthur Kennedy, and reflexively followed their advice. The only difficulty he encountered was in trying to sing the folk song Alec Wilder had composed for the play. Jimmy was practically tone-deaf and had to be coached every evening by Dizzy or me, until at last he almost had it. During the four weeks of rehearsal, every thought he had, every conscious moment was devoted to his role. He was determined to make the most of this, his first appearance on Broadway.

Opening night in New York was espe-

cially tense for him. The out-of-town reviews of the play had been bad. Most of the critics panned the script, but they had been favorable toward Jimmy. His concern on opening night was, therefore, not as much for his singular success as it was for the over-all success of the show.

Anyone who saw his performance can attest that Jimmy did beautifully. He played a young boy whose mother had locked him in a smokehouse for many years in order to spare him from the cruelty of the outside world, and his portrayal was filled with sensitivity and pathos. The whole audience seemed to respond sympathetically and intensely to Jimmy's acting. Backstage after the show, his dressing room was crowded with friends and well-wishers. Jimmy's heart was filled with pride and gratitude. He had done well and he knew it.

The New York critics, however, did not like the script, even though they praised the acting highly, and the play closed after only six performances. However, as a result of his favorable notices, job offers started coming in for Jimmy almost immediately. The recognition and ensuing activity took the edge off his disappointment over the show's closing. He was assigned several TV roles and got calls from the motion-picture studios. One such call was an offer to fly to Hollywood to make a screen test. Jimmy declined, insisting that a test could be made in New York, if they really wanted to test him. He had no desire to return to Hollywood, even to make a screen test. Ultimately the idea for the test was dropped, and Jimmy continued doing television work and auditioning for Broadway plays.

Several months went by without any major incidents. Jimmy continued to work, a little more regularly now, and studied even more intensely. He moved back to the Iroquois where he spent much of his time reading and learning to play the recorder, a flute-like instrument. Often he would sit in the window of his small room, piping out the sad strains of the folk tunes Alec Wilder had written for him to practice. Dizzy had gone off to dance at some place on Trinidad, and although Jimmy dated frequently, there was for a time no one to take her place. His anxieties were less than they had been during the past two years, but still

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ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 86

Across

1. First
6. Hunters
11. pa
13. Anthony (Quinn)
14. I'll
15. Iron
16. R K (Robert Keith)
17. in
18. etc.
19. "vag" (vagrancy)
21. St.
22. Rainier
24. Knights
25. Reg (Reginald)
26. N. Y.
27. set
28. Arm
30. S H (Susan Hayward)
33. Beast
35. Keith (Andes)
36. B C (Bing Crosby)
37. hem
38. Oona (O'Neill)
40. T M (Tony Martin)
41. trend
44. cop
45. T D (Tom Drake)

46. E R (Edward [G.] Robinson)

47. lion
49. It
51. Away
54. Barry (Nelson)
55. Knock
57. Sullivan (Barry)
60. agrees
62. Lund (John)
63. new
65. M L (Myrna Loy)
66. Ones
67. Is
68. rib
70. Evelyn
71. Tonto
72. N W (Natalie Wood)

Down

1. Farr (Felicia)
2. Inka
3. R T (Russ Tamblyn)
4. Shine
5. Tonight
6. Hyer (Martha)
7. Nicky (Hilton)
8. T L (Ted Lewis)

9. Elvis (Presley)
10. sightsee
11. posse
12. ant
20. age
23. Irma (My Friend)
28. Abbott (Bud)
29. recording
31. Him
32. champ
34. Shane
35. K H (Katharine Hepburn)
39. N E (Nelson Eddy)
40. Tony (Curtis)
42. Drake (Charles)
43. Slav
44. Corner
48. Iran
50. Tormé (Mel)
52. A S (Ann Sheridan)
53. Yule (Joe, Jr.)
54. Bidin'
55. Kate
56. Cell
58. Lust
59. L N (Lloyd Nolan)
61. son
64. win
69. B W (Bob Wagner)

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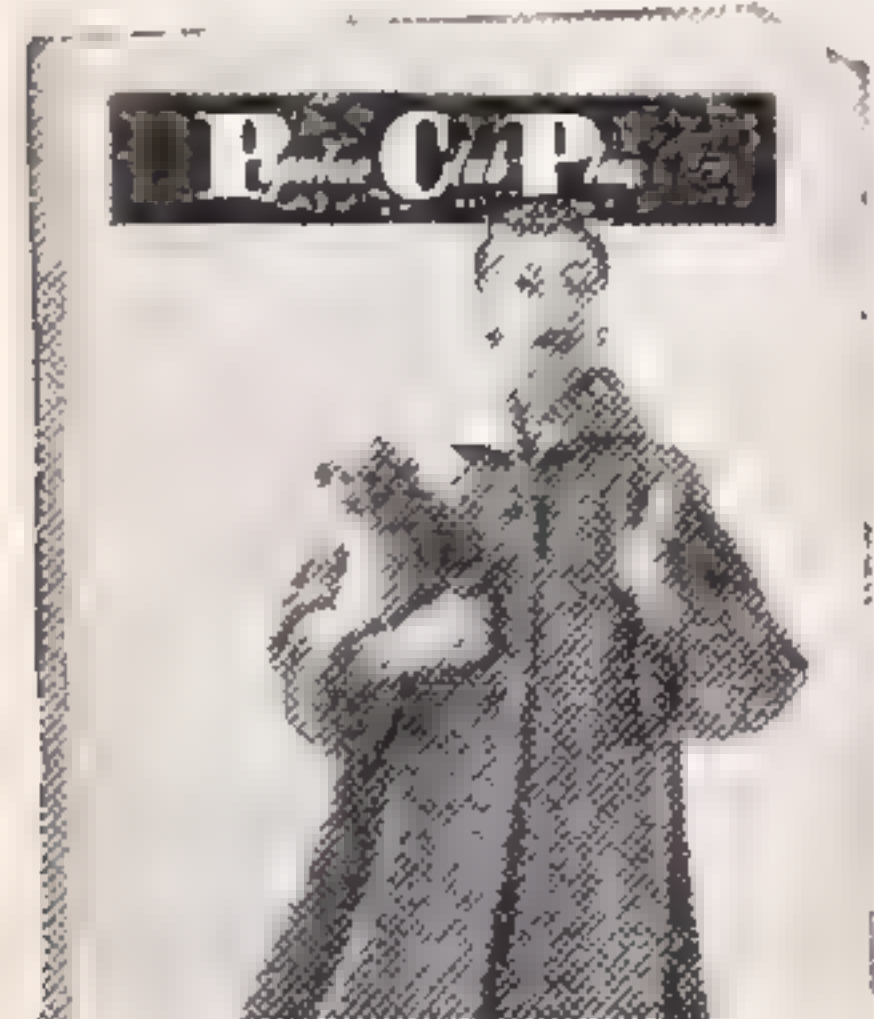
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he appeared to be waiting for something. Shortly after I left New York to write for a TV show in Hollywood, Jimmy was cast in "The Immoralist." I later learned from him that all had gone well in the early stages of rehearsal, but that the experience had ended badly. The out-of-town opening had proved Jimmy to be a highlight, but the show to be in need of rewriting and redirecting. A new director was brought in to take over and Jimmy's part was drastically cut down. He had always shown a son-like attachment to any director in whom he had faith and confidence, but, either deliberately or unintentionally, this new director abused his confidence. As Jimmy related it, the director turned on him one day when he asked for guidance in his role. The experience so shattered Jimmy that he left the rehearsal for several hours.

Because of the cutting of his part and his disillusionment by the director, Jimmy gave his quitting notice the night the show opened in New York. In spite of the behind-the-scenes difficulties, the reviews of the show praised Jimmy's performance highly. Jimmy settled down to fill out his contract and, once again, waited.

There is a point in the lives of men destined to be famous when Fate steps in and offers the perfect circumstance or vehicle to help them on their way to greatness. Once this opportunity has been afforded him, however, a man must assume the responsibility for following through and proving his worth. As James Dean prepared for his moment, another man—an active man with a power and greatness of his own—was preparing another of his many projects, a screenplay which he planned to direct. The lives of the two men had crossed occasionally, but briefly. To Elia Kazan, James Dean was an actor, a member of The Actors' Studio, another actor to be watched and catalogued for future reference. To James Dean, Elia Kazan was a master of his craft, a champion of his school, a maker of his destiny.

It would have been normal procedure for any good agent to submit Jimmy's name for a role in Elia Kazan's production of "East of Eden." But Jane Deacy isn't merely any good agent. She is an intelligent woman with an acute eye for just the right thing, and when she read the screenplay for "Eden," she knew it was just the right thing for her client, James Dean. So, in her own style (which shall remain a professional secret), she

gave Fate a gentle nudge and nursed the situation, convincing all concerned that "Eden" was the perfect vehicle for Jimmy's talent. Kazan was familiar with Jimmy's work at the Studio and had been impressed by him in "The Immoralist." He liked Jimmy and was soon convinced that he would fit the role of Cal in his forthcoming production at Warner Brothers. Jimmy was signed to do the part, the Fate stepped back to let him do the rest.

As a boy, Jimmy had had several motorcycles. In the years away from home in Indiana, he grew to miss the thrill, the sweet sensation of whizzing along the roads and highways. As his pocketbook fattened, he found he had enough to warrant the purchase of such a luxury. New York is hardly the perfect place for motorcycling, but any place will do in a pinch, and Jimmy was in a pinch. He buzzed around town from appointment to appointment, storing the cycle in the entrance-way of his apartment building when he wasn't using it. When people pointed fingers and called him "Brand imitator," he didn't hear them. He knew what his motorcycle meant to him—the didn't.

But, as it is so often with things you love, you get hurt by them. The week Jimmy was signed to do the role in "Eden" Jimmy took a bad spill on the motorcycle, scraping himself seriously. Kazan had several strong words to say about the incident and concluded by instructing Jimmy to "stay off that motorcycle." So instead of cycling across the country in Hollywood as he had planned, Jimmy reluctantly stored the motorcycle, packed a few things, boarded a plane, and bade farewell to New York, the city he had come to love for all it had given him.

As he sat on the plane, watching the land between New York and Indiana beneath him, his dreams of the future were strange and unnerving. But they were not nearly as fantastic as the reality in which he was speeding.

Next month, Bill Bast tells about Jimmy Dean's triumphant return to Hollywood, of his determination to live his own life on his own terms, of the people and events that had a strong influence on him, and the real truth behind the rumors that he is still alive; or he committed suicide.

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The Girl Who Refused to Get Lost

(Continued from page 66)

talked, the girl in the back seat of the cab restlessly tapped her foot. It was such an old story by now that she could hardly be indignant. Occasionally, the idea that she was a movie star made her laugh. Her name, she'd found, was always familiar—but her face remained unknown.

She couldn't blame the skeptics. Her first big break had come with a picture called "So Big." Her hair was a reddish brown at the time. For her next film, she'd had to lighten her locks to contrast with the coloring of the leading lady. In "Lucky Me," which followed, Doris Day had held priority as the fair-haired lead and Martha had become a redhead.

Then came "Sabrina," with brunette Audrey Hepburn. Someone had to dye. "You'll be lovely as a blond," they told Martha and, according to those who saw the movie, she was, indeed. But her family back in Texas found it necessary to point her out to some of the neighbors when "Sabrina" came their way.

After that, Martha had decided to remain a blond. Consequently, she was now en route to the hairdressing department to don the long black wig they'd given her for her first picture under her new U-I contract. That is, provided she could get into the studio.

She glanced out of the window and saw the studio cop returning. "Guess you're Martha Hyer, all right," he grinned. "At

smiled the friend, "there's that long-range plan of hers."

The setbacks, the taking-stock and the plan had their beginnings in Fort Worth, Texas, not so many years ago. First there was a near-tragedy. . . .

Martha has a vivid recollection of the rainy evening when the school dance ended at Arlington Heights High and the kids crowded into their cars to head for home. She and her date, in the back seat, struck up a song. Then suddenly the song was replaced by a screech of brakes, the skid of tires on wet pavement, screams, and a crash.

When Martha regained consciousness, there was pain in her right leg and she tasted blood on her lips. Her first thought was about her teeth. She'd just had the braces removed. After all that, what if something had happened to her teeth? She put a hand to her mouth and sighed with relief. The blood was from her lip which had been cut.

She tried to look around. The others—they were there. As far as she could tell they seemed all right, though badly shaken up. People were beginning to crowd around. They said the car had hit a telephone pole, that an ambulance was on the way. "What hospital shall we take you to?" someone asked her.

"Cook County," was the first that came to her mind. It was the most beautiful in the city. Martha had always thought that if she were ever ill she'd like to go there. The pain grew sharp . . . someone lifted her into the ambulance.

At the hospital, Martha and her family learned that her right leg had been crushed and twisted. She would be hospitalized for several months and then she would go home—for a long time.

In school, Martha had been one of the most active girls in the junior class. She was a Cadet sponsor. She belonged to several clubs. Now, for the rest of the year, she would have to take her classes at home in bed. It wasn't so bad at the start. Friends stopped by in droves. "But as the novelty wore off and the months went by I was terribly lonely," she remembers. "It gave me a lot of time to think and to grow up a little. That's when I began to plan my life and what I was going to do with it."

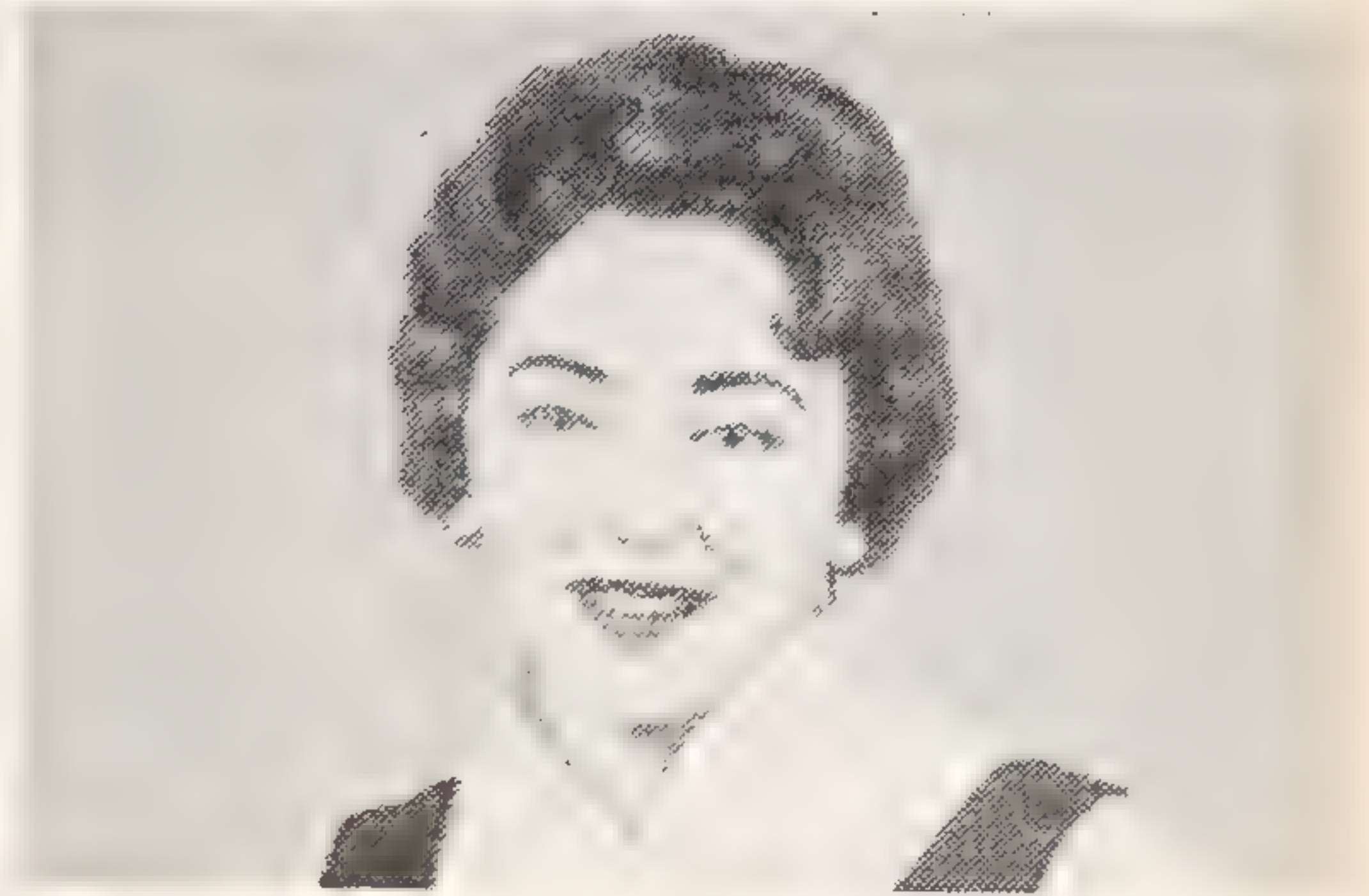
Martha had never had much to say about her ambition to act. She hadn't wanted to be teased. Yet the thought had been there since she was a child painstakingly constructing a stage from the long chest and the rolls of old wallpaper in the attic. And she'd always been the one to stage the productions—thereby assuring herself of leading roles.

The idea had grown more definite each Saturday. A Saturday afternoon meant hamburgers, malts and motion pictures to the three Hyer girls—Martha, Agnes Ann and Jean. Their father, an attorney, had done some legal work for one of the local theatre managers and the manager had given the entire family a permanent pass to the shows. It was fortunate because their allowances could go for other luxuries such as popcorn and candy. But, as far as Martha was concerned, the play was the thing.

Summer trips to California had left her quite certain of her ambition. The family had visited relatives in Pasadena and Whittier. They'd gone through several movie studios, and once they'd even gotten seats in the bleachers to watch the glamour of a Hollywood premiere. To Martha, nothing could have been more exciting.

Thus, as she lay in her bed, recovering from her accident, she needed a dream to

"I learned this is no secret—but a fact of life!"



says Mrs. Catherine Russo who now uses ZONITE to douche!

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Color portrait of Ingrid Bergman by Depetre from Phil Burchman; Pier Angeli by Miller; Bob Wagner by Avery (shirt by Rick Byron Originals); George Nader, Kim Novak, John Derek by Marshutz.

east the Casting Department seems fairly sure of it."

"Someday," Martha vowed as the cab rolled toward the soundstage, "someday, someone is going to recognize me!"

And someone did. In the 1955 Choose Your Stars contest, the readers of PHOTO-LAY voted her a runner-up. To Martha, it meant that the fans had finally recognized her as a person and as a personality, rather than a name with a face that could never be placed. It meant that moviegoers were interested in her and believed in her future. And it confirmed her own belief in that future. "The results carried great deal of weight at the studio," Martha says, happily. "Since the contest I've been given the kind of roles I've always hoped to play at U-I—a meaty part in 'Kelly and Me,' and another gem opposite Rock Hudson in 'Battle Hymn.' And they're letting me look like me!"

Hollywood can tell you that Martha Hyer's current success is also due to talent, perseverance, work, eternal optimism, and still another quality—courage. "Martha's probably had as many setbacks as anyone in the business," one of her friends said recently. "But she's always taken them as lessons, absorbed them and put them to work for her later. She's never been afraid to take stock of her life and make changes when they were necessary. And then, too,"

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hold onto. She needed a goal, a plan. Martha Hyer was going to be a movie star if. . . . And there was a king-sized if. She'd learned that, until the cast was removed from her leg, the doctor would not be able to tell whether she would ever walk again.

"The waiting was terrible," says Martha today. "But it did a lot for me in a great many ways. It made me stop and say to myself, 'If I can come out of it and be all right, I'll try to remember how fortunate I am to have my health—no matter what happens. I can take anything.'"

When the cast came off, there was a celebration in the Hyer family. The doctor announced that Martha would walk—eventually. The following fall she went back to school on crutches.

Upon graduation, Martha took her first step toward Hollywood—although she went in the opposite direction, to Virginia. "My family was able to send all three of us to college," she explains. "And Mother and Dad asked that we graduate. After that, our lives would be our own."

Martha entered Fairfax Hall, a well-known Virginia finishing school for girls, for two years, then planned to take her degree at a large university. At Fairfax, she applied herself, won the school's Honor Medal and was valedictorian of her graduating class.

Healthwise, swimming in the school's heated pool had done wonders for her leg. At the end of her first year in Virginia, she'd still had a slight limp, so she'd gone to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore for a check-up. She was told that an operation could be performed, but the surgery was inadvisable. It would leave a bad scar and there was no assurance that the operation would be a success. So Martha had continued swimming in the pool and the leg had steadily improved. After two years at Fairfax Hall, the limp had all but disappeared. Today, no trace of it remains.

Upon graduation from Fairfax, Martha went on to Northwestern University, which boasts such alumni as Jeff Hunter, Peggy Dow, Charlton Heston and Lydia Clark. She entered as a junior, pledged Pi Beta Phi sorority, and will never forget her first days as a pledge. The chore assigned her was that of scrubbing a campus sidewalk with a toothbrush. "And I worked hard at it," she grins. "I was a conformist."

Martha was also a businesswoman. She found employment in a candy store, she modeled, she was a baby-sitter. She loved reading to the babies, although she often wondered if they appreciated the extent of her talent. Every so often one of them would begin to nod and go into a deep doze. "I still get letters from the mothers of the children I sat with," she says. "They keep me posted on all of the small-fry activity in Chicago!"

And once again she buckled down to her studies, winning the speech department's highest award. "Yet I did as so many other students do," says Martha. "I memorized everything. Oh, I could pass tests with flying colors—but two days later someone would throw me a question and I'd go blank and mutter, 'Don't ask me!'"

"I never really started learning until my senior year in college," Martha continues. "It was only then that I realized the great and wonderful thing of understanding and thinking about what I was studying."

As soon as final exams were over, Martha was on her way. She bought a one-way ticket to California out of the ample funds she'd saved. "Once I was out of school," she explains, "I didn't want to ask my family for financial help." She'd even acquired a wardrobe for the trip, purchased with her own money. She was so anxious to register at the Pasadena Playhouse, that she didn't wait for her

diploma. It caught up with her later, via the mails, at the Playhouse dormitory.

The way Martha saw it, Hollywood could come to her. However, as she joined the other students for her first class, she began to have her doubts. The instructor had prepared a speech for the newcomers. "Many of you," he began, "may be under the illusion that a Cadillac is going to drive up and whisk you away to a studio where you'll become great stars, immediately if not sooner." He paused for a moment, and the class waited breathlessly. "If that's what you think," he concluded, "forget it."

There were classes in the mornings, rehearsals during the afternoons, performances at night. For her initial role, Martha drew a fine acting part—one that allowed her to wear what is known in the trade as a knockout of a wardrobe. "This is it," she thought. "I'll be discovered in no time at all."

However, no talent scout appeared during the run of the show. "Next time let's make certain," Martha suggested to some of the other girls in the class.

Together, they pored over every fan magazine in existence, and devoured the trade papers for names of agents and any kind of lead. "We mailed letters and tickets to every agent and talent scout in Hollywood," Martha recalls. "We must have sent hundreds."

As a result, she also remembers, "One showed up. Milt Lewis of Paramount."

However, it was a start—even though nothing came of it other than a request that she come to the studio for a reading. Martha complied, then was told that the studio would get in touch with her at a later date. So she settled down to wait, and hope.

In the meantime, Martha's father, who had gone into the Army during the war, had become Judge Advocate of the 15th Army. It happened that singer Ella Logan, doing USO work, stopped by Colonel Hyer's office one afternoon. She saw a picture of Martha on the colonel's desk. "My daughter," he said. "She's in California now and very much interested in the entertainment business."

"Does she have an agent?" Miss Logan asked. "I don't believe so," replied Martha's dad.

"I'd like to help her," said the singer. "I'll wire my agent to call her."

When Miss Logan's agent called, he learned that Martha had finished her training at the Pasadena Playhouse, and they arranged to meet. By this time, the Hyer cash and spirit had dropped pretty low she'd still had no word from Paramount.

Martha stopped in at the agent's office and had a long talk with him. "If you don't hear from Paramount soon," he told her, "call me. I know some people at RKO."

So Martha waited some more. But, since even glamour girls must eat, she took a job selling pots and pans in a store basement. She also did away with the high cost of lunches. Ten cents would buy an apple and a candy bar, and that would be enough for a noonday meal, she concluded.

Unfortunately, Martha had chosen to invade Hollywood at a time when studio production had fallen off. Paramount had nibbled, but not bitten, at the bait. Although Martha read for the talent department several times, she finally received word that they were not making any screen tests. The best they could do was offer her a bit part in a Bob Hope picture. "Let's try RKO," the agent suggested one day. "Meet me there at 10 A.M. tomorrow."

The RKO studio head was a kindly man who did his best to put a nervous Martha at ease. "Tell me about yourself," he said. After telling him her life story, Martha

paused. "Well," said the studio head through the silence, "go on."

Martha devoted a frantic moment to frantic thinking. What else was there to say? If the studio had no need for actresses, she meekly volunteered, she could paint scenery. The studio head smiled and asked her to wait in his outer office. The minutes dragged by until her agent reappeared. "Come in and meet your new boss," he said.

When Martha realized she was being signed to an RKO contract, she said to herself, "This is really it. Once you get a contract, everything's assured."

She didn't realize that a contract is only the beginning . . . that her first pictures would be photographs . . . that she was on her way to becoming the star of the still gallery. Nevertheless, Martha promptly became Miss Cooperation. It seemed she was forever posing—for St. Patrick's Day art, Christmas art, Easter art, and Happy New Year art. "Call Martha," became the byword when someone else couldn't arrange to make it for a sitting.

Eventually she made movies. She appeared in ten Westerns. It was hardly what she'd expected, playing second fiddle to a horse and a collection of firearms, but she learned camera angles. She was seen on film—and, typically, she made the most of it. Then, when Howard Hughes took over RKO, her option was dropped.

"It was another bad period in the industry," says Martha. "Production was off again and jobs were anything but plentiful. I did several films free-lance—one in Australia, with Jock Mahoney. And after that, I did a couple of other small ones. And then I got married."

Of this period, Martha speaks very sparingly. She married young writer-director Ray Stahl, son of director John M. Stahl. They lived in Japan for almost a year and Martha made two pictures there. Next they moved to London for three months and then to Africa, where they lived for six months and worked on a British picture. Martha was completely captivated by Africa. "Someday I'm going back," she vows. "The Kenya safari was something I'll never forget." All told, she was away from American picture-making for a good two years.

After two years of marriage, Martha and her husband decided to separate. "I made plans to return to the States," is all she

says in explanation, "to file suit for divorce and to resume my Hollywood career."

Her agent had written that there was a perfect part for her in the Warner Brothers production of "So Big." It was a departure from all her previous roles, when she'd played ingenues. "So Big" called for the "other woman" type of role. It was, in some ways, a drastic change. "But it was time for a change," says Martha. "I'd made one change when I went abroad, and I've never regretted it."

She wasn't quite prepared, however, for the many other changes in store for her. And she wasn't very happy about having to change her appearance with every role—especially since the first step toward becoming a well-known personality is to become known, period.

"But the roles were there," says Martha, "and they meant more experience."

The decision paid off. A Universal-International executive noted her performance in "Sabrina" and suggested that Martha be placed under contract.

After she'd signed with U-I, Martha re-established herself permanently in Hollywood. She rented an apartment in a Danish-style farmhouse and helped paint and decorate it. She also began to collect paintings. "I have several originals which I prize very highly," she says. And since she dabbles in oils on her days off, she adds, "I also have several Early Hyers."

Next, Martha bought her first car—a black Thunderbird—and promptly enrolled in a driving school. Nowadays, she wheels through Los Angeles traffic with the greatest of ease.

"As for my love life," says Martha, anticipating the question, "at the moment I'm not romantically inclined. There's a doctor in San Francisco whom I see from time to time. And, of course, I hope to marry again someday. But right now I'm more interested in my career than anything else."

With the release of "Kelly and Me" and "Battle Hymn," folks in-the-know are predicting that Martha Hyer will attain full-fledged stardom—as a definite, unmistakable personality and actress. "Of course," Martha grins, recalling the past, "I won't really know I've arrived until the time someone else is asked to dye her hair in order to contrast with mine."

It seems quite likely to us that such a time is not too far off. THE END

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Glamour Gab of Hollywood



Happy newlyweds Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer enjoy a night out at The Mocambo

(Continued from page 53)

deep blue sky, where the palms really sway and the beaches have white, white sand, and where Rita Hayworth, Bob Mitchum and Jack Lemmon were making "Fire Down Below."

No One Can Take Her Place

You'll never find two men more different than Bob Mitchum and Jack Lemmon. But they have one thing in common—their praise of Rita Hayworth. Today, she is more beautiful than ever, and warmer and sweeter than I've known her—and I've known her ever since she was little Rita Cansino, dancing with her father in a small Mexican café in Tia Juana. Even then she had charm, but now that charm is polished, with a jewel-like glow.

Lying on the beach at Tobago, Jack and Bob were watching Rita as she serenely went through close-ups for "Fire Down Below."

Said Mitchum, with his lazy drawl, "Won't it be awful when the public tires of us and we have to go to work?"

Jack, who is taking his career pretty seriously these days, quickly replied, "Don't you call acting work?"

Mitchum turned to look at me. "Does anyone?" he said.

She Knows What's Good—For Nat

Now that spritely Natalie Wood has achieved that fabulous age, eighteen, I'm putting her on a pedestal because, despite her being in love, she still keeps her pretty head.

Nat's in love (this month) with Scott Marlowe. A nice boy, Scott, and a good actor, but he takes things very, very seriously—his art, in particular. Scott belongs to the solemn, dignified young group that has been coming to Hollywood from Broadway.

So, since Natalie is in love (this month) with Scott, he started trying to influence her. He tried to talk her into not giving interviews, not doing picture spreads that showed her at home, or at the beach, or just having the kind of simple fun-time Natalie has all the time, everywhere.

Did Natalie succumb? No. In one single week she did nine picture sittings, gave four happy interviews. Does she try to influence Scott to do likewise? No again. She's too brainy for that. She knows a girl gets nowhere trying to change a man's convictions. However, even while she's bedazzled with romance, Natalie knows from her long experience that performances without publicity are soon forgotten, and she does want a long career, which she stands every chance of attaining.

Still, romance beguiles her, as it does all girls of eighteen. Being an actress Natalie is trapped into a dream without half trying. At present, she sincerely believes she is in love with Scott. A couple of months ago, she just as sincerely believed she was in love with Raymond Burr, who is, incidentally, nearly old enough to be her father. My guess is that, in a couple of more months, she will sincerely believe she is in love with somebody else.

When Nat went to see "Giant" at sneak preview recently, she cried so during Jimmy Dean's scenes, she could barely see them. It's times like this that she is the most real. The wonderful young artist in her recognized the genius artist that was Jimmy.

If Jimmy had had Natalie's poise, wouldn't all have suffered such a loss.

A King Watches A Queen

Hollywood, no matter where it is, generates glamour, but at home it glitters the most. Take, for instance, the stories behind last month's headlines of Kay Spreckels Gable's heart attack; of Ronald and Phyllis Hudson's trip to Europe; Liz Taylor's new evidence of her lasting friendship for Monty Clift; of John Ke and Paul Newman as the center of every producer's conversation; of the split between Martin and Lewis.

This is the story behind the Gable headline: Kay has been in love with Clark Gable ever since she was Kay Williams, a particularly beautiful and spritely young actress, which was long before Clark married Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley.

Clark was almost in love with Kay—almost in love as he was with quite a few girls—after Carole Lombard's death and before he married Lady Sylvia and after he divorced her. In the meantime, Kay had married Adolph Spreckels, the sugar heir, had children, got her divorce. Then she and Clark came together again, and were married in June, 1955.

Kay became Clark's fifth wife, so it might well have become just another marriage—except for the important thing. Kay Gable was not only deeply in love but wisely. All Gable's wives have adored him, and no wonder. This is a man, a great lover, and also a completely delightful, sensitive human being.

Josephine Dillon, his first wife, saw the great actor in him, helped him to realize his acting dreams. Rhea Langdon, his second wife, saw the gentleman in him, and helped to polish him. Vivid, terrific Carole Lombard communicated her zest for life to him, and when she was

ed in that airplane crash, Clark went
ugh weeks of wishing he had died,
Yet he is too naturally healthy,
tally as well as physically, to stay
hat morbid state for too long.

ly Sylvia Gable misunderstood him,
Clark misunderstood her. Sylvia
ted to be queen of society—Holly-
d, New York, the international set—
Clark would have made the perfect
g. However, he was too much of a
ral king to do just that. Gable leads
women; he's never led.

mart Kay Gable, adoring him, de-
d to combine the very best features
ill his wives—and she has. She called
h studio "the office" and never went
e—which was what Rhea Langdon had
e. She listened to every word he
ted to discuss concerning his scripts,
Jo Dillon. When Clark went to Utah
"The King and Four Queens" Kay
t along to create laughter and parties
him, just as Carole Lombard used to
She made crazy hats for him and his
leading ladies and sent them over to
set for a laugh. The company had to
up at dawn, but Kay was up earlier,
g Clark's breakfast, then later pack-
a lunch for everybody and sending it
he set, waiting at home for him with
a wonderful red-hot supper.

ly thing she forgot was the strain it
been on her, only a few months
e, to lose a baby. And when she went
n to the little town of St. George,
U, and joined the local sewing circle
helped in a quilting bee, she ignored
long hours she was putting in. Thus
overdid and landed in the hospital.
t that's when she learned how very
ch of a loving husband Clark is. He
ed into the hospital to be beside her.
worked on "The King and Four
Queens" all day, because Kay insisted
it, knowing Clark's strong sense of
ation toward productions. But eve-
s, nights, mornings, there he was be-
her, letting her know his love of her.
y is back home now, almost entirely
Clark is home, too, more at home
he has ever been in his life.

A Comedy of Errors?

While the story of why Martin and
is split up has long been rumored—
much sheer incompatibility—the yarn
why they may yet get back together
hasn't been told.

A co-starring team, in many respects,
is like a married couple, and their break-
up is much like a divorce. Jerry and
Dean had been growing apart for some
time, and they weren't helped one bit by
"pals" on either side, telling each of them
that he was "right." Jerry's chums all
applauded him for his ambition, his con-
tinual self-improvement, his zany show-
offness. Dean's buddies told him that he
was the wise one, relaxing at golf, play-
ing around with friends, while Jerry held
the business conferences and took over
the emcee role at some dull dinner party.

Which one actually was "right" depends
upon whether you regard life as a ball,
as does Dean, or as a battle, as does
Jerry.

So they have parted and will try going
it alone. They are great personalities,
each of them, with great talents. But it
hardly seems likely that they can earn
apart the money they earned together.

The crazy part is that Dean, the ro-
mantic, needs the money more than
Jerry, because of his alimony situation.
So that may bring him back into the co-
starring "marriage." And Jerry's ambi-
tion may bring him back, if he finds he's
less popular without Dean.

It will be interesting for you and me to
watch for the next chapter.

Two Stars To Wish On

When "Somebody Up There Likes Me"
was previewed in Hollywood's biggest
theatre, there wasn't a sound when Paul
Newman's name was first flashed on
screen. But at the end, when Paul's name
appeared again, the entire house rocked
with applause.

Paul is destined to be a big star. How-
ever, Hollywood isn't sure he will be the
biggest of the new crop, for the night
after "Somebody" was previewed, they
sneaked "Tea and Sympathy." Deborah
Kerr was magnificent in it, but it was
John Kerr the audience cried over so in-
tensely that there wasn't a dry handker-
chief left in the house. Keep your eye
on John, for he's going places, too.

A Marriage Is For Keeps

Before Rock Hudson would agree to do
"Something of Value," which will be shot
almost entirely in Africa, he made M-G-M
promise him a vacation in Europe with his
wife, Phyllis. Rock particularly wanted
his girl to see Rome, the city which he



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loves the most outside of this country. Rock is the best kind of a traveler. He steers clear of the luxury hotels, the rich restaurants, or the kind of bars or parties that are just like the bars or parties at home. Rock learns the language of the people where he's going, lives in the little out-of-the-way places so that he can learn about and understand the country he is visiting. He's particularly keen about Italy.

He's even keener about keeping his marriage a romantic one. All that chatter that he and Phyllis are having more trouble than the average newlyweds during their first year together is just so much idle chitchat.

Take my word for it. I know Rock very well, having known him before he became famous. He didn't enter into marriage lightly. He knew Phyl was the girl he wanted, and he intends to stay married—happily married. Rock is very strong-minded, and so is Phyl, so inevitably they come head-on once in a while. She wants a fine marriage, too.

Nobody can break up a marriage that two people don't want broken up. To Rock, showing off Europe to his bride is just another way of his strengthening the loving bonds between them.

For Monty, A Friend In Need

I can now tell you that, despite all the brave pronouncements immediately following Montgomery Clift's automobile accident, up until mid-July there was every chance that Monty might never act again and that the picture, "Raintree County," couldn't be resumed.

This was because Monty's badly smashed jaw didn't set correctly, following the corrective surgery. It healed slowly, functioned even more slowly, and even after the pain and swelling were gone, it prevented Monty from speaking clearly.

For a man who has wanted to be a fine actor, and nothing save a fine actor, since the age of thirteen, the mere thought that a speech defect might ruin his whole career was horribly depressing.

The one person who never for one second would let him quite succumb to this fear was Liz Taylor. Monty's accident occurred, as you probably remember, as he was driving away from Liz and Mike Wilding's house. Clift isn't a good driver and the road from the Wildings' is a tricky one. As a matter of fact, Monty is a real "city boy" and not good

at anything either mechanical or athletic. Naturally, Liz and Mike felt some sense of responsibility for his accident, though it wasn't in the least their fault. Besides, there has been a great bond of friendship between Liz and Monty since they made "A Place in the Sun."

Liz is a strong character; love friendships are enduring things with her. She not only visited Monty every day at the hospital, but sometimes, when going was the blackest for him, several times a day. And Monty, remembering Liz's calm courage when she faced blindness a couple of years ago, took strength from her courage and did all the corrective exercises the doctors demanded.

Monty is all right now, and "Rain County" will be completed. And purely platonic appreciation of Liz and Monty for one another is lovely to see.

Saint In Sweaters

Proof that the girls from the solid New York acting group, now moved to Hollywood, can relax a little is proved by that exquisite actress, Eva Marie Saint. When she first arrived in Hollywood to make "On the Waterfront," she was convinced that clothes are of importance to a good performer. In the sloppier the grooming the better the general theory of the Actors' Studio crowd, as witness Marlon Brando and others. As currently witness Marlon Monroe Miller also, alas, for glamour.

Then Eva Marie encountered Paramount and "That Certain Feeling," the wiles of Edith Head, the designer, Nellie Manley, the hairdresser. Never been an expert ever since those long days when she took a dowdy braided German girl and transformed her into Marlene Dietrich. Edie had to stars as diverse as Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck, Jennifer Jones and Glynis Kelly and turned them into fashion plates.

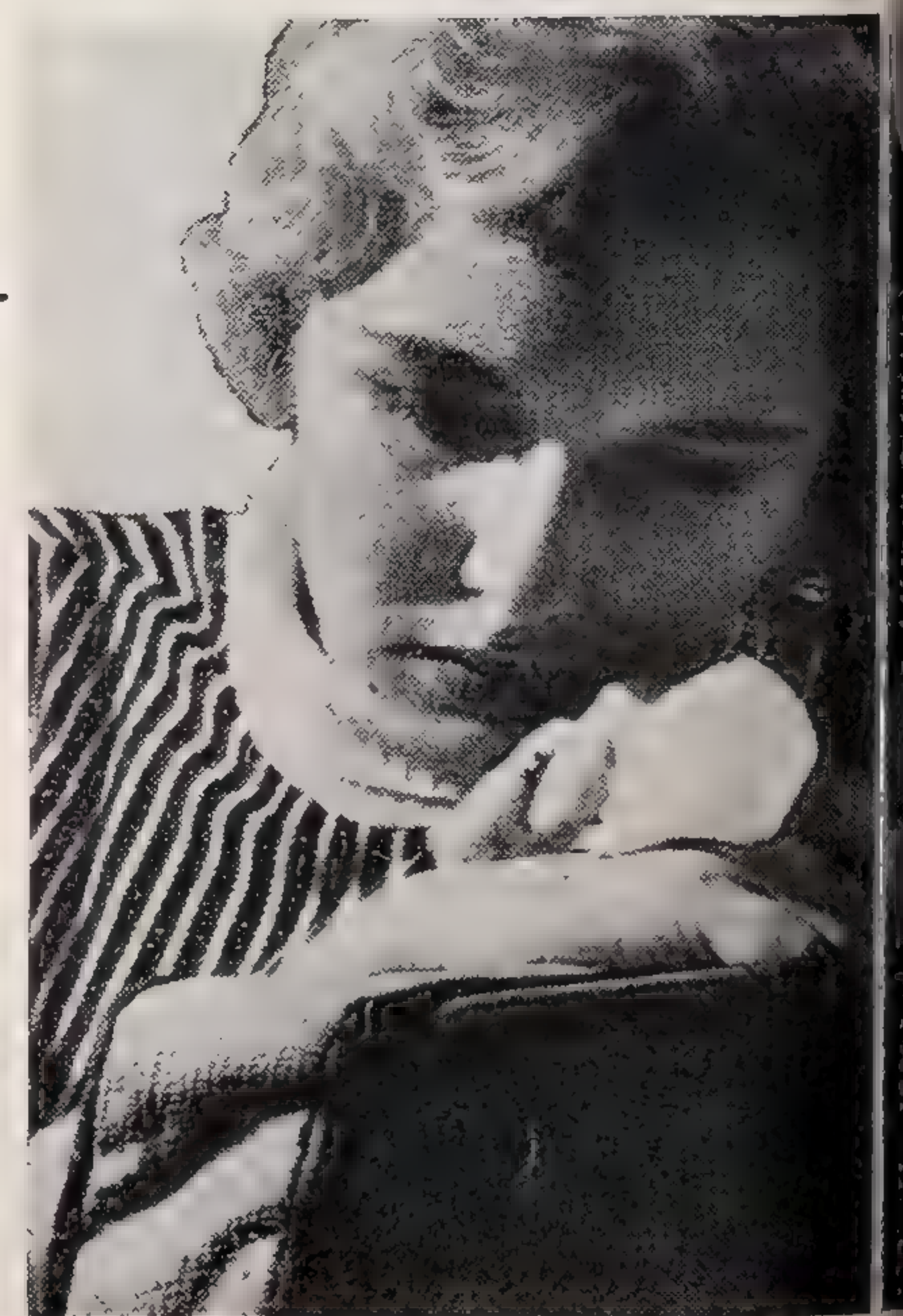
Thus, when Eva Marie told these ladies that: (a) she didn't want her hair dolled up; and (b) that, since she was playing a secretary, she preferred wearing nothing but sweaters and skirts, Edie and Nellie smilingly agreed. Agreed and obeyed. However, Nellie slicked her golden hair tight back, with such art that her delicate, sensitive face took on positive beauty. Edie put her into sweaters and skirts that had such lure. Eva's simplest scenes scintillated with sex. Result: Eva Marie ran off with the picture, even from Bob Hope. THE

Every Woman Wants My Man—

Why do so many marriages go on the rocks? What makes a woman covet another's husband? Why do married men "play around"? These are some of the questions that are answered by the radio program "My True Story." And they're not answers that are born in a fiction writer's brain. For these are stories of real people—taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. They make exciting listening, so be sure to hear them.

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Tell a Guy He's Wonderful

(Continued from page 68)

and in my town, too—is that she represents the attitude and wants the man to say "Aren't you wonderful?" to her, every hour, like striking a gong. The girl who is invited to a party where the femme fatale of her set is going to make a bid for the attention of every male on the premises would do well to practice this bit of dialogue, as well as her own special method for delivering it. She might even supplement it with, "Tell me more," and "How did you ever come up with such a brilliant thing?" But how she does it, she should keep the conversation and the spotlight of her interest focused on the man.

So, when she listens, she listens actively—listening in just enough admiring question to keep the conversation lively. That's what makes her so interesting. Take this little gospel! Nobody is more interesting than the girl who makes a man more interesting to her.

When you hear you asking me, then, why that little girl next door hasn't married? For one thing, maybe she doesn't want to. In these days of all kinds of exciting careers for women, there are a lot of them who honestly want to make their mark in the business or professional world before settling down to the job of a wife. But if a girl wants to get married and hasn't succeeded, the chances are that her relatives or friends have tried to pressure her into a husband for her too openly. She always feels embarrassed for the girl in this situation. We have all been present at occasions when this type of promotion has happened. For the man, who is usually innocent of even having flirted with the girl, it's a rough moment. For the girl, from whom this may have happened several times previously, it must be positively embarrassing! Of course, if that nice little next door lets a date know, somewhere between the roast beef and the salad, that her favorite piece of music is the wedding march from "Lohengrin," there is only one thing a bachelor can do—act as if he is hard of hearing and escape as soon as possible.

Men are predatory; we love to hunt and catch—our females. I am not claiming that it is either right or wrong. We are born predatory, just as the cat is born with spots. That witty statistician, G. B. Shaw, may be right when he says that actually woman pursues man, but it is true, it works only when a woman is subtle enough to make us think we have won it all. The man who feels hunted runs. The man who feels he is the hunter will keep on pursuing.

In Hollywood, there are altogether too many times when a girl calls up an unmarried man and asks him over. When he arrives, expecting to find a group of friends, he finds they are all alone. The odds are low; the girl is dressed to kill. The topic of conversation is what a good and superb housekeeper she is. This answer is in the same class with perching the mouse that the cheese in the trap is imported. Speaking personally, I don't like to have a girl call me, unless she has an invitation to some sort of general party. For the intimate, tête-à-tête of dates, I want to do the telephoning—that hunter instinct, you see. No man can maneuver a romance.

Here is where the full horror of the "city romance" hits a Hollywood actor. The studio calls and asks you to play Miss Curvaceous Cupcake to the pre-arranged "Love's Last Tumble." You don't

know Curvy, but you certainly know who she is and what she looks like. This is a seldom understood factor of movie life: it is just impossible to have a blind date in Hollywood circles. You know what is going to hit your eyes; so does the girl. So, in a sense, you find yourself in an altogether different situation than on the usual kind of first date. If you have heard a lot about the girl, you wonder how much of it is true. If you have heard nothing, you wonder why not. It is never that familiar line, "You'll have so much in common." In places other than Hollywood, it is usually true that you will have. People gravitate to others with similar tastes, and the fact that a friend wants you to meet a friend means you must have some mutual likes and dislikes.

In Hollywood, however, with a "publicity romance," the chances are that all you and the girl will have in common is that premiere. Nevertheless, you go along with it. It's very likely that you call for your "date" in a limousine the studio has provided. If she or the premiere are considered important enough, the studio may even have sent her flowers in your name.

Then Miss Cupcake appears, and she is a real stunner. In any other town, you'd be bowled over by her, but in Hollywood you wonder if the dress she is wearing is her own (and therefore a proof of her excellent taste), or whether her studio sent it over with directions from its top stylist as to just what shoes and jewelry to wear with it. You know Miss Cupcake must be wondering the same thing about your dinner jacket. Thus, in this atmosphere of mutual suspicion and unease, you proceed to the premiere, where you are photographed looking at one another like *Tristan and Isolde*.

In case you think I'm exaggerating, let me tell you about what happened to a close friend of mine, who is also a bachelor. My friend's studio requested that he attend a certain premiere with a certain most important girl. They had never met before, but just when they arrived at the theatre, she kissed him—with fervor—and the cameras popped. As they walked down the aisle inside the theatre, she kissed him again—with more fervor. Then, just before the lights went down on her picture—and it was her picture—she kissed him once more. The cameras caught it every time.

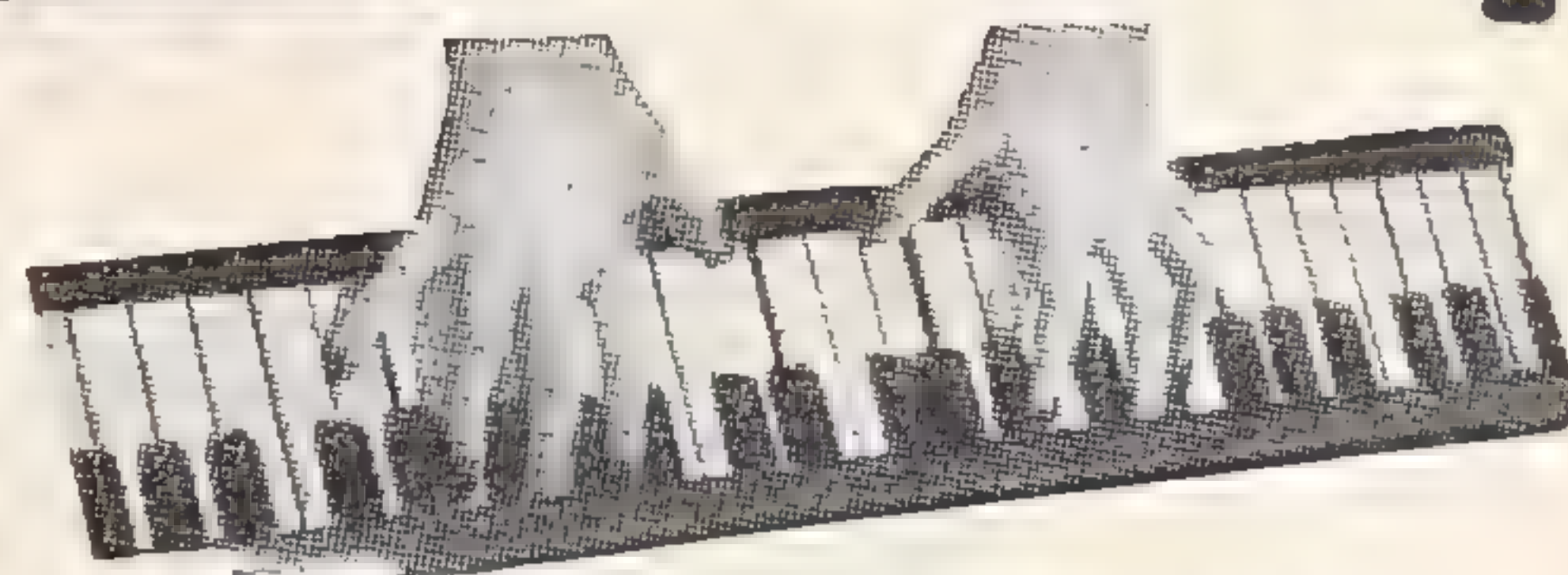
After the show, this genie with the light-brown hair suggested they do a tour of the Strip night clubs. My friend knew what this meant—as does any Hollywood man escorting an important Hollywood girl. It means more photographers, plus several columnists. But how can a man refuse without being brutal?

In this case, the man didn't. Every place they went, the doll kept on giving generously of her affections, with her best profile always to the cameras. Some hours later, when my friend got back to his apartment, his phone was ringing. It was a columnist demanding an exclusive on the wedding date.

So that ended that, which was actually unfortunate. For this girl is a nice girl, really, and my friend is the type who could have liked her very much. Possibly, they could have fallen in love so completely they would have married, if it hadn't all been so rushed—and if that old masculine recoil didn't start acting, the moment my friend felt he was being hunted.

Almost the same thing happened to a prominent beauty who, needless to say, shall be nameless. She was divorced, and

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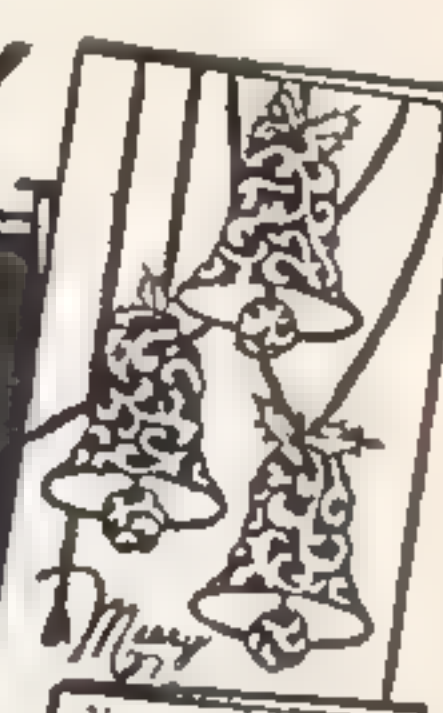
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she had set her sights on a particular
movie male, also unmarried. At first, he
was flattered by her continual calling, her
constant attentions, her obvious interest in
him. But it became a little too obvious
when she saw to it that he was invited
to every function she attended and it was
taken for granted he was to be her escort.

For some time, this man had also been
dating a comparatively plain girl, who
didn't have anything to do with the picture
business. When he finally realized what
was happening with the beauty, he called
the plain girl. Very shortly thereafter, they
were married—and so far, they are living
happily ever after. However, I do be-
lieve that he and our famous beauty
could have worked out a great married life,
also—if he hadn't been so high-pressured.

This, of course, is a problem that men
outside of Hollywood don't encounter—the
fact that you can't date a girl twice without
it being spotlighted. You can't see her four
times without being snowed under with
questions—particularly if she is a movie
star or starlet. Then your phone rings con-
stantly and you find yourself murmuring,
inadequately and inanely, that you are
just good friends. You even come to be-
lieve it, yourself. Thus, something that
might have turned out to be the finest
emotion in life gets lost.

These same pressures can also be ap-
plied to any man, anywhere, by eager and
well-intentioned friends and relatives of
"the bride that might have been," if they'd
let her alone.

Whenever an experience such as the
ones I've mentioned threatens to sour me
on marriage, I go visit my friends, Pat and
Gene White, as happy a couple as there
can ever be. I went to school with both of
them, and our attitudes toward one an-
other have never changed. After observing
Pat's and Gene's happiness with each
other, I am again reassured about what
I'm seeking.

Someday I'll find it, too—I hope. And
I hope I wind up as lucky as a writer
friend who recently married, after quite
a hunk of bachelorhood. He had always
gone with the most fabulous beauties, but
the girl he married was by no means in
that category. By comparison, she had
nothing—except that she had the face of
love for him.

I knew him well enough to dare to ask
him about that, and his answer made me
envy him. "Now that I come to think of it,"
he said, "I guess she isn't so glamorous,
at that. But you know something, George?
She's got so much warmth, so much heart
and so much sweetness, that to tell you the
truth, I never stopped to think whether
she was a raving beauty or not."

That's love. That's the kind of love I'm
hunting. I'm hunting? Who isn't—except
those lucky enough to have already found
it!

Meanwhile, I'm taking the Hollywood
bachelor whirl in stride, and what man
could ask for anything more, except more
of more? I feel this way even when old
acquaintances from school point out that,
when I am bid to Miss Important Star's
dinner party, I am not being asked because
of my non-existent continental charm, or
my devastating wit, or even my importance
as a star. These I-am-nothing-if-not-honest
pals let me know that my main appeal lies
in the fact that I am an unattached man
in a town where there are barely enough
of them to go around.

I agree. I know better than to try to
compete with a Gable in the charm di-
vision or a Holden in the brain depart-
ment. I am content to take up the slack.
I am not at all offended if I get called at
6:45 for a black-tie party that begins that
evening promptly at seven. When I ar-
rive, chances are 99 out of 100 that I will

be seated next to the only unknown
in the room. Before the evening is over
some anxious do-gooder may even try to
play Cupid, using me as the target. When
the party finally ends, I will be asked to
take an unescorted girl home, and she will
not be the one who lives at the Beverly
Hills Hotel. No, dear friends, this is New
York speaking, and the girl he escorts home
in such situations is, inevitably, one who
lives just outside of Santa Barbara, or
San Diego, miles away.

But, as I say, I like it. You learn things
you don't find in the history books. And
if they ever get around to handing out
degrees for this particular kind of knowl-
edge, I want to put in my bid right now.
Because already I have learned several
things. I know, for example, that when I
find myself seated well below the same
Mrs. Very-Rich-and-Beautiful's dinner
the girl next to me will turn out to be
Mrs. Very-Rich-and-Beautiful's unmar-
ried relative. She's the one all her relatives
are beginning to worry about.

People might feel sorry for me at this
point, but instead, they are actually be-
ing before them a very happy man. And
what I have learned as an unattached
Hollywood male is that Mrs. Very-Rich-
and-Beautiful's nice little cousin is actu-
ally the most interesting girl in the room,
and I will have a better time than any

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at the party. Why? Because she has the
face of love to get invited there at all.

Let's get this straight. I do not mean to
imply that at a party I knock myself out
over the least attractive girl in the room.
But one of the things I've learned, and
learned well, is that symmetry of face and
form does not necessarily make for im-
pathy of soul.

Another big edge that the girl who is
less than a ravishing beauty has over
more generously endowed sisters is that
a lady beauty gets spoiled early. Early in
life, affection starts coming to her as easily
as it does to a kitten, and with no effort
on her part. Kittens, however, grow up
to be cats, and cats are the most un-
giving of animals. (I know, I've got to-
real ones, that is.) So, too, is the beauty
ungiving. She demands your admiration,
miration. She demands that you be de-
enslaved, enthralled. At first you are
second time around you are. But on the
about the third date, your male ego be-
gins to get lonely. You get hungry for
word of praise, but you can't get a word
in edgewise. When she isn't looking you
creep stealthily out by the nearest exit.

Then it's time to dine with male
friends for a few evenings until, eventu-
ally, you start out once more, find a
like Diogenes with his lamp, looking for
for an honest man (though that's difficult,
too), but for a girl—beautiful or plain,
from humble circumstances or grand ones,
of which matters not. All that matters is
that "she has the face of love for me."

See pages 62-65 for full contest details

Wear-Ever Hallite Home Set
 Cannon Towel Gift Set
 Year's supply of Coty's Fragrances
 Underwood De Luxe Portable Typewriter
 3/4-oz. bottle of Schiaparelli "Shocking"
 perfume, enough to last a year
 Sportswear from Pendleton Woolen Mills
 Lady Buxton Gift Set
 Cutex Set case, plus year's supply of
 Cutex products
 Helene Curtis Gift Assortment
 Helene Curtis \$25.00 Permanent Wave Certificate
 Two pairs of Huskies shoes
 10 Breck Gift Sets
 Year's supply of Woodbury Shampoo
 Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver 34-piece set,
 service for 8
 3 Catalina sweaters
 Revere Ware combination egg-poacher-skillet
 G-E Portable Electric Radio
 Meyer Stoll Inc. "Kennie" original coat (woman's)

Future with a silver lining—Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver. A handsome chest protects the gleaming beauty of this 34-piece, service for 8, set

Send \$1.00 for 8 uppers—\$1.00 for 10 lowers
Tru-Aid Products Co., Dep't 396
Box 9398, Phila. 39, Pa.

CRAWFORD'S
Dept. 35, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City 14, Mo.

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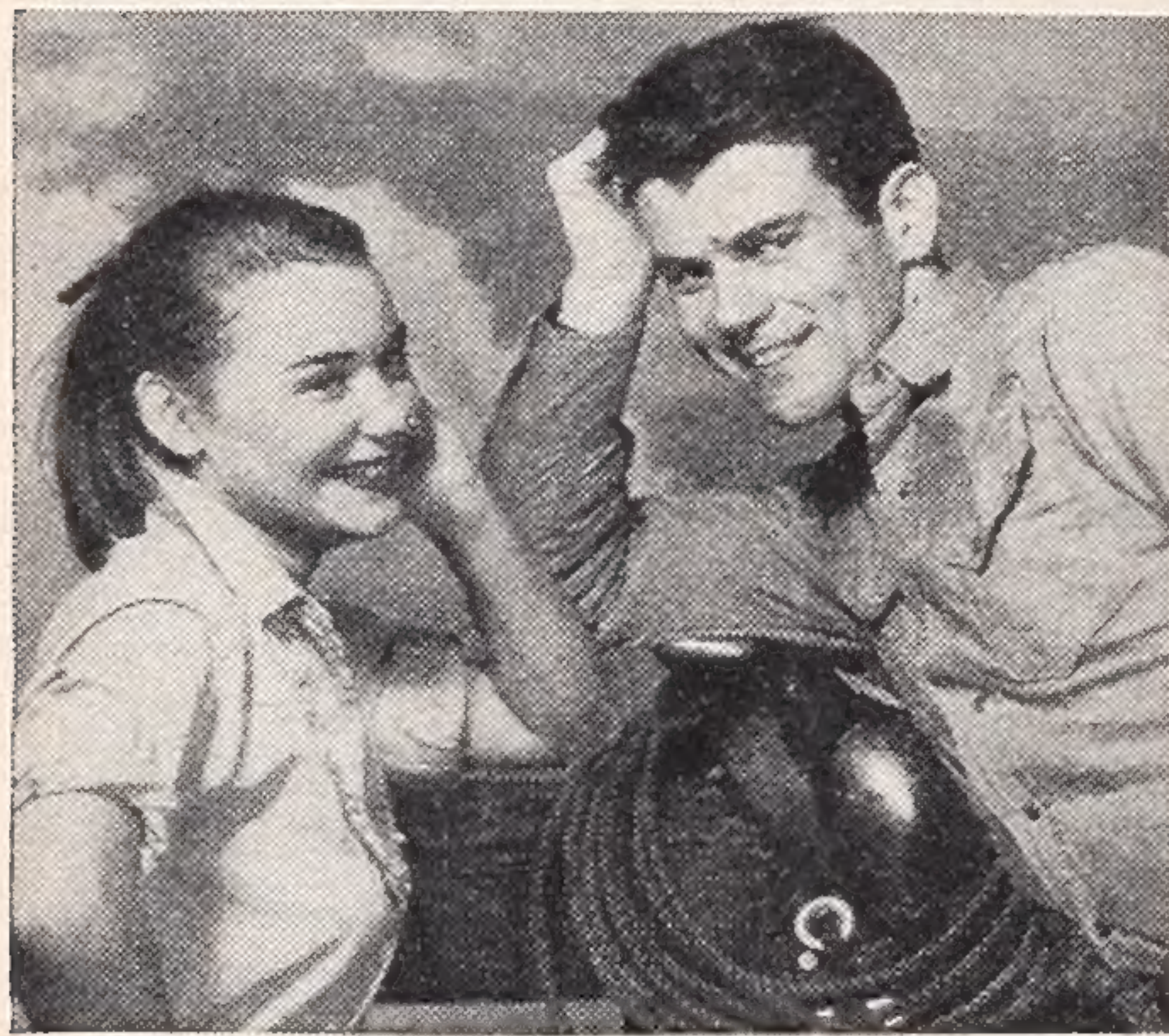
CITY _____ STATE _____

over the Editor's shoulder...

Off-stage glimpses of the stars—backstage talk of stories

A story is born:

When we met lovely Pier Angeli for luncheon at New York's famous Baroque restaurant we had no intention of asking her to give us a story for PHOTOPLAY. She was officially on a well-earned vacation and second honeymoon with Vic Damone, to whom she's been married just two years. But as we listened to the sound and sensible things this wisp of a girl had to say about marriage, we asked her whether she'd mind saying it in an interview, and gracious and lovely as she is, she said she wouldn't mind at all. That's



Don Murray knew what he wanted and got it—including Hope Lange

how, "And Behold—This Is My Beloved" happened to be written for us.

Echoes from eternity:

Lunching with author Bill Bast, who wrote the Jimmy Dean life story for us, we asked him whether he could explain Jimmy's strange preoccupation with metaphysics. "Jimmy searched endlessly for the truth," Bill said. "He couldn't stand pretense or phoniness of any sort. In this search for some absolute, he came to believe that death was the only thing that had any dignity, and he respected its finality." Strange thoughts for a brilliantly successful young actor, idol of millions, to be entertaining! In the third and final installment of Jimmy's life story, next month, you will read about the events leading to his tragic death. And, by the way...

Help wanted:

... If you have a minute, your editor would very much appreciate knowing how you like our brand-new idea of running

two- and three-part life stories on your favorite stars. It's the first time this has been done in a fan book. Do let us know what you think of it, won't you?

In this corner:

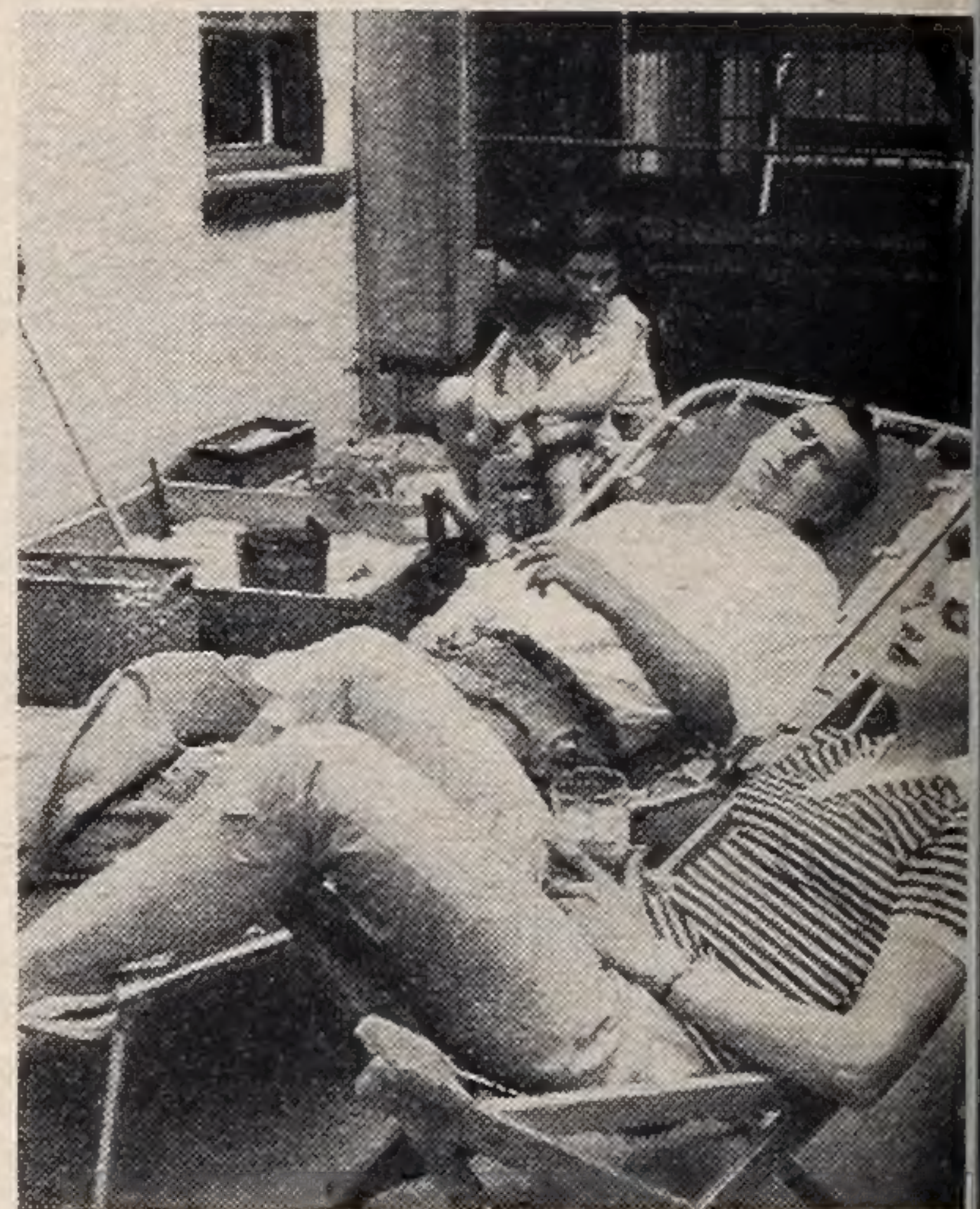
A new contender for the crown of most promising newcomer is Paul Newman, star of "Somebody Up There Likes Me." When the M-G-M publicity gal set up a luncheon date for us with Paul, we naturally expected that we'd meet at some famous place such as Sardi's—but nothing of the sort. Paul asked to meet us at a restaurant over on Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street called Downey's, referred to among its clientele as "the poor man's Sardi's." This is the haunt of the Actors' Studio hopefuls, and boasts the best and cheapest steak in town. While we waited for Paul we talked about him with our charming Irish waitress. "He's a great man," she told us almost fervently, in a rolling Irish brogue. "You'd think success might have changed him, but not a bit of it—he's the same friendly, fine fellow we've always known." And that, of course, gave us an idea for a story on Paul Newman which you'll read in PHOTOPLAY soon, because Paul admitted he *had* changed—and tells why he thinks change is necessary—for everyone.

Hollywood in New York:

Greenwich Village, long fabled as the haunt of actors and writers, is the second home of an amazing number of young



Paul Newman introduces us to a new restaurant and a new philosophy of life



Colorful Greenwich Village is the Coast home of Barry Nelson and Teresa Celli; Kim Hunter and family

Hollywood actors when they're in New York. Any warm, Indian summer evening you may glimpse Kim Hunter and her attractive husband and one or both of their children taking their siestas in long chairs on their charming terrace, or Barry Nelson and his wife Teresa carefully tending their tiny garden. Kim is currently in "The First Traveling Secretary," for RKO. Kim Hunter, who won an Academy Award for her work in "Streetcar Named Desire," can be seen currently in Columbia Pictures' "Streetcar Named Desire," co-starring Bette Davis. More pictures, more stories and complete coverage on the new, upcoming stars among the things we're planning for you

Make way for a stranger:

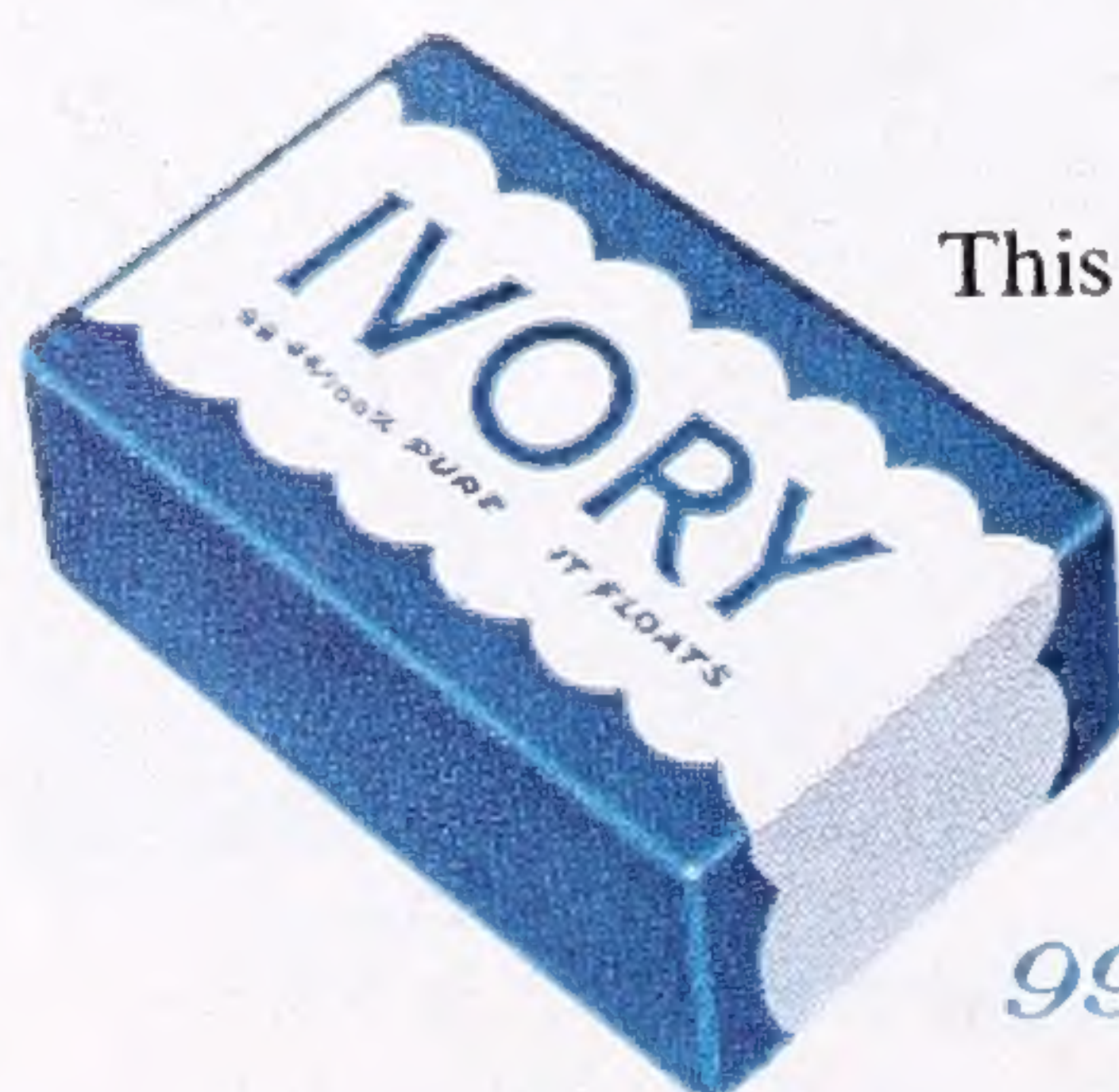
Don Murray's performance in "Stop," in which he co-stars with MM, received such rave notices during the previews that we made it a point to see it while he was honeymooning in New York with bride Hope Lange, who also has an important part in the picture. A tall, well-speaking young man who hails originally from Texas, he told us over tall, drinks at the Harwyn Club just what he wanted out of life—and by golly, he got it all! So we assigned writer Patti Roulf to find out more about this handsome and talented young actor. Be sure to read this story of a young man who got what he wanted in PHOTOPLAY for November. See you next month.



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